



HATS WITH
YOUNG WOMEN



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OUR GIRLS.

By DIO LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "FIVE-MINUTE CHATS WITH YOUNG WOMEN," ETC., ETC.

12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.

The book not only deserves to be read ; it *will* be read, because it is full of interest, concerning itself, as it does, with such matters as girls' boots and shoes ; how girls should walk ; low neck and short sleeves ; outrages upon the body ; stockings supporters ; why are women so small ? idleness among girls ; sunshine and health ; a word about baths ; what you should eat ; how to manage a cold ; fat and thin girls, etc., etc.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

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One of the most popular of modern writers upon health and the means of its preservation.—*Presbyterian Banner*.

There is hardly any thing that may form a part of woman's experience that is not touched upon.—*Chicago Journal*.

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FIVE-MINUTE CHATS
WITH
YOUNG WOMEN,
AND
CERTAIN OTHER PARTIES.

By DIO LEWIS,
AUTHOR OF "OUR GIRLS," ETC., ETC.



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INTRODUCTION.

Our reading-matter becomes more and more condensed and brief. The typical illustration is found in the telegraphic paragraph. Our life has become so complex and hurried that books and long papers are, for the most part, pushed aside. If one would speak to the public now, he must speak briefly, to the point, make his bow, and be off. The long-winded chaps have gone out of fashion. I suppose if some hygienic reformer had gone to Methuselah he would have found a patient listener, even if his story had been a long one. Not that Methuselah particularly needed instructions in regard to health and longevity, but then you see he had plenty of time. He could give ten or fifteen years to any little out-of-the-way matter without seriously interfering with the general drift of his personal history.

But, nowadays, if you would have the public swallow your health-dose, you must do it up in small pills and then sugar-coat them.

This volume is made up of paragraphs, and is mostly devoted to the subject of health. I trust that you will find a sort of good nature running through every thing.

INTRODUCTION.

And I may say that this is a quality all too rare in hygienic literature. I don't like to be preached at myself, and so I never preach at other folks.

When I toss our little Sammy up to the ceiling, and catch him as he comes down, he cries out, as soon as he can get his breath :

“More, uncle, more ; please do so some more !”

Now, if my readers should like this paragraphic way of discussing health topics, and I should hear them say “do so some more,” I should, within a year or so, publish another volume of brief “Chats about Health.”

FIVE-MINUTE CHATS.

CHATS WITH GIRLS.

I.

THE preacher will assure you that love to God and to your fellow-man is all there is of it. And yet he goes on preaching and exhorting all his life.

So I assure you that the laws of health are few and simple, and yet I have gone on preaching and exhorting for thirty years, and shall keep it up as long as I live.

Girls, the great obstacle in the way of your health and happiness is what we have been talking about all our lives, viz. slavery to custom or fashion. To illustrate it for the thousandth time, I will relate a fact.

Years ago I sailed from New York on board the stanch old Cunarder "Africa," bound for Liverpool. Among our passengers were some newly married couples. One of them was from Philadelphia. The bride was a delicate and beautiful girl.

My state-room joined theirs. We were scarcely out of the harbor before the lady began to vomit. During the entire voyage her sufferings were dreadful. The

ship's physician really became alarmed. A friend happened to call me Doctor in the presence of the young husband, when he eagerly inquired, "Are you a physician?"

"Yes."

"Do see my wife, and for mercy's sake try and save her."

We did everything in our power, but the sensitive brain would not be appeased, and the retching and fainting continued until she was carried out of the ship at Liverpool, more dead than alive.

Two months after our landing I overheard this beautiful, brilliant young woman describing to a group of admiring friends, in a Parisian hotel, the splendors of a sea-voyage: "O, it is magnificent!—the sea in a storm,—the wild mountain-waves crested everywhere with foam! O, the sea in a storm is perfectly glorious!"

The poor child had heard fashionable people make such exclamations, as she had seen them wear absurd dress, as she had heard them talk absurd nonsense, as she had seen them walk and wiggle and giggle in an unnatural and ridiculous manner. She, like too many girls, had aspirations for recognition among the fashionable. So, from her close little state-room, lying flat on her back, retching and vomiting, fainting and dying, she saw the "magnificent, glorious, foam-capped waves."

Ah, girls, if you only could rise above this weakness, if you only could think and feel, dress and walk, speak and act, for yourselves, what an immense gain in all ways ! How you could help us all into a higher life !

II.

TAKE the glass part of a thermometer out of the frame ; hold the bulb under your tongue ; wait four minutes. Now look. It is 98° . That tells you how warm your blood is. Now hold it against your foot. Don't be in a hurry ; give it a chance to feel the exact state. Down it goes to 65° . That tells you how warm your feet are, — 33° between your tongue and your feet.

Don't you know that equable circulation means good health, and that the loss of it means bad health ? Let us see. You have a headache. Your head is hot ; it throbs. Your feet are icicles. Now put your feet in a pail of hot water. In six minutes you say, "O mother, how good I feel ! That rush in my head is all gone !" You have headache about half the time ? No ? Well, then, pain in your side ? No ? Well, I venture that every day you have some bad feeling about the head or neck or chest or back ? Now let me tell you something. It is very rare that a hot foot-bath will not remove all those bad feelings for

the time being. What does this mean? Why, it means that there is too much blood in the head or neck or shoulders or back, and that there is a lack of it in the feet and legs. A hot foot-bath draws the blood down below, and takes the excess of blood from the upper parts. That's exactly the philosophy of it. Of course the hot foot-bath is a bad thing, but it serves to illustrate the law.

Now let me whisper in your ear. I will tell you a secret. If, during the damp and cold season, you will wear one or two pairs of thick flannels on your legs, and very thick woollen stockings, and strong, broad-soled shoes, you will have all the time that good flow of blood that the hot foot-bath gave you for the time being. This will keep the blood from crowding into the head and upper parts of the body, and will prevent those uncomfortable feelings.

What I have been saying about the legs is true of the arms. The extremities, both upper and lower, will, in our climate, during the damp and cold season, be sure to get cold, and thus the balance in the circulation is lost. Then comes fulness in some organ, or in the head or neck, with heat or pain, or some other uncomfortable feeling. This can all be prevented by keeping the blood flowing equably in all parts. In this climate we must depend upon clothing. Friction is good, exercise is good; but the main dependence

is clothing. So you must, for eight months of the year at least, dress your legs and feet and arms with very thick woollen garments.

Just think how women dress. About the chest, the warmest part of the body, they put one, two, three, four thicknesses ; then comes a shawl, and then thick-padded furs ; while their legs, with one thickness of cotton, go paddling along under a balloon. They go to the family physician, and say, "O doctor, my head goes bumpity-bump. Doctor, it seems as if all the blood in my body is in my head and chest."

"Well, madam, how about your legs and feet?"

"O doctor, they are like chunks of ice."

"Ah, madam, if you dress your legs and feet so that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the body somewhere ; and if it can't go down into the legs and feet, it of course goes into your head and chest."

Girls, most of you wear too much clothing about your shoulders, chest, back, and hips ; but there is a sad lack of it about your legs, feet, and arms.

III.

IN a previous chat I spoke of one feature of your dress which, I venture to say, must be changed be-

fore you can have a clear head, good digestion, and a healthy liver.

I wish now to speak of the dress of the middle of the body. Every one of us lives in proportion to our breathing. If we breathe strong, we live strong; if our breath is weak, our life is weak. The quantity of air we take into our lungs is the measure of our life. Now go with me to a ball-room. Here we are. Notice that couple; they are now dancing. Watch them. When they stop, observe their breathing. There, he has taken one deep breath, filling all the lower part of his lungs, and now his breathing is quiet. But notice her breathing. See how the upper part of her chest works up and down. Watch her ten minutes; that panting and pumping will go on.

What do you suppose is the reason for this difference? Do you suppose the Creator made a woman's lungs so deficient in size that she has to work that way to get her breath? Among young children there is no difference in the breathing of boys and girls. If we visit a farm where persons of both sexes are engaged in out-door labor, with the same freedom of dress, we shall not find the women breathing in that peculiar way.

No; the working and pumping of that chest are owing to her dress. The lower part of the lungs is the large part. There is where most of the breathing

should be done. There is where the man does most of his breathing. But she has so squeezed and contracted the lower part of her lungs that very little breath can get down there, so that the small upper end of the lungs is compelled to do most of her breathing. It is that little upper end which is working away so hard under her ribs now. When a lady dances, runs, or goes up stairs, she suffers thumping of the heart and labored breathing, not because the original constitution of her breathing apparatus was faulty, but because she so compresses the lower, larger part of her lungs that she is like a person who has but a single lung to breathe with. There is a lack of breathing-room, and of course the breathing is labored. With knife on corset-string, every woman should cry out, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Perfect freedom for lungs, heart, liver, and stomach is indispensable to good respiration, circulation, and digestion. Without such freedom, living is not living, but dying.

IV.

GIRLS, I will, if you please, turn aside from the conversation about dress, and tell you of a letter I have just received from a bright young lady who resides in a small city in Central New York. She says: "What can I do? I am tired to death, and perfectly disgusted

with waiting for dinner and waiting for supper and then waiting for bedtime!"

In my answer I told her, first, what *not* to do. She must not do any wonderful thing. She must not astonish the world. She must not attempt a great book or a grand poem. I particularly implored her not to enter the field of dramatic poetry, and on no account to challenge the world's admiration of Homer by the production of a superlative epic; but I suggested that she should begin on her little brother's dirty face, and that she might try large and repeated doses of tenderness and help on her invalid mother. Then there were the poor and sick of the neighborhood. I said to her, "My dear Clara, if none of these services suit you, there must be twenty kinds of business carried on within sight of your home which are waiting and suffering for quick and willing hands. Of course, there are prejudices in the way, but what does a brave girl care for prejudices?"

There are thousands of our girls who sit down, uncombed, in the midst of neglected duties, and, turning their eyes up toward the cobwebs on the ceiling, sigh and dream, and dream and sigh. Listen, and you will hear one of them exclaim, in a languid voice, "O this miserable, stupid, humdrum world! O dear me! I wish I was dead! Here I am, crawling along, more dead than alive. O, what is the use of living?"

Just here the weary mother calls from below, "Clara, Clara dear, do come down and help wash the dishes!"

Clara says, "Dishes! dishes! What do I care for dishes? I hope I have a soul above dishes! This miserable, contemptible world! Dishes! — washing dishes! — that's pretty business, ennobling occupation!"

How prone we all are to exaggerate the *without* and belittle the *within*! After our necessities are supplied, work has no other legitimate use than the exercise of our faculties; and that which gives the whole being the most perfect and harmonious play is best for us. I need hardly add that conspicuous positions and wonderful achievements are not favorable to healthy and harmonious development.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE "BEAUTY-SLEEP." — You must retire at exactly nine o'clock, and rise before six. If you rub your skin hard with a rough towel and drink a tumbler of cold water before retiring, sleep in a well-ventilated room, and take a hand-bath on rising, the nine hours in bed which I have named will give you the famous "beauty-sleep."

A MODERN SALE.

"DID you notice that beautiful, refined young woman who just passed us with that coarse fellow?" I asked a friend the other day. "Could you believe that she is his wife?"

"It would seem impossible," said the lady with whom I happened to be walking. "How did it happen?"

"Happen? It did n't happen at all. It came of her necessities. If she could have chosen between being tied to that beast and living unmarried with adequate means of support, she would never have consented to unite herself to such a brutal fellow. But what was she to do? No other person came to ask her. She was already more than twenty-five years of age, and with no means of support. It cost her a good many tears and shudders, for she had a strong, womanly sense of cleanliness and purity; but her father was getting old, and she knew that he could not support her much longer, so she shut her eyes and surrendered herself. If she could have been brought up to some remunerative occupation, she would not have been even tempted to such a shameful sacrifice. There are thousands such. Margaret Fuller said: 'That a woman may give her hand with grace and dignity, she must be able to stand alone.'"

DO YOU THINK IT FAIR?

I KNOW a young man, a noble fellow, who carries on a successful manufacturing business. Although possessed of an abundant competence, he devotes himself with untiring assiduity to the interests of his factory ten hours every day. His eyes and hands are everywhere. Half a year ago he married a beautiful, accomplished girl, who is said to speak four of the continental languages with fluency, while she touches the keys with infinite skill. Four months ago they began housekeeping. A week since they gave it up in utter disgust. Three servants figured conspicuously in their griefs. The coffee was execrable, the steak abominable, the cruet-stand and silver not fit to be seen, and the whole house in confusion. The husband bore it as long as pride and patience could endure, and then, sacrificing everything at auction, returned to boarding, resolved never to suffer the miseries of housekeeping again. I was never more indignant than when I heard of it. If that beautiful bride had learned one less language, and devoted the year to the mysteries of housekeeping, she might have made my friend's home a paradise. Suppose her husband's management of his business had been like her management of the house, what would have become of them? I don't think the match a fair

one. On one side it was a cheat. A young lady of the same ornamental class, in discussing the case, exclaimed, "She did not agree in the marriage contract to play the part of a household drudge!" Did the husband agree to play the part of a factory drudge?

SKATING AND RINKS. — Skating is a fine exercise, but does not hit the weak place in our people. Our girls have strong legs, but weak, thin arms and chests. Skating gives the legs more exercise, but may be done, and done very handsomely, with folded arms. The change from furnace-heated houses to the bleak lake or pond has often proved very mischievous. The rink lighted with gas, the ice covered with skaters of both sexes in pretty costumes, and the air filled with music, makes an enchanting scene. I like to spend an hour there. But it is a dangerous place. The air is like that of an ice-house, and gives a great many dangerous colds. Rinks will soon go out of fashion. Quite a number of them, and some of the largest and best, have already been discontinued. I have personally known ten cases, at least, of severe disease which originated in our Boston rink.

CHAT WITH THE BOYS.

JUST before the final dismissal, the chairman of our school-committee made a little speech to the boys. It was the same "few remarks" heard on all such occasions. Of course, he told them that this is a free country, that here there is no king, that we are all sovereigns, that every boy in America has a chance at the Presidency, etc., etc. He alluded to the Fourth of July, the Star-Spangled Banner, and the American eagle. But his special point was the glorious opening for young America. There was the office of Governor, if one was disposed to aim rather low; and if any unfortunate boy happened to miss being President or Governor by some inexplicable accident, he could then fall back on Congress.

The speech was full of a kind of nonsense and poison which is too common, and which we wish might be left out of speeches to boys.

One of our best educators, in making an address to another school, said something which it was a genuine pleasure to hear. His "few remarks" were about the following: "Boys, you are fitting yourselves here for the duties of life. You should cultivate the plain, substantial branches, because most of you will pursue plain, substantial occupations. Some of you will have

to bear the trials, vexations, and disappointments of political and professional life, but the great mass of you will, I trust, enjoy the health and independence of carpenters, blacksmiths, and other skilled laborers. These are our truly independent citizens. You never catch them currying favors or seeking influence. They stand on their own two feet, and with their own arms command the respect and support which, from this time on, must, in America, be heartily conceded to all the useful industries."

Of all the men with whom we deal none are so strong, self-contained, and independent as "skilled laborers." They have everything pretty much their own way. With a few exceptions, our doctors and lawyers are poor and hard-pushed. It is distressing to be called upon to pay rent and grocery-bills, and then sit down with your small ledger and try to pick out the patrons from whom you can urge payment without loss of business. It is so humiliating to be obliged to maintain a certain style, on account of your being a professional man, when you know you can't afford it, and when you are obliged to turn away the importunate tradesman or market-man with a "Can't pay you now; you must call again."

A good machinist is a prince among men. I have the honor to know two wealthy young men in an American city, who are learning the business of the

machinist. They are learning that business because they know that every man must have some regular occupation, and they are disgusted with the mad rush into the professions. I reckon it one of the truest honors of my life that I enjoy the intimate friendship of those young men.

A MINUTE'S CHAT WITH YOUNG MEN.

OBSERVE that pale young fellow crossing the street. You see a good many of that kind just now. Some folk say it is the climate. The truth is that the climate of America, with a fair chance, produces not only the best complexion, but the best health in the world.

Did you notice the thing he was carrying in his mouth? Well, it is that meerschaum which is doing the business for him. It is busy with three millions of our men. Let us study one of these meerschaum-suckers. We will take a young man. He shall have brains, money, and plenty of time for sucking. Pale, nervous, irritable, thin in chest and stomach, weak in muscle, he is fast losing his power of thought and application. Let us get near enough to him to smell of him! Even the beast of prey will not touch the corpse of a soldier saturated with the vile poison. *Nice* bedfellow he is for a sweet, pure companion (I mean the man, not the beast of prey).

Chewing is the nastiest mode, snuffing ruins the voice, but smoking, among those who have time to be thorough, is most destructive.

Young K. graduated at Harvard (no devotee of the weed has ever graduated with the highest honors at that institution), and soon after consulted his physician with reference to his pale face, emaciation, indigestion, and low spirits. He weighed but one hundred and eight.

"Stop smoking!" was the prescription. In four months he had increased twenty-eight pounds, had become clear and healthy in skin, his digestion all right, and his spirits restored. One or two millions of our young and middle-aged men are in a similar condition, and would be restored to health and spirits by the same prescription. On the whole, the cigar is worse than the pipe.

A HINT TO YOUNG MEN. — Nothing in the long run can be more unsatisfactory in your lady friend than mere good looks. Unless she possesses something more, her fair face is likely to become unfair a little after thirty. Then the disappointment to you will be complete, — I mean if your investment is made in a stock of "good looks." Better a thousand times that your choice should be a woman with a broken nose, but with a head full of common-sense and a heart full of good things.

THE MILITARY DRILL.

WE are dying for physical culture. It is *the* American want. The people demand of the schools provision for this want. A thousand schools have replied. They offer the military drill. The great passion of the hour favors this educational response.

The military spirit should not be deprecated. We must give up our liberties, or become a nation of soldiers. But, as a means of physical education, the manual of arms is singularly defective. I have seen no system of children's calisthenics which does not embrace a better combination of movements. The motions with the musket are almost exclusively of the arms ; and they have little reach, breadth, or variety.

Indeed, it is surprising that the idea of physical education should have occurred to any one in connection with the ordinary military drill. All physical training should be mainly directed to the upper half of the body. It is there our American defects are found. The drill brings into play mainly the lower half of the body, which is already comparatively strong. It is not a little more walking we need, but a development of the shoulders and chest. And even here it is not six simple, limited motions of the forearm and arm which will suffice, but a hundred free, broad, vigorous exercises

of the muscles of the back, neck, chest, shoulders, and arms. In one word, the manual of arms is quite deficient in the indispensable features of a system of physical training adapted to a weak-chested people. Even the soldier, who may practise the drill several hours daily, still needs gymnastic exercises. The English government, fully appreciating this, has recently issued an order introducing thorough gymnastic training into its entire armies, both at home and abroad. The school that announces among its advantages "Physical Training in that most complete of all means, the Manual of Arms," has no physiologist in its board of managers.

I take the liberty to suggest another objection to the introduction of the military drill into our schools. Girls are disinclined to exercise. We shall never reach satisfactory results in their physical development while we deny them the presence and participation of the more vigorous magnetic boys. A gymnasium with the sexes separated is about as attractive and inspiring as a ball-room with men alone or women alone. If the military drill be introduced for the boys, the girls will be sure to fail in reaching their much-needed physical training.

In the best school within my acquaintance each desk is occupied by one pupil of either sex, and the teacher reports all difficulties of discipline at an end.

THE SHAPE OF OUR BODIES.

SYMMETRY is one of the conditions of good health. God knows the best form. He created man upright in his own image. The vital organs in the chest and abdomen are fitted to an erect spine. If the upper portion of the spine bends forward, as in drooping shoulders, not only is the great nerve-marrow of the spine itself distorted and its circulation crippled,—which is a serious matter, resulting in certain common affections,—but the lungs, heart, liver, and stomach lose their natural place, and perform all their duties disadvantageously. A very large proportion of our many affections of these vital organs take their rise in such displacement.

What shall be done ?

1. Improve the desks in our schools, so that, instead of compelling our young to sit for hours every day in a stooping position, they should be compelled to sit erect, with head and shoulders drawn well back. This is very easily accomplished. Such a change in our school furniture would prove a priceless national blessing.

2. Remove every ounce of pressure from the waist. Pants worn without suspenders and drawn close about the body, skirts or dresses pressing at the waist, must produce round shoulders ; for when the organs of the

abdomen are pushed downward, the shoulders must droop in order to maintain the relations between the thoracic and abdominal viscera.

3. The back legs of our chairs must be sawn off two inches shorter than the front ones. The front edge of the seat must not be more than fourteen inches high for women, and sixteen for men. The chair-back is likewise unphysiological. The part which meets the small of the back should project farthest forward. Instead of this, at that point there is generally a hollow. This arrangement will immediately relieve the back while sitting, and secure a good position of the shoulders.

4. The habit of walking erect with the air of a soldier must be generally cultivated.

5. Gymnastic culture of the shoulders.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.—Is that your son,—that one with the big head, bright eyes, and small chest? Ah! and so he's the one that took the first prize at the high school? No doubt you expect great things from him. But let me tell you confidentially that you had better take him out of school and send him to a farm for a couple of years. If you don't, when he is forty years old he will be somebody's clerk, or a third-rate professional man, knowing the books, it may be, but lacking the force to achieve success.

CHAT WITH OLD PEOPLE.

No one can be happy at rest unless he is fatigued. When he is rested, he becomes unhappy without occupation. Except in cases of sickness, this law is general. We suppose that among civilized human beings it is universal. The necessity for occupation is especially pressing upon those who for many years have enjoyed an active, vigorous play of their faculties. Deprive such persons of the accustomed stimulus, take away the objects on which their faculties have been at work, and they are wretched. Let us give an illustration from actual life. Mr. H. had been engaged in a wholesale dry-goods house nearly forty years. He was now seventy, and thought it time to retire. His friends all said that the deacon ought to retire; it was high time. He felt of his knees and back, found he was not the man he used to be; in fact, he was getting to be an old man, and he would retire just as soon as he could wind up. His friend R., the real-estate agent, was informed of the situation, and commissioned to look up an estate out of town.

The following spring the interests in the city were sold to the younger partners, the deacon shook hands all around, promised to look in upon them as often as he was in town; but he had been at it forty years, had

got enough of it ; in fact, had done his part, and presumed he should not be in town three times a year.

Let us look in upon him at his handsome country house. "Well, my dear," he says to his wife, "how do you like this ? I fancy this will give us about as pleasant an evening to our life as we could wish. And, if anybody deserves it, I think I do. Forty years I have been at it in that great store-prison, and I think it is about time I rested, if I am ever going to rest this side of the grave."

One year after, we drop in again and listen. The deacon is pacing up and down his drawing-room, and his frightened wife sits in the corner listening to his ravings. "I can't digest even gruel ; I can't digest anything ; I can't eat ; I can't sleep ; I can't live. In the name of common-sense, what did I ever come out here for ? Farming ! Pretty business for an old dry-goods merchant ! O yes, of course, the doctor says his miserable drugs will help me. But I tell you, wife, that nothing will help me but going back to the city. You might as well ask a musician, after playing his fiddle forty years, to become a blacksmith and be happy. You might as well ask a man who has been at work upon a farm forty years to become a dry-goods merchant, as to ask me to leave my business in town and come out here to raise beans. Wife, I must go back or go crazy !"

Retiring from business, common and popular as it is, is a great humbug. No man should retire from business until he retires to his grave. When his faculties become slow and dull from age, he should reduce the number of hours in his daily work, — reduce them just as his strength declines ; but in no case should he change his occupation or drop it unless disease actually compels him. He may purchase an estate in the country, to which he retires at an early hour in the afternoon, and he may postpone his morning arrival till two or three hours after the younger people have begun, but he must not quit or make a radical change. A man would have to go far to find a thousand homes in which there is so little happiness and so much wretchedness as in a thousand of those Hudson River palaces occupied by New York retired merchants.

A friend of ours in New York has a list of the merchants of that city who have committed suicide after retiring. We intend to publish that list some time, but for the present we will only say that we know of nothing more sure to lead to dyspepsia, insanity, and suicide than *retiring from business*. And besides the great injury to the man himself, what a selfish thing to withdraw his trained, successful faculties from the great battle of life !

ALL who start in life with good constitutions have the elements of old age within them.

FEEBLE CIRCULATION.

AN old person has feeble circulation in the feet and legs. Nothing contributes more to relieve the difficulty in breathing, and the chronic cough and other troubles about the head and chest, so common among all people, than keeping the feet and legs warm.

Mr. S., a bank-officer, had been sitting in a bank nearly fifty years. He came for some advice about short breath, wheezing, and cough.

“Your feet and legs are very cold.”

“Yes; but how did you know it?”

“By these troubles about your throat and lungs. There is congestion,—too much blood there. If the legs and feet were warm, if they had their share of the blood, this congestion about the upper parts would cease, and this short breath, wheezing, and cough would be relieved at once.”

“How shall I make my legs and feet warm? I wear as much clothing about my lower extremities as I ever did, and yet they are like icicles.”

“I will tell you a secret: An old man with low vitality must have two, three, or four times as much dress about the legs and feet as a young man with high vitality. Now, you must put on two pair of thick knit woollen drawers, very thick stockings, and broad, strong

shoes. Your legs will be warm enough, perhaps. If not, then put on a pair of wash-leather drawers over the knit woollen ones. With thick pants over these you will probably be warm. In some rare cases even this will not keep the limbs warm. But they must be kept warm. So you must add, and keep adding, till they are warm. This is the way you do with your body; why not the same with your legs? You will thereby save your throat, lungs, and head from many common troubles."

PLEASURES OF OLD AGE.

A FINE old writer says that an "old man who is not a fool is the happiest creature in the world." With adequate means of support, with few and simple wants, he sits in his great-chair, reviews a long life well spent, sees his children and grandchildren developing into useful and noble lives about him, watches the progress of society, and reflects that he has sown seed which is now bearing fruit.

"Age's chief arts and aims are to grow wise,
Virtue to know, and, known, to exercise;
All just returns to age then virtue makes,
Nor her in her extremity forsakes;
The sweetest cordial age receives at last
Is consciousness of virtuous actions past."

If the past has been reasonable, the last ten years are likely to be the happiest of our lives.

LONGEVITY.

A ROMAN judge made the first reliable records of human longevity. His statistics were collected and published during the third century. His tables were adopted by the Roman courts, and made the guide in determining the value of life-estates, reversions, etc., for hundreds of years. In modern times, the oldest trustworthy accounts are those of Geneva, Switzerland. From these and other records kept during the last four hundred years, we learn that the length of human life during the last sixteen centuries has just about doubled.

Diseases which in former times were very destructive have now disappeared ; and some which formerly swept away whole peoples, now only attack individuals. Small-pox between 1675 and 1757 annually caused from seven to ten per cent of the mortality of London. Now, through that most beneficent of all discoveries, vaccination, this loathsome disease is wellnigh banished from civilized nations. Measles, which formerly caused eight to eleven per cent of the deaths, has now fallen below two per cent. From 1675 to 1727 twenty per cent of the deaths among children came from teething, while now the rate has fallen below one per cent. And even consumption, which many people think a

modern disease, was formerly more fatal than now. In the seventeenth century seventeen per cent of the deaths were caused by consumption. The percentage in London, where the mortality from this disease is still great, is now not more than ten per cent. One hundred years ago fevers caused the death of one sixth of the people of London. From 1857 to 1860 this percentage was reduced two thirds. Some diseases now unknown made frightful havoc in those days of low civilization. The "Black Death" carried off twenty-five millions of the inhabitants of Europe during 1348 and 1349. The "Sweating Sickness" was another terrible scourge. From 1602 to 1665 each year there died in London alone from one thousand to ten thousand and four hundred persons of the Plague. For the last two hundred years this scourge has appeared only occasionally, and in those parts of Egypt and Asia where civilization has not removed its causes. Two hundred years ago the deaths averaged annually about one in twenty of the living, even in the most favored districts. From 1846 to 1865 the deaths in England were one in forty-two. From 1604 to 1682 the births in London were 699,075, and the burials 964,882. From 1851 to 1860 there were in London 869,263 births and 610,473 burials. In the former period for every 100 births there were 137 burials. In the latter period for every 100 births there were 78 burials. Fifty years ago the

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia used a table based upon an expectation of twenty-eight years and five months from birth. The life-table of the United States calculated in 1860 made the expectation forty-one years. The distinguished Mr. Finlaison calculates that one quarter was added to human life during the eighteenth century.

Formerly people lived in holes and caverns of the earth. Even within a brief time the laboring classes in England lived in houses without floors. The ground was often wet and muddy. To avoid this, straw and rushes were spread over the ground, which were put on fresh without removing the old. Erasmus, who carefully studied life in Great Britain, declares that in some cases the straw and rushes would not be removed for twenty years, and was not unfrequently filled with fish-bones, broken victuals, and the excretions of dogs, children, and men. Life in the cities was terribly exposed. They were unpaved, undrained, and the streets were made the receptacles of every species of filth. Crawling about in this mire of indescribable filth, inhaling fetid, pestilential exhalations, staggering through this sea of vileness, the people sought to propitiate Heaven by prayers and entreaties. Even as late as the nineteenth century a number of intelligent people in Scotland, when the cholera was threatening that country, instead of insisting on a thorough cleansing

of cellars, yards, cesspools, and streets, petitioned for a day of national fasting, humiliation, and prayer. Lord Palmerston, in reply, urged immediate and thorough sanitary measures, "otherwise," said he, "pestilence will surely visit you, in spite of all the prayers of a united but inactive nation."

I DO not know whether the performers in circuses are long-lived. Such men used to be drunken, and I presume were short-lived. But now that they have become sober, and every way temperate, I should presume they are exceptionally healthy and long-lived. Two, at least, of Barnum's performers are wealthy gentlemen, occupying very fine houses in New York City, and bringing forward fine families. The profession of circus gymnastics has become very respectable, and commands large salaries. Some of them receive three or four hundred dollars a week. I wish I could show you the residence of one of Barnum's company. It is in a fashionable avenue in New York, and at ten o'clock in the morning you may see that circus-rider starting out with his beautiful wife and daughters for a drive in Central Park. In the afternoon you may see him in tights performing in the ring. And, by the way, the circus is the only place of amusement where you never witness an indecent sight or hear an inde-

cent word. It is the purest, and, on the whole, the most wholesome amusement we have among us. I like to see the little people gathering to the great white tent. Men assure you that they go to see to the children. For myself, I like to take the little folks, but I go for my own amusement, greatly preferring a good circus to the most splendid tragedy ever put upon the stage. At the circus you breathe a good air, and everything is simple and natural. There is nothing of the stilted, artificial fuss and feathers and roar which make most tragedy performances a constant strain and pain to all people who happen to have a little nature left in them.

THE men of culture about Boston are remarkable for freshness and youthfulness, although as a class they are prodigiously overworked. I wish I felt at liberty to mention the names of ten of the best-known scholars in and about Boston, and give their ages. I am sure that some people who imagine that there exists a chronic quarrel between the body and the mind would be surprised. Place these ten scholars before us in a row without selection, but taking them as they come, and then go into the street and gather the first ten cartmen, farmers, or carpenters, and I am sure we should be astonished at the contrast between them; it would be hard for us to believe that the scholars were as old

as the workingmen. Of all work, brain work is the healthiest, and conduces most to longevity.

THE work of the politician is an exception to the rule mentioned above. Without doubt, his life is unfavorable to health of body, and it would seem in these later times to be unfavorable to health of mind and morals. I am sorry to hear that a friend has "gone into" politics. Yet a political career should be the most useful and honorable of all careers. It is undeniable that the larger number of our public men are not first-class in any respect, and that very few of them are first-class in integrity. No feature in our American life is so deeply to be regretted.

THE true rule in regard to the use of glasses is to put them on as soon as you need them. This attempt to put off the beginning of their use has injured a great many eyes. I will not deny that occasionally some one has contrived to avoid their use through a long life, but such cases are rare exceptions. In the great majority of cases it would prove about as successful as the Dutchman's attempt to teach his horse to live without food. Just as soon as you begin to push your paper from you, just as soon as the gas becomes bad, and the type in the newspapers too small, and the printing very bad, you had better get a pair of glasses.

Begin with No. 60, and then come down gradually, as your eyes change. Don't buy cheap glasses, but get the very best from the best dealer. Don't wear these nose-nippers, except for momentary use, but get a pair of good old-fashioned spectacles.

I THINK artificial teeth are vital when the natural ones are gone. Mastication is indispensable to good digestion, and without teeth that is impossible. Few men are so useful as our dentists, and a good one is easily found. Find him, and give him time to make the fit complete. The people are getting so economical in dentistry, that much of the work, if dentists are to earn their living, must be done hastily and imperfectly.

COLD-WATER DRINKING. — Cold baths of the skin are good, but it is doubtful if flooding the stomach on going to bed and on rising is not, on the whole, the most profitable form of cold bathing. Costiveness, piles, and indigestion are uniformly relieved by this morning and evening stomach cold douche. The quantity must be determined by each one for himself. Two or three swallows will generally do to begin with, but the quantity will soon grow to a tumblerful, and I have known persons to use much more with marked benefit. If wisely managed, every dyspeptic will be greatly improved by this cold stomach bath.

CHAT WITH LOVERS.

THE separation system of the French is fatal to true love and marriage. Already it has obtained a footing among us. A girl sees her future husband in a drawing-room. The ambitious mother, who is in attendance as stage manager, has arranged the programme. After three performances the engagement is announced, and in due time the ceremony is solemnized by the Church. The couple are driven to their home, and then, for the first time, the mask being removed, they get a peep at each other. That both of them should soon set about a search for agreeable partners is only the natural result of such a union. Without perfect freedom of choice, a true and happy marriage is exceedingly improbable. There can be no such freedom without intimate acquaintance.

Our separate schools have contributed much to the wall between the sexes. During the awakening period, when the imagination is most active, the sexes are carefully kept apart in separate schools. Some years ago I had the supervision of a school for young men and women. The desks were what is called double, each one accommodating two persons. I placed a young man and a young woman at each. Permission was given the pupils to render such assistance to their

desk-mates as they thought profitable, keeping the noise within bounds. But we did not often check the hum and buzz; for as these young people were being trained for life, and as in actual life there is a hundred times as much noise as silence, I should hardly have felt at liberty to train their faculties in silence for use in noise. I only said, "Don't be too noisy."

What I wish to bring before you is the striking influence of this system upon the love passion. When Thomas and Lucy first sat down together, they looked and acted just as a young man and a young woman are likely to do when they first meet. I need not describe it. You have seen how they look and act. This soon began to wear off, and in a month the young people acted toward each other like brother and sister. All that peculiar expression and manner which you often see among lovers, and which you recognize at the distance of three blocks, soon disappeared. With the new arrangement in our school there was more or less of this all through the room, but, as already stated, it soon gave place to a social atmosphere which seemed identical with that of a home among brothers and sisters.

Still further, they were permitted to change partners at pleasure on the first Monday of each month. This renewed the "lovers'" exhibition a little at first, but

after three months even this change of companions evoked no visible disturbance of the school-work. But what good came of it? It is just that question I wish to answer.

1st. From the day this system was introduced the school required no government. It was like a company of ladies and gentlemen in a drawing-room. There was no necessity for rules in the one case more than in the other.

2d. The average progress in the studies was strikingly enhanced. Stupid, coarse fellows, who in a company of men alone would chew and growl and loaf, became bright, gentlemanly, and studious, and girls of light, frivolous composition became earnest. The average progress was greatly increased.

3d. The young men came to regard women, not as charming creatures to be toyed with and to be talked down to, but as brave, hard-working companions, competitors, and equals. They ceased to think of their bodies, and thought only of the quality of their minds. The young women no longer looked up to the young men as chivalrous heroes, seeking opportunity to die for their lady-loves, but as fair, honorable companions, whom it was a pleasure to know and sometimes to conquer. In a few months they came to feel toward men just as those girls do who have been reared in a large family of boys, and who are rarely wrong in the

choice of husbands. The girls who are educated in a separate school are like the "only child," who is almost sure, if she has been brought up in seclusion, to fall into some trap. The young men, after a year in such school companionship, are like the young man with half a dozen sisters, who is sure to be wise in the selection of a wife.

In its bearing upon the most important interests of our earthly life, there is no part of our education so vital as an early, large, intimate acquaintance with many persons of the opposite sex. What probability is there that a young woman, an only child, brought up in seclusion, educated in a convent or other separate school, and who then, having finished her education, sets up at home under the watchful eye of her mother for a husband,— what probability is there that she will be wise in her relations with men? With no occupation save that of catching a beau, with imagination and emotions left to wander, is she likely to see through the sham smiles and vows of an impostor?

THE ONLY WAY.—Nothing but unrestrained, unaffected intercourse between the sexes can assure an average of wise and happy marriages. This can never be secured until woman is elevated to a legal and financial equality with man.

LAUGH! LAUGH! LAUGH!

No other exercise is equal to laughing! Nothing acts so directly and happily upon the organs within both chest and abdomen. Ten hearty laughs—real shouts—will do more to enhance the general health and vitality than an hour spent in the best gymnastic attitude and motions, if done in a sober, solemn spirit. Of course I know you can't laugh at will, so you must play with the children, play with the dog, introduce a hundred games which involve competition and fun. Open the folding doors, move back the centre-table, and go it. Play with small bags filled with beans, run for the pins, play any of the games which you can recall from your early experience. When the spring comes, devote a part of your garden to a playground, and then carry forward the good work in earnest. If your solemn-faced neighbor suggests that you had better devote the ground to potatoes, tell him that one good laugh is worth more than an hour at digging potatoes, and then go it with redoubled zeal.

THE BEST TEACHERS. — Dr. Hammond's formula for the cure of dyspepsia, "eat little and often," is based upon a theory, as most medical teachings have been. My advice, namely, *eat but twice a day, the first meal*

hearty and quite early in the morning, the second meal not hearty and not later than two o'clock, is not based upon a theory, but upon wide observation and experience.

TO PREVENT DYSPEPSIA. — Have a right good talk, with a funny anecdote or two, and a half-dozen hearty laughs, with each meal. This eating alone at a restaurant, and shovelling in the provender in solemn silence, would give dyspepsia to an ostrich.

FUN AT HOME.

DON'T be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable, places. Therefore let the fire burn

brightly at night, and make the home ever delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

MARRIAGE UNFASHIONABLE.

AMONG the better classes marriage is becoming unfashionable. The number of educated business men in our cities from twenty to forty who remain single, and have no intention to marry, is becoming very large. The hotels are full of them, the clubs and boarding-houses teem with bachelors. I have a hundred times introduced the subject of matrimony among such people. Their comments are curious, and nearly always in the same vein.

Mr. A. "Not any for me, if you please."

Mr. B. "Of course women are all well enough in their way, but then I shall never bind myself."

Mr. C. "Yes, I should look jolly now, with a wife and half a dozen babies, shouldn't I? Of course I admire women hugely, especially those blondes in the

‘Black Crook’; but then I ain’t quite a fool. No, gentlemen, I sha’ n’t hitch a tail to my kite yet awhile. When I’m played out, and want hot flannels on my joints, then perhaps I’ll sail in; but for the present I’ll paddle my own canoe.”

Mr. D. “Why, yes, if the old cove would come down with the stamps, I wouldn’t mind; but then I wouldn’t go in for less than a cool hundred thousand. The old madam can’t get her off on to me with any of your thirty or forty thousand. You see it won’t go down. Can’t catch me with any of your small bait.”

Mr. E. “O, of course I know it; she’s a stunner, but then old Moneybags can’t expect to work off his girls without showing his hand. A fellow can’t leap into the dark. If the old skeesicks wants to get rid of ’em, he must plank down the shiners.”

Mr. F. “Well, boys, it’s no use talking; the sort of life we are leading is that of savages. What does it all amount to? My idea is a little cottage with a little wife, and I would have one if I were not afraid. The fact is, they are all sick, and the doctor’s bills are more than all the rest of it. Now, if I could get a wife with such health as my grandmother had, I would go in to-morrow; but these wasp-waisted concerns, why, they haven’t room enough for their blood-vessels, saying nothing of liver and stomach and a

good dinner. No, boys, the kind of life we are leading is not a bit to my taste ; but then the other thing, — well, I'll have to think of it. Of course I know that a body only, no matter how healthy and beautiful, fails to make a woman. The best part of a woman is her beautiful loving soul, and I should be sorry not to think that heaven will be full of them, but in *this* world health and strength are indispensable."

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. — Beauty in woman is, in considerable part, a matter of health. A sick woman's face may be exquisitely moulded ; she never appeals to our imagination. But even an ugly face all aglow with health and spirit, and with sparkling eyes, becomes beautiful. Such a woman appeals to the imagination ; she charms and attracts us by a subtle magnetism. Whether as maid, wife, or mother, health is woman's great good.

AMONG Lycurgus's laws was one that a man should not marry before he was thirty-seven, nor a woman before she was seventeen. Modern physiologists discard this great disparity, though they do not deny that such a maturity on the part of the father would secure strong children ; but they think the difference too great for modern peoples. The general opinion is

that the man should be twenty-five to thirty, and the woman from twenty to twenty-five.

I DON'T quite fancy what Dr. Barbour says about lacing. He says he likes it. All the fools are killed, while the sensible girls are preserved as mothers for the next generation. I don't like it, because, in the first place, the foolish girls are not quite killed, and then, unfortunately, a good many bright girls are caught in the trap.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG GIRL. — It is rare that a young woman should marry before she is twenty. It is better she should be twenty-five. But to marry at sixteen is an outrage upon nature. Suppose you marry at this present age, and at seventeen you become a mother, the laws of nature must be changed if your child is not inferior. Indeed, the best and strongest men are born of mothers over thirty years of age. But sixteen, that is too bad; and then it is almost certain that you will lose your form and bloom prematurely if you marry when you are a child. If he won't wait, he is not worthy of you. It is your body more than your soul that he is after, if, when a proper explanation is made, he will not wait. He should rest in the fact that he has your love, that your heart is his, and wait for your body to grow.

MY LEAN FRIENDS.

YOU want to know what you shall do to become plump and seemly? I will tell you.

1. Be thankful you are not fat. Man's body is designed for use. Lean, flexible, active folks should be duly grateful that they do not waddle, wheeze, and sweat. Besides, your chance for long life is, on the whole, better than that of the fat man. So gratitude that your case is no worse is your first duty.

2. You must begin the consideration of your emaciation with the physiological fact that the quantity and quality of your flesh depend upon the character of your digestion. The dyspeptic and consumptive eat enormous quantities of nutritious food, but grow thinner day by day. Lean people are not unfrequently great eaters, but the food is not appropriated. Such bodies are like our great peninsular army, which, receiving constant supplies of men and horses, constantly decreased in size and strength. So, my dear shadows, we must determine, first, what will give you more thorough digestion and assimilation. You probably eat too much. The digestive apparatus is compelled to undertake so much, it can do nothing well. Remember, it is not the quantity *eaten*, but that digested, which determines your flesh and strength.

Eat less! And as the saliva plays a very important part in the function of digestion, masticate thoroughly, drinking little or nothing by way of helping the food into your stomach.

3. Eat but twice a day; and, unless in the midst of hard labor, let the second meal come as early as two or three o'clock. So important do I regard the two-meal-a-day system for certain classes of invalids, that I rarely prescribe for a consumptive or dyspeptic without making this rule imperative. If the patient is to eat twenty or even twenty-five ounces of food per day, it is greatly better to eat it in two meals. And I may add, that for all classes of persons, I believe it would prove a great advantage, in a physiological point of view, to change from the present system to two meals a day.

4. For breakfast, eat coarse bread, cream, and baked sweet-apples; for dinner, beef or mutton (not veal or lamb), with some coarse bread, potatoes, and all the vegetables of the season except tomatoes; for dessert, use fruit *ad libitum*. If possible, sleep a little after dinner.

5. You must sleep in a pure atmosphere; go to bed as early as nine o'clock, and, rising by six, walk slowly in the open air half an hour or more, drinking two or three tumblers of cold water.

6. Spend the evening in social enjoyment. Happiness and laughter are the best friends of digestion.

7. Live as much as possible in the open air, never forgetting that, after the food has been well digested in the stomach, it must mingle with a good supply of oxygen in the lungs before it can be transformed into the tissues of the body. Bad food with a pure air will make flesh faster than the best food with an impure atmosphere.

8. Bathe frequently, that the effete matter in the system may easily escape, and thus afford the best opportunity for the deposition of new material.

9. If married, cultivate the quiet sentiments of domestic life. If unmarried, and of proper age and health, seek in this most satisfactory of all earthly relations that freedom from the fret and discontent of life which only a true marriage can give.

PEOPLE who perform hard muscular labor may eat three times a day, but most of the inhabitants of our towns and cities would be greatly improved in health and capacity by eating but twice, — breakfast at eight and dinner at two.

I do best when I take a large steak, bread and potatoes, with a cup of weak coffee, for breakfast at seven, and an oyster stew or dish of oatmeal for dinner at one o'clock. The morning is the time to take in a large supply of food.

FAT PEOPLE.

PERHAPS you fancy your shape. You *do* look comfortable and jolly ; but as a physiologist, I must find fault with you. Obesity, like emaciation, is a sort of disease unfavorable to health and long life. This warm weather makes you pant and perspire.

I met one of your number down on the beach the other day. It was a warm afternoon. He was very uncomfortable. We stopped to chat a moment, when he exclaimed, "I would give ten thousand dollars to be reduced to one hundred and fifty pounds. I pant, wheeze, and sweat, pant, wheeze, and sweat, every time I stir"; and, looking earnestly in my face, he said, "Doctor, what can you do for me? What can I take? My family doctor tells me he can give me something that will whittle me down? Do you think it can be done?"

"O yes," I replied, "nothing is easier; but it is quite unnecessary to take any medicine. Suppose, sir, you have a very fat horse much in the condition of yourself, and some doctor were to propose to reduce his weight with medicine, what would you say?"

"I should tell him that I could reduce his weight by reducing the amount of his food."

"Just so, and you would be quite right. Allow me

to commend the same practice to yourself. Reduce the quantity of your food one quarter, and I venture to say that in a month you will weigh from five to ten pounds less than now. At the end of the first month reduce the amount of your food another quarter. Within three or six months you will find yourself lighter by twenty to fifty pounds. Your digestion will be much healthier, your respiration freer, and your activity and endurance greatly increased."

"But," said he, "I don't eat half as much as some thin men whom I know."

"This is not improbable, and I presume their excessive eating keeps them thin, as with your tendency excessive eating produces fat. If they were to reduce the quantity of their food, they would, like yourself, tend toward the normal standard, — they would gain in weight, while you lose."

He promised to try it, and started on.

In a horse-car the other day I met six corpulent, uncomfortable men, all quite sure to die prematurely. Each one of them might, in six or twelve months, be reduced to the normal standard, and enjoy a degree of health and activity to which he is now a stranger. Is any physiological statement more self-evident than that every fat person eats more than he needs?

"But," exclaims some fat young woman, who would "give the world" to be in good shape, "I cannot go hungry and faint forever."

This remark shows you have never tried what I have suggested. It is only the great eater who is troubled with hunger and "goneness." If you would reduce the quantity of your food even one half at once, after three days you will not suffer from faintness or hunger. The man who eats temperately of unstimulating food rarely knows the sensation of hunger.

In the light of these undeniable statements, how silly the practice, common among girls, of swallowing acids and other killing things, and among men of steeping in tobacco, to reduce their flesh! I have personally known scores of young women whose health has been ruined by drinking vinegar or eating chalk and other indigestible things, all to take away their fat. And I have known a still greater number to ruin themselves with corsets, in the hope of keeping themselves comely and in shape.

I have met hundreds of fat men who were besmeared and saturated with tobacco-juice, objects of disgust to all beholders, terrors to decent housekeepers, peregrinating stench-pots, and all to keep their flesh down.

My poor, dear, fat simpletons, allow me to prescribe for you.

Rise early; exercise much, particularly in the open air; bathe frequently, rubbing the skin very hard; but most important of all, eat plain, coarse food, and reduce the quantity until you find yourself growing thinner

two or three pounds per week. Your sluggishness, short breath, and other discomforts will soon leave you, and you will become bright, clear-headed, and happy.

Two meals a day are quite enough for persons seventeen years of age of either sex. Breakfast on bread and milk, with cracked wheat and syrup, and dine at one, two, or three o'clock on plain meat and vegetables, eating heartily if your appetite craves it, taking no dessert unless it be simple fruit, and you have food enough to last till breakfast next morning. Omitting supper or tea, you will sleep better after the habit is established, and make better progress in your studies. Persons who have tried the two-meal system testify almost unanimously in its favor.

IS YOUR SON DULL AND LAZY?—You had better stop his meat, rich food, and coffee, make him get up early, bathe in cold water, coax him into active sports, or put him at work, and when a lesson is given him make sure that he learns it.

THE best of all chair-bottoms is the cane, which is neither too soft nor too hard. But still more important, it is cool.

STRENGTH AND HEALTH.

IT is quite a common idea that health keeps pace with strength. I know intelligent persons who really think that you may determine the comparative health of a company of men by measuring their arms, — that he whose arm measures twelve inches is twice as healthy as he whose arm measures but six. This strange and thoughtless misapprehension has given rise to nearly all the mistakes thus far made in the physical-culture movement. I have a friend who can lift nine hundred pounds, and yet is an habitual sufferer from torpid liver, rheumatism, and low spirits. There are many similar cases. The cartmen of our cities, who are our strongest men, are far from the healthiest class, as physicians will testify. On the contrary, I have many friends who would stagger under three hundred pounds that are in capital trim. But I need not elaborate a matter so familiar with physicians and other observing people. No test of health would prove more faulty than a tape-line or a lift at the scale-beam. Suppose two brothers — bank-clerks — in bad health. They are measured around the arm. Each marks exactly ten inches. They try the scale-beam. The bar rises at exactly three hundred pounds with each. Both seek health. John goes to the gymnasium, lifts heavy dumb-bells

and kegs of nails until he can put up one hundred and twenty-five pounds and lift nine hundred, and his arm reaches fifteen inches. Thomas goes to the mountains, fishes, hunts, spends delightful hours with the young ladies, and plays cricket. Upon measuring his arm we find it scarcely larger than when he left town, while he can't put up sixty pounds nor lift five hundred. But who doubts Thomas will return to the bank counter the better man of the two? John should be the better man, if *strength* is the principal or most essential condition of health. A circus usually contains among its performers a man who can lift a cannon weighing nearly or quite half a ton. Then there are half a dozen riders and vaulters, who have comparatively little strength. If anybody supposes that the strong man has better health than the flexible, elastic ones, he has but to make inquiries of circus-managers, as I have done, and he will learn that the balance is found almost uniformly with the latter. Agility and flexibility are far more important than strength, and that fine silken quality of the muscular fibre which comes only from an infinite repetition of light and ever-varying feats far more important than size.

CHAT WITH CONSUMPTIVES.

WHEN I was practising my profession in Buffalo, N. Y., where I resided many years, there came one morning a note requesting an appointment for a professional interview. His own health was the subject.

Seating himself, he began with, "You see, I presume, that I am an Englishman. I left England two years ago, and came to America to seek my fortune. An old friend in business here induced me to stop, and now I am junior partner in the firm of G. T. & Co., fancy dry-goods. My father, mother, and sister all died of consumption. I have been coughing and getting thin for about eight months. Please feel my pulse."

"What, 95?"

"Yes, that's about it, and in the evening I fancy it gets above a hundred."

"How about your breathing?"

"O, that's just as you might suppose. Up hill or up stairs, and I gasp as if I were going to suffocate. O doctor, I have all the symptoms. I watched my sister, and know just how this horrible thing works."

"Night-sweats?"

"Well, no, not much, though occasionally my shoul-

ders and neck are wet when I wake up in the morning."

"Pain?"

"Not much, though I have several times had a severe pain under my shoulder-blade, and lately a dull aching just here under this collar-bone."

"Expectoration?"

"Not a great deal, though I now begin to raise pretty freely in the morning."

"Take off your coat and vest, and let me listen. O no, I must get at your skin, so you had better take off the shirts. I will give you a warm dressing-gown to protect your back and shoulders. This listening through a shirt or through a stethoscope is all nonsense. There is nothing like putting the ear right on the naked chest. There, now! you may breathe in a natural way; if I want you to breathe deeper, I will tell you. . . . Do you want me to tell you the plain truth or humbug you with a nice story?"

"The truth, doctor, — the whole truth!"

"Your lungs are in a bad way. The left lung, through all this upper part under the collar-bone, is a mass of tubercles, and some of them have softened. The upper part of the right lung is tubercular, though to a less extent, and the softening has not yet begun."

"There can be no mistake?"

"Not the least. I can, with a piece of chalk, mark

the exact outline of the tubercular deposit as accurately as though I had the lungs themselves in my hands."

"How long do you think I shall live?"

"About six months. I think you will die about November."

Sitting with his face buried in his hands for several minutes, I busied myself with writing a note, when, with reddened eyes and trembling voice, he said, "I would n't mind it for myself, sir, but a beautiful girl, whom I love better than my own life, expects me to come for her during the holidays next winter. It will kill her, sir. Of course nothing can be done for me?"

"Let me listen very carefully again, and then you must give me a day to think of it. . . . Well, sir, I have made up my mind upon the course which you should pursue. I have written a letter to your friend in England. There it is. I have left it open, of course. Read it. If you approve of it, send it off by the first mail."

My letter was the following:—

"DEAR LADY, — Your friend George R. has applied to me with reference to his health. I have carefully examined his lungs, and find that he is in consumption. Both lungs are seriously involved. In the natural or ordinary course of things he will die in about six months. He has told me with streaming eyes of the crushing grief this news will

bring to you. My dear lady, if you will come to us at once, you and I will cure him. I am not holding out a false light. If you will come and join your forces to mine, we will save him. I am your friend,

“D. L.”

With a heart too full for utterance George withdrew into the window, and when he could command his voice, said, “What does all this mean? Are you serious? I supposed this horrible disease was as incurable as death.”

The letter was sent. A horse and saddle were purchased. He was so deeply impressed with the absolute necessity of doing exactly as I prescribed, that he started on his morning ride at exactly eight o'clock to the minute. He rode, as soon as the first soreness disappeared, exactly three hours and a half every day, and always, as I prescribed, on a walk. In a month it was three hours in the forenoon and two in the afternoon. In a little more than two months Mary arrived, and found that George was out for his morning ride of four hours. She came at once to me, and with an eagerness which was painful to witness asked, after speaking her own name, “How is George? For mercy's sake, don't tell me he is worse!”

The wedding occurred on Christmas, and my wife insisted that it should come off at our house. Every one of us cried, and that does seem so absurd at a wedding!

Of course there is a part of his lung which does not breathe, but then he is a healthy man and does a large amount of work. His wife still writes us, and nearly always closes her letter with something like this: "I can't refrain from saying again, *May God bless you for saving the life of my noble husband!*" And he writes me that he still keeps his old motto over his desk, and has it likewise in letters of gold in a beautiful frame over his mantel: "A good saddle-horse can carry a consumptive from the grave back into the midst of life and health."

CONSUMPTION is found in every climate. Inhabitants of the frozen regions and those who live under the equator die of consumption. As to the United States, there is no doubt whatever that New England has the largest ratio of mortality from consumption; but the difference is but slight, and is probably accounted for on the ground of her immense cotton, woollen, and other great factories, and her very close houses. A person who lives much in the open air, and when at home sits by an open fire and sleeps with an open window, is rather safer from consumption than the inhabitants of Florida. A person born in New Hampshire is a trifle safer staying at home and pursuing a hygienic life than he can be by going to Florida.

Sir James Clarke, Dr. Carrière, a distinguished

Frenchman, and Dr. Burgess, a thoughtful Scotchman, have written ably, and with much spirit, against the idea that a change of climate is curative of pulmonary consumption. "That a warm climate is not in itself beneficial, is shown from the fact that consumption exists in all climates. In India and Africa it is as frequent as in Europe and North America. At Malta, in the heart of the genial Mediterranean, one third of the deaths among the soldiers is by consumption. At Nice, a favorite resort of those who are afflicted with lung complaints, there are more native-born persons die of consumption than in any English town of equal population. . . . Naples, with its boasted climate, shows in her hospitals a mortality by consumption equal to one in two and one third, whereas in Paris the proportion is only equal to one in three and one quarter."

"The proportion of deaths from consumption," says Keith Johnson, "indicates how little mere climate has to do with the extent of this disease ; since, while it is almost unknown in the Madras Presidency of India, it is more frequent at the Cape of Good Hope than in the Northern United States, nearly even in Britain and British North America, and nearly the same at Gibraltar as in the West Indies."

ATMOSPHERIC IMPURITIES.

THERE are some impurities in the atmosphere which have been thought favorable to the lungs. The coal-smoke of cities has been so regarded. It has been likewise asserted that consumption, when actually developed, is less rapid in its progress in an atmosphere of coal-smoke. The same opinion prevails with reference to many odors and effluvia, but it may well be doubted whether a pure, odorless atmosphere is susceptible of improvement. The "balsamic odors" of certain forests have long enjoyed a reputation for healing maladies of the lungs, but I think their virtues come from the outdoor life which wandering among these groves involves. If the odor of pine forests and tar-kilns were concentrated in the air of a furnace-heated house, I fancy that life in that atmosphere would not favor the lungs. But I have no doubt that living in the pine forests of Upper Georgia has often cured consumption.

But if you will select two consumptives in similar condition, and you will take one to saunter in the elevated pine regions of the South, I will let you select the most unhealthy locality in the Northern States, and I will take my case there. Now, if you will give me plenty of flannels and a saddle-horse, I will wager you a farm that my patient will recover sooner than

yours. You may take your case to the hills of San Domingo, and have him live gently and quietly, and I will take mine to the worst region of New England, and with the flannels and saddle I will cure my patient in half the time it will take to cure yours.

YES, I know very well that the doctors prescribe whiskey for consumption, but not a quarter as much as they did five years ago; and within five years from this time the same doctors who now prescribe it will be as much ashamed of it as they are now of half a dozen other prescriptions for consumption which have had their run within the last thirty years. In medicine fashions change about as often as they do in dress.

SHALL I MARRY?—You ask us if you had better marry. You say that both of your parents died of consumption, and that you have had indications of the disease. You can judge as well as anybody of the desirability of bringing half a dozen children into existence to go through with the same terrible experiences as that through which your parents passed. It is a fearful responsibility to take upon yourself. With our notions there are few crimes so grave as marriage by persons who inherit consumption, insanity, or epilepsy.

EXPANDING THE CHEST.

TAKE a strong rope, and fasten it to a beam overhead ; to the lower end of the rope attach a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing very moderately at first, — perhaps only bear the weight, if very weak, — and gradually increase, as the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be used from three to five times daily. The connection of the arms with the body, with the exception of the clavicle with the breast-bone, being a muscular attachment to the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs and enlarge the chest. Nature allows no vacuum, and the lungs expand to fill the cavity, increasing the volume of air, the natural purifier of blood, and preventing the congestion or the deposit of tuberculous matter. We have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs and threatened consumption of thirty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to four inches within a few months, and with good results. But especially as a preventive we would recommend this exercise. Let those who

love to live strive to develop a well-formed, capacious chest. The student, the merchant, the sedentary, the young of both sexes, — ay, all, — should have a swing on which to stretch themselves daily. We are certain that if this were to be practised by the rising generation in a dress allowing a free and full development of the body, many would be saved from consumption. Independently of its beneficial results, the exercise is an exceedingly pleasant one, and as the apparatus costs very little, there need be no difficulty about any one enjoying it who wishes to.

OUR FLANNELS.

THE value of flannel next the skin cannot be over-rated. It is invaluable to persons of both sexes and all ages, in all countries, in all climates, at every season of the year, for the sick and the well; in brief, I cannot conceive of any circumstances in which flannel next the skin is not a comfort and a source of health. It should not be changed from thick to thin before the settled hot weather of the summer, which in our Northern States is not much before the middle of June, and often not before the first of July. And the flannels for the summer must not be three quarters cotton, but they must be all woollen, if you would have the best protection.

In the British army and navy they make the wearing of flannel a point of discipline. During the hot season the ship's doctor makes a daily examination of the men at unexpected hours, to make sure that they have not left off their flannels.

HORSEBACK IN WINTER.

I SEE no reason why you may not continue to ride on horseback all winter. The "saddle" is warm work, and if you dress your legs in two thicknesses of woollen drawers, one thickness of chamois-skin, and thick pants, and give the same thorough protection to the feet, — in brief, if you will give yourself dress enough, not only can you ride all winter in the coldest weather and through all the storms without suffering, but with positive enjoyment and great profit. I think the saddle-horse is a more profitable institution during the cold than the hot season.

NAMES OF OUR MALADIES.

A CORRESPONDENT tells me that one physician says he has "colonic dyspepsia"; another says he has "gastric difficulty"; No. 3 says it is "irritation of the mucous membrane and disordered liver," etc. And he

closes his four pages with these words, "hoping you will give me a *name* for my complaint," etc.

Nothing surprises me more than the eagerness, the feverish anxiety, people show about the names of their maladies. When I remember that the name of a malady means little or nothing, even to a doctor, after he has spent a lifetime in studying the nomenclature of his profession, it is really curious that the people should be so solicitous about the name. One doctor has told a patient that his trouble is "colonic dyspepsia !" Now, does he know anything more about it than he did before ? Another tells him it is a "gastric difficulty !" I wonder how much information he gets from that diagnosis. And the third doctor tells him "irritation of the mucous membrane," etc. Does that give him any notion of his malady ? I presume he has all these difficulties, and that every other part of his body is out of condition ; for when one member suffers, all the other members must suffer with it. I have no doubt that at least one hundred names of maladies might be truthfully applied to his case. But of what possible use or satisfaction can this sort of thing be to him ? He is not well ; that fact is to him an important and interesting one. The only other question in which a sensible man can feel any interest is, *What will cure him ?* A lady who employed a homœopathic doctor heard him repeat the law of that school of medicine, *similia similibus*

curantur, and she understood it to be his name for her malady. So she went about among her friends, saying, "Thank goodness, I have found out at last the name of my disease, — it is the *similia similibus curantur*. Now I begin to see my way clear. Dr. B. told me it was nothing but debility. That shows how much he knows! Dr. W. said it was indigestion. That shows how much he knows! Dr. S. told me it was *similia similibus curantur* just as soon as he saw me. Don't tell me these homœopathic doctors are ignorant!" I wonder if this woman had not as clear a notion of her malady as my correspondent has with the "irritation of the mucous membrane." I rather think she has.

I saw a bit of nonsense in the paper the other day which I thought good in the way of a name for a malady.

"Yes," said Bolus, rolling his eyes heavenward, — "yes, I do say so; there ain't no hope: he's got an attack of *nihil fit* in his lost frontis."

"Where?" cried the startled wife.

"In his lost frontis; and he can't be cured without some trouble and a great deal of pains. You see his whole planetary system is deranged. Firstly, his vox populi is pressin' on his ad valorem; secondly, his cuta-carpial cutaneous has swelled considerably, if not more; thirdly, his solar ribs are in a concussed state; and, finally, *he ain't got any money, and consequently he is bound to die.*"

I will not say that this doctor's diagnosis was as scientific as some I have heard, but I think the friends of the sick man got quite as distinct a notion as people generally obtain from the technical names which are given them.

CEREBRO-SPINAL MENINGITIS.

It is almost worth while being sick, if one can only have a malady with a fine name. A lady came to me, perhaps a year ago, and gravely told me, "I am suffering from polarization of the cerebro-spinal axis." She was sure this was her malady. A certain doctor who was educated in Europe had carefully examined her case, and assured her that the malady was "polarization of the cerebro-spinal axis." The doctor advised a European trip, with the use of iodide of potassium and bromide of potassium. She wished me to examine her case and tell her what I thought of it. After a few inquiries, I said, "It's the backache. You must take off your corsets, keep your feet warm, and go to bed at nine o'clock." She soon got well, but I think was never altogether satisfied with giving up that grand name for plain backache, or with exchanging iodide of potassium for abandonment of corset, or bromide of potassium for bed at nine o'clock.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis is not, as many people

seem to think, a specific disease, like small-pox, but exhaustion accompanied by irritation or inflammation of the membranes of the brain and spinal cord. It is a logical result of our past mode of life. We breathe a bad air, live in the shade, neglect exercise, keep bad hours, and rush things generally. Naturally, our heads and backs become exhausted, and one now and then takes on a little congestion of those parts and dies. The same disease has prevailed among the exhausted for hundreds of years, but now a new and grand name has been invented for it. No one who leads a sensible life will be likely to suffer from an attack of this malady.

IS N'T IT CURIOUS?

My dear friend Dr. M. was one of the most acute physicians I have ever known. His diagnosis seemed often to verge upon clairvoyance. A peculiar kind of sore throat prevailed during the winter of '68. It was a modified diphtheria. Not many died, but the affection was most disagreeable, and cases often lasted several weeks. Dr. M. prescribed for nearly two hundred. I asked him about his prescriptions. He described his usual course, and I saw that it involved quite a number of drugs. Happening to call at the doctor's one evening, I learned that Mrs. M. and the

four children had all been seized with the prevailing epidemic. The doctor soon returned and I said, pointing to his sick group, —

“More business, doctor?”

“Yes,” said Mrs. M., “but he never gives us anything.”

“How is this, doctor?” I asked.

“If my family were the family of some one else,” he replied, “I should prescribe fifty times or more, and make a bill of a hundred dollars; but as I am satisfied that warm extremities, a good atmosphere, and very simple food is all there is of it, I shall not afflict my family with doses and caustic.”

I learned, upon a subsequent inquiry, that the doctor's family took no drugs, and he assured me that they did better than the average. I urged the doctor to give me his candid opinion about it, and he confessed that he thought medical treatment generally interfered with the recovery of the patient. When I asked him how he could conscientiously go on, he replied, “I have thought of this matter very seriously for years, and have concluded that I must take the world as it is, and not as the ideal world of which I sometimes dream. The people will be doctored, and I honestly believe that I hurt them less than most physicians, and that, if they were to pass out of my hands, they might go into those of others who would injure

them more. My family must have a support. I am a doctor. Now you have my reasoning. Knowing what I do, I should not choose the profession of medicine if I could start in life again; but it is too late to consider that, and all that is left to me is to do as little harm and as much good as possible."

I said, "It seems to me that no profession offers such an opportunity for usefulness as the medical; and if I could start in life a hundred times, I should choose it every time. But I would not drug my patients. I would convince them that drugs were poisons, and spend my life teaching the people how to avoid disease."

"O yes," said Dr. M. "I have cherished such an ambition at various times during my professional career, and I have tried it among the more intelligent of my patients. I will give you a case. You remember Mrs. D., the writer? Well, she came here to spend the summer with her sister, and soon after her arrival suffered the severest attack of neuralgia I have ever witnessed. I made hot applications to the back of her neck and the side of her face till she was comfortable; and, giving her a few doses of soothing medicine, I left, with the promise to call in the morning. I found her quite easy, and resolved not to drug her exquisite brain any more. I directed the nursing, and at the end of about a week she was well.

Then I told her how she might avoid all future attacks. At her request I wrote out the suggested regimen. She paid me forty dollars. I believe that was six years ago. She has spent a portion of every summer since in this neighborhood. I met her the other day, and she told me that she had not suffered a single attack from her old enemy since she began to follow my advice, and that she was greatly indebted to me. Now, sir, that advice cost me probably more than two hundred dollars. I could go around among my patients and talk to them about the laws of health in a way which would simply destroy my means of living. I could not buy bread and clothes for my children. I have no doubt it would be very noble and philanthropic, and all that sort of thing, but I can't afford it, and have made up my mind not to go into any moral heroics and play the reformer, but do as well as I can under the circumstances, always making sure that my wife and children have something to eat. Whatever may come, that is my first duty. Besides all this, if I were to pursue this reformer policy, my professional brethren would call me a quack; and when that cry gets started, even the people whom I have served well would forsake me. No, my friend," said Dr. M. to me, "I am not made of the great reformer stuff, and must get along in the old orthodox way."

DOCTORS PAINTED BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

ONE of the cleverest of our medical writers thus frankly expresses his opinion of his own craft, and of medicine-taking generally. "I declare," says Dr. James Johnson, "my conscientious opinion, founded on long observation and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, man-midwife, chemist, druggist, or drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now obtains. When we reflect that physic is a '*conjectural art*,' that the best physicians make mistakes, that medicine is administered by hosts of quacks, that it is swallowed by multitudes of people without any professional advice at all, and that the world would be infinitely more careful of themselves if they were conscious that they had no remedy from drugs, these and many other facts will show that the proposition I have made is more startling than untrue. But, as it is, drugs will be swallowed by all classes, rich and poor, with the hope of regaining health and prolonging life, and also with the expectation of being able to counteract the culpable indulgence of the appetites and passions."

HOW TO GAIN A REPUTATION.

NOTHING helps a doctor like mysteries. A man has a pain in the head and back. He calls on the doctor. He explains his symptoms. Now, suppose the doctor says, "Yes, I see. Pain in the head and back, — tired. You, sir, must rest; go to bed early for a few evenings; you must let up, — rest! You are exhausted, that's all." Now, that won't satisfy you; there is no science about that. You know all that yourself. You went to the doctor to *learn* something about your case, and if all he can tell you is, that you are tired and have got the backache, what's the use of the accumulated medical wisdom of three thousand years? Any child could tell you that you are tired and have the backache.

But suppose the doctor carefully examines the back of your head, and your spine, and asks a dozen questions about the precise location of the pain, what time in the day it appears, etc., all sorts of nice, ingenious questions, and then, after some moments of profound thought, he tells you that he is sorry to say that this is a rare case. It is exactly like one reported by a distinguished German physiologist. The sufferer was a well-known military man. The doctor then proceeds to write a prescription in Latin. There are half a dozen ingredients, and he informs you that the prescription is

an exact duplicate of that which was used for the German general, with the exception of a single ingredient, which he adds because of the difference in climate. Now, don't you know that you rather think that this doctor knows what's what? And although you "confound his big names and Latin nonsense," still it looks as though the accumulated wisdom of the three thousand years was something after all. At any rate, this cerebro-spinal axis doctor is miles ahead of the back-ache chap.

AND YET HE WAS NOT HAPPY. — In 1871, Dr. Williams sued the Cambrian Railway Company for services rendered to Mr. Dashwood and Miss Dashwood, who had been injured on defendant's road. By request of the defendant, the plaintiff submitted the particulars, and swore to their correctness. Among the items for Mr. Dashwood were 755 doses of medicine, 73 lotions, and 100 pills and powders, in seven weeks.

THE way to cultivate a good walk is to swing your arms freely and practise carrying a weight on your head. Let it be some heavy weight like a foot-square bag filled with grain. When about your house, carry this half an hour morning and evening, swinging your arms freely while walking with the weight.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE EAT?

SIR JAMES CLARKE thought that one of the most fruitful sources of consumption was excessive eating. He says, "By a too stimulating diet the stomach becomes disordered, the secretions impaired, the circulation unbalanced, the skin dry and harsh; and often, as a consequence, tuberculous disease results."

An eminent American author affirms that, "where all the arts of cookery are brought into requisition to tempt the appetite, it not unfrequently produces consumption." And again, "Superabundant and exciting food produces a morbid condition of the body, and derangement of its functions, rapidly wasting its vitality. Children overfed are never healthy. Their excessive fulness and redness of face, though often exhibited by fond parents with pride, indicate an unhealthy condition. If there is the least consumptive taint, such feeding hastens it into activity." Again he says, "It is a false notion that the scrofulous and tuberculous require high feeding. This often develops the very evil it is designed to remedy."

Dr. Hunt declares, "Our own nation is proverbial for gormandizing, which is already beginning to deteriorate the energies of the American people."

Dr. Muzzey says, "Much feeding is likely to be followed by disease."

Lola Montez declares that "the ordinary fare of a fashionable lady is sufficient to destroy the brightest and smoothest skin."

I could quote from a great number of well-known physicians in the same vein.

How shall we determine the necessary quantity of food?

Dr. Phillips and Dr. Paris recommend that "the dyspeptic should carefully attend to the first feeling of satiety."

A score of eminent physiologists have advised weighing the food.

Professor Hitchcock advises that we should eat only of one dish, or, as he explains it afterward, *one course*.

The celebrated Dr. Johnson offers the following on this point: "Whenever a meal is followed by an inaptitude for mental or corporeal exertion, we have transgressed the rules of health, and are laying the foundation for disease."

The famous Dr. Cheyne says, "If any man has eaten or drunk so much as renders him unfit for the duties and studies of his profession, he has overeaten."

Many expedients have been resorted to to assist in securing moderation; but, when the food is good and the social atmosphere pleasant, nine people in ten go too far.

I have a rule which has proved valuable. I have recommended it to many others, to whom it has likewise proved of great value. It is this: "Before you take the first mouthful, place upon your plate all you are to eat, and eat but twice a day."

This, for the most obvious reasons, is greatly superior to any of the rules I have named, and, I may add, to all that have been given. This rule accomplishes all that the practice of weighing does, without the embarrassment and annoyance which weighing involves. It is better than the rule of Dr. Johnson and others, namely, watching while you are eating for the first indication of satiety, for it is simply impossible for a dyspeptic, with his morbid appetite, to watch, or halt when he does discover that the food fails to give the gratification of the first moment. This is indeed the great difficulty, — to use calm judgment and moral firmness in the midst of the pleasures of a delicious meal. I am free to confess that I have rarely done it myself, and think I may without harsh judgment say I do not know of half a dozen persons who can.

Besides, with this rule, you always avoid the dessert, and the condiments, which, in the shape of extra salt, mustard, pepper, etc., are almost sure to find their way to your plate during the meal. What an immense gain it would prove to us all if the dessert could be abolished! Ninety-nine people in a hundred get enough, and most of them too much, before reaching it.

A gentleman who has for many years been a constant sufferer from excessive eating—body and mind always in an irritable condition—has relieved himself entirely through the rule I have named, and writes with enthusiasm, “I believe that a large number of persons are prepared to give with heartiness the same testimony.”

I CANNOT say that you should never drink at meal-time. You may drink if you are thirsty. If you are really thirsty, or if your system needs water, you should take it before you begin to eat, or you may take it while you are eating. But you must be sure that it is not a mere habit of drinking to swallow the food, as that is a very bad habit. If you are really thirsty, the water will be pumped out of your stomach in a very few moments, and the process of digestion will go on.

ICE-CREAM is not particularly bad, if it be eaten very slowly. If the question is, “Does ice-cream belong to the best class of foods?” I should say *no*. The best class of food includes the grains, meats with cooked vegetables, and fruits. If one wishes to eat so as to get the most enjoyment and work out of his body, let him confine himself to the best class. A great many people are constantly prospecting about the great field of possible foods, as if it

were their mission to investigate the whole subject for the good of the race.

NEW BREAD. — I have recently had my attention drawn to the unwholesomeness of new bread. I am satisfied that new bread raised with yeast is about the most unwholesome article of food that we eat. To many persons it is worse even than mince-pie, ounce for ounce. Bread should be at least twenty-four hours old before it goes into the stomach.

A SCROFULOUS person should eat beef, mutton, cracked wheat, and oatmeal, and avoid trash of any kind whatever. The food should be eaten slowly, and thoroughly masticated. The supper should be very small, or if possible take nothing for the third meal.

“JOHNNY, my dear, can’t you eat some more?”

“No, mother; I am so full, I can’t swallow another mouthful.”

“Johnny, could n’t you eat a little more if you were to stand up?”

Not only do mothers stuff their children into fevers and bowel diseases, and numberless other troubles, but they lay the foundation for that craving appetite which in all their future life leads to so much mischief.

The cure is to be found in extremely plain food. Little Carrie comes to see us occasionally, and I am always interested with the wise mother's management of her food. From the beginning she has given her bread without butter, and potatoes without butter. Her favorite dinner is boiled mealy potatoes, and nothing on or with them ; no cake, or pie, or sweetmeats. The child is perfectly satisfied, and is a wonder of health and strength.

FAT FOLKS AND THIN FOLKS.

CÆSAR says to Antony, —

“ Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights ;
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.”

A story is told of an Irish tallow-chandler who made candles with the fat of Englishmen during Cromwell's invasion. His candles were remarkably good. When the times became more tranquil, his customers complained that his candles fell off in quality. He apologized by saying, “ I am sorry to inform you that the times are so bad that I have been short of Englishmen a long time.”

Obesity has been regarded in all ages, and by nearly all people, as a great misfortune. Some of the Gentoos

enter their dwellings by a hole in the roof, and if a person is so fat that he can't get in, they regard him as an outlaw, swelled out big with sin. In China obesity is considered a blessing. In that great country a man's mind is measured by his corporeal bulk.

Over Dr. Stafford, who was enormously fat, they placed the following epitaph:—

“Take heed, O good traveller, and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. Stafford, *in all this churchyard.*”

Over a corpulent chandler they inscribed:—

“Here lies in earth an honest fellow,
Who died by fat, and lived by tallow.”

Dr. Beddoes was so stout that a lady friend used to call him the “walking feather-bed.”

At the court of Louis XV. there were two very fat noblemen,—cousins. The king rallied one of them on his corpulency, and added, “I suppose you take little or no exercise?”

“Your Majesty will pardon me,” replied the Duke, “for I generally walk two or three times around my cousin every morning.”

Many remedies have been resorted to; vinegar and other acids have been used. Dr. Fleming advised the swallowing of a quarter of an ounce of common Castile soap every night. Darwin thinks that salt and salt meat are efficacious.

Mr. Banting, an Englishman, became very fat, and strove by all sorts of means to rid himself of his encumbrance, and at length hit upon a method, which he took great pains to recommend to others. This was to live exclusively on meat. In 1863, Mr. Banting published a pamphlet giving the secret of his relief. He tells us that the sorts of food which he particularly advises fat people to avoid are "butter, sugar, potatoes, milk, and beer." He urges that there need be no stint in quantity. The only thing requiring attention is the quality. He argues with much force and spirit against sugar and other sweet things. He thinks that saccharine matter is of all food most fattening. Banting's system has attracted considerable attention. Thousands of the waddling Germans have tried it, but now few believe in it; not that it will not reduce the flesh,—for it will certainly do that,—but because it reduces it by producing a diseased condition, particularly of the kidneys. Many grave cases of disease of the kidneys produced by the Banting system are reported from Germany.

The only safe and effective treatment of obesity is a reduction in the quantity of the usual food, an increase of exercise, and a reduction of the hours of sleep. This should be gradually pushed until the reduction in weight is one to two pounds a week. This cannot fail, and will invariably improve the health.

CHATS WITH YOUNG FOLKS ABOUT AMUSEMENTS.

I THINK that theatres are the most popular of the city amusements. They are very numerous and very grand. The newspapers, fences, and buildings are covered with descriptions of them. A great number of well-paid people perform in them, and fortunes are realized by the proprietors. Nearly all this ocean of money which pours into the coffers of the theatres comes from the pockets of young people who are so hungry for amusements.

I have attended the theatre several times lately to observe. The young folks don't seem very happy. Getting into a position where I could watch their faces, I have not been able to detect much real enjoyment. Indeed, after the first hour they looked dull and dissatisfied. At the close I have placed myself in the lobby and listened to their remarks as they passed out. They have not enjoyed it.

There is so little genuine pleasure in the theatre, that I wonder that our young people continue to flock to it. It is not my purpose to discuss the large expense nor the morals of the theatre. I am only considering what are its claims as a place of amusement. I do not urge the execrable atmosphere which one must breathe for hours, and which always leaves one's brain a little

muddled the next day or longer. I only ask, Does the theatre really satisfy the longing for amusement among the young? It seems to me that the unprejudiced observer must conclude that it is a dull, stupid, unsatisfactory institution. Its immense patronage shows how poor are our resources.

Let us see. There's dancing. Nothing could be more delightful. But then they have so abused it that all good people oppose it. They dance at such unseasonable hours, and then several concomitants of the ballroom are so bad, that good people denounce dancing itself. If dancing could be generally managed as it was at the Lexington institution, — begun at half past seven o'clock each evening, and closed at half past eight o'clock, and engaged in without a change of dress, — no one would find evil in it, and it would become the most delightful family and neighborhood amusement imaginable. The old and young, parents and children, mingle in a most charming spirit. It is the best school of graceful manners, and is, altogether, if managed wisely, the very best of the amusements. My mother taught me that dancing was a dreadful sin. She would exclaim, "O, they dance their way down to hell!" I did not really find out that she was mistaken till I was more than thirty years old, but since then I have tried to make up for lost time, though I have never attended a ball in my life.

Battledore and graces are capital fun and exercise for in-doors, and ball — base-ball especially — and croquet are fine out-door amusements. And then these delightful books! How any one, even boys and girls, can be drawn to the theatre when they have Dickens, Eggleston, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain at home surprises me!

The other night I asked a number of young people to drop in at our rooms, and hear Cornelia read a few chapters from Mr. Eggleston's last story. They were just the sort of young folks that you see running about the streets a little after seven o'clock every evening in eager pursuit of amusements. As soon as they all arrived, I said, "Now arrange yourselves to your liking, pairing off just to suit you." At nine o'clock I suggested an adjournment. "No, no!" was heard from every part of the house. At ten o'clock I refused to have our reader taxed any further, and then they were interrogated about their enjoyment of the evening.

"I never, never enjoyed an evening so in all my life," was the general testimony.

"Would you like to come again?"

"O, please, to-morrow night!"

The next night they were all there, and several extra ones were brought along.

"You don't mean to say that you have enjoyed this as well as the theatre?"

"Yes, a million times better," said one enthusiastic girl.

SKATING is fashionable. It is a good exercise if taken in the open air. The rink is a rather doubtful institution. The atmosphere, without sunshine, gives a good many colds. The rink will quickly pass out of fashion.

As a means of exercise, battledore or graces or bean-bags are worth ten times as much as skating under even the most favorable circumstances. What you want is something for the arms and chest, and not more for the legs. Let girls play these fine arm and chest games during the cold season in the largest room in the house, with open windows. And, dear girls, loosen the strings and give your lungs fair play.

BASE-BALL.

A CAPITAL exercise. A charming recreation. Activity, endurance, quick eyes, steady nerves, pluck, force, —these are all wonderfully reinforced by this game. What a pity that it should fall into the hands of gamblers! Only five years ago thousands of our best young men were members of base-ball clubs. Now they have retired from the field, or perhaps they go to witness matches between peregrinating professionals, who play for a purse and the championship. Then it

was simply a means of health and innocent enjoyment. Now thousands of dollars are bet upon a match between the "Red Legs" and the "Green Legs." It would be worth more than a constitutional amendment if we could go back to the true uses of this national game.

PELEG STANDISH.

THIS gentleman was born of parents in New Hampshire, and came to the city to seek his fortune twenty years ago. Peleg was then twenty years old. He prospered. At forty he was rich. He retired. I don't speak of his going to bed. He retired from business. Then he went to Europe. Five years was the time named when he left,—one year in Great Britain, one in France, one in Rome, and two in Germany to finish the education of his daughters. After four months they returned, and Mr. Standish called upon me with reference to his health.

"I have caught the dyspepsia," was his opinion. Mr. Standish is a particularly bright man, and seems to know when he is comfortable. In the course of a long conversation he gives me his opinion of going to Europe.

"O, it's jolly!" he said. "It's delightful. There is nothing like it. In the first place, you gasp for two

weeks in a dry-goods box without any hole in it, miserably sick, your wife sick, your daughter sick, vomiting, retching, groaning. Your wife cries out, 'Peleg, O Peleg, can't you do something for Mary? O dear me! that poor child will die, I am sure! O mercy, do hear her!' Such are the delights of a trip across the ocean. You go to France. Now, the French jabber is all very well, I have no doubt, to those who get the hang of it. My girls thought they had caught it, and I have heard them say to their teachers here, 'Will you give me my good uncle's hat?' first-rate, but good gracious! you ought to have seen their eyes stick out when those coach-drivers went into their powwow. Well, I stood that sort of thing till I came near dying with what the girls call the onweeg, and I just took my crowd and made a rush for the sauer-kraut chaps. Well, sir, we tried their guzzle and chokers till we could n't swallow, and then I just went for England, where I could live without the onweeg, or whatever you call it. I wanted to come home then, but the girls declared they should not be able to look anybody in the face after being gone only six weeks; and so I waited till I began to get the dyspepsia, and then we vomited our way back home. Now, if you can get this iron wedge out of my stomach, I propose to go at something, if it's nothing but running a peanut-stand."

LINE UPON LINE.

YOU need not fear, at least for the present, any excess of zeal in health questions. Look about you. How much attention is given to health? There are very few persons who deny their appetites with reference to their health.

I know a middle-aged gentleman in this neighborhood who has the management of one of our railroads. He came about four years ago to get some advice about his health. Late hours, tobacco, rich food, and overwork had nearly wrecked him. Our interview lasted several hours, and he went home resolved. Now he is one of the *happiest*, because one of the *healthiest*, of men. If the entire stock of his railway had been presented to him, it would have been nothing compared with the few simple ideas about his health. Do you suppose he is the only person in the country who could be enriched in this simple way? To a greater or less extent, three fourths of the population between six years and forty years of age are waiting to receive the greatest of earthly blessings, — *a clear conception of the sources of health.*

Extract of the speech of Lord Derby, at Liverpool, April 10, 1872:—

“I am deeply convinced that no sanitary improve-

ment worth the name will be effected, whatever acts you pass or whatever powers you confer upon public officers, unless they can create a real and intelligent interest in the matter among the people at large. In the first place, you can't get laws effectually put in force where they interfere with the profits or convenience of individuals, unless they are supported by opinion. In the next place, whatever administrative measures can do for the public health,—and they can do a great deal,—they can never supersede the necessity for personal and private care. It is no good providing pure water for drinking, if those who are meant to consume it prefer less innocent fluids. It is no good purifying the atmosphere from smoke and foul vapors, though that is one of the objects which we ought to keep most steadily in view, if when people have got clean air they won't let it into their houses. The State may issue directions, municipal authorities may execute them to the best of their power, inspectors may travel about, medical authorities may draw up reports, but you can't make a population cleanly or healthy against their will, or without their intelligent co-operation."

Extract from the speech of the Rt. Hon. B. Disraeli, at Manchester, April 3, 1872:—

"After all, the first consideration of a minister should be the health of the people. A land may be covered

with historic trophies, with museums of science and galleries of art, with universities and with libraries, the people may be civilized and ingenious, the country may be even famous in the annals and action of the world ; but if the population every ten years decreases, and the stature of the race every ten years diminishes, the history of that country will soon be the history of the past."

TO CURE BAD DIGESTION.

EAT but two meals a day, if this can be made convenient. If it cannot, then let the third be very light and very plain. Eschew pastry always, eating only plain food, as beef, mutton, bread, and the like, the bread home-made Graham, if possible. Masticate every mouthful thoroughly ; be not less than half an hour at each meal. Drink moderately of water or weak tea or coffee, but never sip of either when food is in the mouth. Bathe quickly the skin all over in the morning three or four times in the week, rubbing the skin vigorously. Exercise abundantly in the open air.

HEALTH RULES BY JOHN WESLEY.

THE great apostle wrote upon many subjects. *Health* was prominent among them. He published a work under the title of "Primitive Physic; or, An Easy and Natural Method of curing most Diseases." From his rules I have selected the following:—

1. A pure air is very important.
2. Tender people should have those who lie with them, or are much about them, sound, sweet, and healthy.
3. Every one, ambitious of good health, should be as clean as possible in their houses, furniture, and clothes.
4. The great rule in food is to suit the quality and quantity to our digestion.
5. All pickled, smoked, salted, and high-seasoned food is unwholesome.
6. Nothing conduces more to health than abstinence and plain food, with due labor.
7. For studious persons, about eight ounces of animal and twelve of vegetable food in twenty-four hours is sufficient.
8. Water is the most wholesome of all drinks, most quickens the appetite and strengthens the digestion.
9. Strong, and more especially spirituous liquors are a certain though slow poison. Experience shows

there is no manner of danger in discontinuing them at once.

10. Coffee and tea are extremely injurious to persons with weak nerves.

11. Tender persons should eat only a very light supper, and that full two or three hours before going to bed.

12. Such persons ought to retire to bed invariably by nine o'clock, and rise from four to five in the morning.

13. Walking is the best exercise for those who are able to bear it, and riding is the best for those who are not able to bear walking.

14. We may strengthen any weak part of the body by constant exercise. Thus the lungs may be strengthened by loud speaking or by walking up an ascent, the digestion and nerves by riding, the arms and hands by strongly rubbing them daily.

15. The studious ought to have stated times for exercise, at least two or three hours a day, one half before dinner, the other before going to bed.

16. Those who read or write much should learn to do it standing, otherwise it will impair their health.

17. The fewer clothes any one uses by day or night (provided he is kept warm), the hardier he will be.

18. Exercise should never be taken on a full stomach, it should never be continued to exhaustion, and when we are done, we should be careful not to cool off too suddenly.

19. The flesh-brush is highly beneficial, especially in stimulating a part which is cold and inactive.

20. Cold bathing is of great advantage to health. It prevents many diseases, promotes perspiration, accelerates the circulation of the blood, and secures against colds.

21. All violent and sudden passions dispose people to acute diseases. Slow and lasting passions, such as grief and hopeless love, bring on chronic diseases.

22. The love of God, as in general it is the sovereign remedy for all miseries, so in particular it prevents bodily disorders. And by the unspeakable joy and perfect calm, serenity, and tranquillity it gives to the mind, it becomes most powerful of all the means of health and long life.

Of the hygienic writings of medical men, from Hippocrates down, I have been a careful reader, and I have not found among their rules of health anything equal to the above, by John Wesley. If one were to start out in pursuit of information upon the laws of health, and he should consult thirty-six persons, — twelve doctors, twelve clergymen, and twelve intelligent grandmothers, — the doctors would give him the least knowledge. No other class of educated people know so little of the laws of health. If you are sick, and wish to know which pill to swallow, the doctor is the only per-

son who can give you the needed information. But if you are slightly indisposed, and wish to know how to avoid being sick, or you are well, and wish to know how to keep so, the first intelligent person of mature years you may happen to meet will give you more practical wisdom than your own family physician. The doctor will try in all sincerity, but he does n't know about it himself; how can he inform you? The proverbially bad personal habits of medical men do not come of exceptional recklessness, but of exceptional ignorance. Looking on the sick side of a man, they always come to know less about the well side of him than other folks.

NASAL CATARRH.

A RADICAL error underlies nearly all medical treatment. A salt-rheum appears on the hand. An ignorant doctor says, "It is a disease of the skin." He applies an ointment. The eruption disappears. An ulcer appears on the ankle. The ignorant doctor says, "It is a disease of the ankle." He applies a salve. The sore disappears. There is a discharge of matter from the ear. The ignorant doctor says, "The ear-passage is diseased." He prescribes an injection. The discharge stops. A case of nasal catarrh is presented. The ignorant doctor says, "This nose is sick." He prescribes

a snuff. The discharge stops. In every case the apparent relief is temporary. The difficulty soon returns, and it is worse than before. Harm has been done. Often, other difficulties have been added. In every one of these cases the ignorant doctor has entirely mistaken the seat of the malady. Of course his prescription is a blunder.

Salt-rheum is not a disease of the skin. It is a disease of the system showing itself in the skin. Catarrh is not a disease of the man's nose. It is a disease of the man, showing itself in his nose. The blood which is now in my brain is, before I am done writing this sentence, back in my heart, and off on a visit to my feet, and now it is back in my heart again, and now it is distributed to my liver, stomach, kidneys, — every part. Every part of the body is fed every moment from the same blood. Every atom of every organ and tissue is obtained from that blood, and every minute all this blood comes back to the heart to be mixed and intermixed. Now, do you suppose that one part of the body can draw away from the rest, get up a disease and carry on an independent operation of its own, on its own responsibility?

What I have said is not new. This dependence of *local* upon *general* disease is a common idea with the people. A young man begins business with a large capital. He falls into dissipation. In ten years it

exhausts his fortune. When at last we see him beg for bread, we do not say this *exhibition* of his poverty is his financial disease. His financial *constitution* has been ruined. The begging is only an unpleaaant exhibition of that ruin.

During this course of dissipation, the young man not only ruins his *fortune*, but ruins his *health*. His lungs fall into consumption. A doctor may tell you it is a disease of the lungs. But it is no more a disease of the lungs than was begging a malady of the broken-down merchant. In both cases it is only a local exhibition of the constitutional trouble. In brief, a local disease in a living body is an impossibility. Every disease must be systemic before it can assume a local expression. In other words, every local pathological manifestation is an expression of systemic pathological conditions.

But to return to *nasal catarrh*. A man has a catarrhal discharge from his nose. He is an editor, and mostly confined to sedentary habits. His digestion is weak, bowels constipated, head dull, and general condition altogether unsatisfactory. He comes to me with a long story about his catarrh, and finally wishes to know if I have any confidence in the advertised cures for this disgusting affliction ; would be willing to take anything or do anything if he could only get rid of the horrible nuisance, etc.

“Will you do exactly what I will advise for a week?”

“Yes; I would n’t mind standing on my head for that length of time, if I could only reduce myself to the decent use of one pocket-handkerchief a day.”

“Eat a piece of beefsteak half as large as your hand, one baked potato, and one slice of bread, for your breakfast; a piece of roast beef as large as your hand, with one boiled potato, and one slice of bread, for dinner; take nothing for supper, and go to bed at half past eight o’clock. Sleep, if possible, half an hour before dinner. Drink nothing with your meals, nor within two hours afterward. Drink as much cold water on rising in the morning and on lying down at night as you can conveniently swallow, and you may add draughts of cold water, if you wish, before eating your meals. Live four to six hours a day in the open air, riding in the saddle and walking. Bathe frequently, and every night on going to bed rub the skin hard with hair gloves. In less than a week one handkerchief will do you. And yet you have n’t touched your nose in the way of treatment.”

To cure nasal catarrh you have only to make your stomach digest well, only to make yourself healthier. Your nose will quickly find it out, and adapt itself to the better manners of its companions.

THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS.

MEDICINES cannot essentially relieve a case of low vitality. When a man's lungs, heart, stomach, and other vital organs are too small and inactive, as is the case in most instances of debility, what nonsense to give him drugs! What the poor fellow wants is pure air, sunshine, and exercise. Millions of dollars are expended every year for indescribable compounds which are sure cures for debility. It is important that during the warm weather he should live out-doors, bathe frequently, exercise much in the garden, and in other ways which shall insure exposure to fresh air and sunshine, without being so hard as to involve much exhaustion. It is particularly necessary that the lungs should receive the largest possible supply of pure air at night. If he have adequate bedclothes, he can have open doors and windows with great profit. Filling the lungs and thumping the chest and abdomen will do much good. Cheerful society, with an oft-repeated hearty laugh, will also be beneficial. When the cold weather comes on, it is of the first importance that he should occupy rooms heated by open fires. Stove-heat is a poison to him. So far as possible, the same habits I have advised for the summer should be kept up during the cold weather. All this

must be done, not only when there is inclination, but in a systematic way and under a conviction of duty.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

To cure "pimples and flesh-worms," you must purify your blood. This is not to be done by "shaking before taking" and swallowing the miserable swills known as patent medicines. It is to be done by living on plain, nutritious food, breathing a pure air day and night, sleeping enough, exercising freely, and keeping your skin thoroughly open by frequent baths in soap and water. There is no other way in the world to purify your system but this. Swallowing poisons won't do it. Gorging yourself with mineral waters will not. God has furnished the true physicians for this and other maladies, — Dr. Sunshine, Dr. Cleanliness, Dr. Pure Air, Dr. Temperance, Dr. Exercise. These gentlemen will cure you, and then you will stay cured.

I THINK there can be no doubt that our people are becoming larger, healthier, and longer-lived. I believe, next to our general prosperity and success, the climate has most to do in developing this gradual improvement.

WORTH KNOWING.

CHILBLAINS are always susceptible of relief, and generally of cure. The treatment consists of putting them morning and evening in water. Perhaps while the suffering is greatest the putting them in water may be much more frequent, say once in two or three hours. The feet are always to be gently and thoroughly rubbed while in the water. The temperature of the water is always to be determined by the feeling in the feet. If cold, the water should be cold; when they burn, the water should be hot. But the great secret of the cure is to be found in wearing soft woollen stockings which are changed for fresh ones every day, and wearing shoes with soles so broad that not the slightest pressure is made upon the affected parts. Arctic overshoes should be worn when the temperature is low, so that the feet shall never become cold. This treatment will never fail to relieve at once, and is certain finally to effect a cure.

I DON'T believe in shoulder-braces. Nature furnishes the needed braces to keep the shoulders in position; and when you use the artificial, these natural ones become weak for want of exercise. The best treatment

for stooping shoulders is the practice of holding the chin close to the neck, and a half-hour morning and evening carrying a weight on top of the head. The greater the weight, the greater the good. Some people carry a hundred pounds, and it helps largely to make them straight.

BILIOUS DERANGEMENT. — The best treatment for bilious derangement, speaking in general terms, is the following: Drink no coffee; a cup of black-tea at breakfast is admissible. The best breakfast, however, is bread and milk, with perhaps cracked wheat and syrup. For dinner, use mutton, beef, or fish, with potatoes and coarse bread. Never eat any dessert unless it be simple fruit. Go without supper altogether. Take a hand-bath every morning, in water of agreeable temperature, and after a sharp friction thump the stomach and abdomen during two or three minutes. Retire and rise early. Sun your bed thoroughly, and air the bedroom day and night. Follow this advice faithfully, and your stomach will soon acquire a sweetness and healthy tone that will fully compensate you for the little trouble and self-denial. All ordinary affections of the stomach and liver are successfully treated by the above.

HOW TO GET RID OF DUST.

THE good of gymnastics and other physical exercises, within doors, is in part counteracted by dust in the air of the room. Our lungs are delicate; our breathing full and rapid; every part of the lungs is filled with the irritating powder. We who train muscles have long sought a cure. *I have found it!*

The floor is clean. But the black clothes show the air is still full of dust. It comes from the cracks between the boards. When washing the floor, put into each pail of hot water molasses and glue, half a teacup of each. Every particle of dust will stick fast. Now dance, or stamp your feet, as in the new gymnastics. No dust will rise.

One of my halls was entirely unusable; pupils were choked with dust; must have a new floor. But the molasses and glue expedient occurred to me. Tried it. Perfect success. Have now used it two years. Thousands of halls and other rooms are constantly poisoning lungs with dust. The new expedient will, if wisely and for a while frequently used, *arrest it all*.

Carpets play an important part in the production of consumption. The amount of dust they set afloat is immense. Our sensitive lungs only need this irritation to arouse the latent malady. When the fashion changes

from the carpet to the mosaic floor, which may be made almost as cheaply as the common floor, our lungs will be greatly improved.

Such a floor, made of alternate strips of dark and light colored woods (producing a very pretty effect), may be washed occasionally with molasses and glue-water, or with molasses alone in the water. It will be almost as free from dust as a snowbank.

Our eyes, noses, throats, and lungs will then be comparatively free from irritation.

COLD BATHING.

JUST now I am sorry to see there is a reaction against daily cold bathing. A medical man of my acquaintance cautions his patients against too frequent bathing, for fear the oil may be removed from the skin. He tells them that twice a month during the winter and twice a week during the summer are quite enough for anybody. A well-known writer has recently cautioned the world against the removal of the skin oil by too frequent bathing.

This is an entire misapprehension. In hydropathic establishments the patients are sometimes bathed three or four times a day, yet never lose the oil of the skin in consequence. Pugilists, in preparing for the prize-

ring, are bathed two or three times a day, and rubbed with rough towels by the strongest arms. Heenan was bathed three or four times a day, and was rubbed by McDonald and Cusick with all the power of their strong arms, fifteen minutes at a time, and with the roughest towels and brushes, and yet the account says that when he appeared in the ring his skin was as beautiful as a baby's.

If *cold* water were used without soap, a bath every hour, with the hardest friction, would only increase the secretion of oils.

A more frequent objection — one urged by the patients themselves — is, that they can't get up a reaction. A lady said to me one morning, "I have tried this cold bathing, but it always gives me a headache; besides, I can't get warm for an hour."

Many others have made the same objection. Now, this is all because you don't manage right. If you will manage as follows, the want of reaction and consequent congestion of the head and chest will never occur again. Purchase a bathing-mat, or make one by sewing into the edge of a large piece of rubber cloth a half-inch rope; on rising in the morning spring into the middle of it, and with an old rough towel folded eight or ten inches square, apply the water as fast as your hands can fly; then with rough towels rub as hard as you can bear on, until the skin is as red as a

boiled lobster. This will take but five minutes, and leave you in a delightful glow.

I have never met any one who, taking the bath in this rapid and vigorous way, was not satisfied with it.

OUR HAIR.

THE Creator covered the human skull with hair. It is a very important protector of the brain. The Creator covered a part of man's face with hair. It is an important protector of the throat and lungs. The eyes likewise, say some physiologists.

Did you ever observe that curious protuberance in a man's neck? They call it "Adam's apple," from the old notion that when Eve gave the apple to Adam, he was so frightened that, instead of masticating it thoroughly, as he should have done, he swallowed it whole, and it stuck in his throat. His descendants have inherited the lump.

This peculiar projection in a man's throat gives extra length to his vocal chords, so that his voice may be deep and low. His vocal box is thus all out-doors, and requires the protection of the hair. In a woman's throat there is no such prominence. Her vocal box is buried in the soft parts, and requires no extra covering. Then there is no doubt that it was designed that man

should do the rough, outside, dusty work of the world, while in the main woman should stay at home to take care of her little ones.

The beard about the mouth and nose among men engaged in dusty work catches and holds a vast amount of dust which would otherwise enter and irritate the lungs.

Men become bald ! Why ? Because they wear close hats and caps. Women, are never bald. Sometimes, from long-continued headache, heat in the scalp, bad hair-dressing, and some other causes, women may have bare spots here and there ; but with all these causes combined, you never see a woman with a bare, shiny, bald head. And you never see a man lose a hair below where the hat touches his skull. It will take it off as clean as you can shave it down to exactly that line, but never a hair below, not if he has been bald fifty years. The common black stiff hat, as impervious as sheet-iron, retains the heat and perspiration. The little hair-glands, which bear the same relation to the hair that the seed wheat does to the plant above ground, become weak from the presence of the moisture and heat, and finally fail to sustain the hair. It falls out, and baldness exists. A fur cap I have known to produce complete baldness in a single winter.

A man with a good head of hair needs very little protection where the hair grows. Women, who live much within doors, and who are therefore peculiarly

susceptible to the cold, oil their hair and plaster it down hard and flat upon their skulls, so as to destroy nine tenths of its power as a non-conductor, have worn for years postage-stamps of bonnets stuck on the back of their heads, exposing the whole tops of their skulls, and then, going out of furnace-heated parlors, have ridden for hours in a very cold temperature without taking cold and without complaint.

Man, with his greater vigor and habits of out-door life, and with his hair not plastered down, but thrown up loose and light, could no doubt go to the north pole, so far as that part of his person is concerned, without any artificial covering. And yet we men wear thick fur caps, and what amounts to sheet-iron hats, and do not dare step out in a chilly atmosphere a moment lest we take cold. It is silly, weak, and really a serious error. The Creator knew what he was about when he covered a man's skull with hair. It has a very important function in protecting the brain. Baldness is a serious misfortune. It will never occur in any man who will wear such a hat as I do,—a common black high silk hat with five hundred holes through the top, so that there shall be more hole than hat. This costs nothing; the hatter will do it for you when you purchase your hat. If the nap be combed back the wrong way, and if after the holes are made it be combed the right way, no one will ever observe the peculiarity.

The hat will wear quite as long, — the hatters say considerably longer, — because it is dry instead of moist; in brief, there is not a single objection to it, while it will certainly prevent baldness and keep the top of the head cool, and prevent much headache.

While discussing this subject of our hair, I would remark that the back of the neck should be protected in the winter against cold and in the summer against great heat. Nothing can accomplish this uniformly and perfectly but the hair. The custom of shingling off the hair from the back of the neck is unphysiological, and it should in both sexes be allowed to fall low enough to cover the nape or meet the usual dress.

DANDRUFF IN THE HAIR.

A CORRESPONDENT asks by what means this nuisance may be prevented, and if it has already made its appearance, how it may be removed.

As usual, it is much easier to prevent than to cure.

The prevention consists in the avoidance of sharp combs and brushes, and daily bathing the head with cold water.

Numberless cases of dandruff have been produced by scratching the head with sharp combs and brushes. If any one doubts it, let him try the same practice upon

the back of his hand. He will find in a few days bran-like scales, closely resembling dandruff, thrown off in considerable quantity.

When the difficulty already exists in the hair, it is to be removed by the same simple means which will prevent it.

I do not intend to deny that certain heads are disposed to this branny excretion, but these constitute but a small part of the cases of dandruff.

OUR SKULLS.

HERODOTUS visited a battle-field where the dead bodies of the Egyptians on one side and the Persians on the other were collected in separate heaps, and he was struck with the difference between the skulls of the two nations. While the skull of an Egyptian was so thick and strong as to be fractured with difficulty, the skull of the Persian was so thin and frail that it was broken by a small pebble.

Herodotus thought that this remarkable difference was owing to the fact that the Egyptians went with bare heads, while the Persians wore enormous turbans.

The head has an abundant protection in the hair. If this be removed by close hot caps and hats, a serious harm may be done to the brain in depriving it of one

of the most important of its protections. The Persian and Turkish turban and our fur caps and close hats seriously affect the strength and protecting power of the skull, leading to those impressions on the brain from external heat and cold which result, in advanced life, when the powers run low, in congestions of the head, and not unfrequently in fatal apoplexy.

LADIES, I am glad you have abandoned the habit of covering your ears with your hair. It was a bad habit. Excluding the air from the ear-passage produced various troubles, and among them changed the ear-wax so as to produce premature deafness. And then how funny they used to look without ears!

ATMOSPHERE.

THE great defect of our atmosphere is excessive dryness. The dew-point of England is 15 or 20 degrees higher than that of New England. The results are seen in the contrast between the plump body and smooth skin of the Englishman, and the lean, juiceless body, and dry, cracked skin of the Yankee. It is also shown in the well-known difference in the influence of house heat upon furniture. Our chairs, tables, sofas, and wood-work warp and shrink, while nothing of the sort occurs in England.

On the western side of the Rocky Mountains bronchitis and consumption are almost unknown. In great part this immunity is attributable to the remarkable humidity of the atmosphere. The dew-point on the Pacific Coast is very high.

As we cannot change the amount of moisture in the atmosphere of the country, we must limit our practical efforts to the air of our houses. If we use a stove, its entire upper surface may be made a reservoir for water. Ornamental work of but little cost may be used to conceal it. The furnace may be made to send up, with its heat, many gallons of water daily, in the form of vapor.

AIR-TIGHT STOVES.

DURING a recent visit to friends in Western New York and Michigan, I was struck, and not a little pained, at their method of heating their houses. Surely a person like myself, accustomed to the atmosphere of sleeping-cars, and visiting much in houses heated by furnaces, is not likely to be particularly sensitive; but the atmosphere in the houses of my Western friends was too much for me. How they could stand it was a mystery to me. They were, to be sure, red-eyed, and sometimes livid-cheeked and dull in thought; but how they could gather about a great air-tight stove,

with shut draught, tight windows and doors, and sit for two or three hours in an atmosphere of seventy-five to eighty degrees, without any change of air, is to me simply inconceivable. But then I must not forget that men saturate themselves with tobacco, and keep it up just for the good of it.

Congestion of the head, neuralgia, susceptibility to colds, and numberless cases of bronchitis and consumption, come from air-tight stoves. They are among our worst enemies to health. AN OPEN FIRE IS NUMBER ONE AMONG HOUSE BLESSINGS.

CARBONIC-ACID GAS.

THIS gas, or *choke damp*, as it is vulgarly called, is the source of infinite mischief. No other single agency injures the health of men so widely and seriously. This gas comes principally from the lungs of men and animals, and from combustion. A load of wood weighing a ton is drawn to the door. It takes a span of horses to do it. It is burned in the stove, and all that is left of it is in the form of ashes, and may be carried away in a barrel on a man's shoulder. Perhaps the weight is fifty pounds. The nineteen hundred and fifty pounds which have disappeared have all gone up the chimney and out into the atmosphere in the form of *carbonic-acid gas*.

A candle weighs four ounces, but when it is burned, there is almost nothing left. It has disappeared in the form of carbonic-acid gas. Put a man in a pork-barrel, head him up tight, and drive in the bung. Wait a few minutes. Now loosen the bung, take it out, and peep in. If you happen to look into the man's face you will find it nearly black. The man is dead. He was suffocated. You see the way it happened was this. The man at first could breathe well enough, and unless he knew about such things, he said to himself, "Well, this is a little cramped, but it is not so bad after all." But pretty soon he began to find it was hard work to breathe. Then he began to feel dizzy, and then came a terrible pressure in his head; then a fearful agony for a moment in his heart; then a few struggles and gasps, and all was over. Just take a good look in his face, if you have the stomach for it, and you will see how terrible was his agony during the last moments. What killed that man? The carbonic-acid gas which he produced in his own lungs. If when you first opened the bung-hole you had put your mouth to it and tried to breathe the air, you would have found out at once what killed him. We take pure air into our lungs, and when we breathe it out it contains three or four per cent of this poisonous gas. Now, if we take this same air back into the lungs and breathe it over again, when it comes out of our lungs the second

time, it is so poisonous that it can't be taken back the third time without mischief.

In a room twelve feet square, if three persons are sitting and they have one gas-burner, which will consume the oxygen and create carbonic-acid gas about as fast as the three pairs of lungs, the air will become poisonous in a few minutes, unless there is an opening to let the poisoned air out and the pure air in. The air in most churches and theatres is simply abominable. Babies in the bottoms of cradles, ladies under thick veils, passengers in sleeping-cars, nine tenths of our people in their bedrooms, are poisoned with this carbonic-acid gas. Now, does not the statement with which I began, namely, that "carbonic-acid gas is the source of infinite mischief," seem reasonable?

THAT RIDICULOUS LITTLE GAS-BILL.

A WORTHY butcher amassed a fortune. Of course he built a big house in a fashionable street. I say of course, because he was an American, and that's what all Americans do when they get rich. He built a very big house; there were about thirty rooms in it, which I am sure you will think were enough, when I tell you that Uncle Jack and his wife occupied it all alone; they kept no servant. Mrs. Uncle Jack said,

"I don't want no hired gal sloppin' and wastin' round; I kin do all the work for me and my old man yit awhile."

Their parlors were got up under the supervision of an architect who had grand ideas, and said parlors were stunning. The chandeliers were particularly grand. The visitor invariably was shown "them gilted chandeliers." There were more than a hundred gas-burners in the house, and the gas company naturally expected big bills. But the quantity burned during the first quarter was eight hundred feet, during the second quarter five hundred feet, and during the fourth quarter one hundred feet. The gas officers got mad; they wrote Uncle Jack a note to warn him that if he didn't burn at least a thousand feet a quarter, they would shut him off, for they would not take account of his meter for the amount he was consuming. One of the officers suspected that Jack had laid a side pipe, and was using gas without running it through the meter, and, to test it, called upon him in the evening, and found him and his wife sitting in the little back kitchen with a tallow dip.

When this was reported, there was a laugh all over town, and it certainly was very funny, with that great, splendid house, with those magnificent parlors, all empty, and old Uncle Jack and his wife dimly seen in a little back kitchen, sitting humped up in the dim

light of a tallow dip. Let any one go into the city's principal gas-office and introduce the subject of economy in gas, and Uncle Jack's hundred feet will be sure to figure in the conversation, and with some remarkable embellishments, if Charley D. happens to be present.

We all laugh at Uncle Jack and his tallow dip in the back kitchen, but is not that about the way people generally manage? Take any fashionable street, and how do you find the largest rooms in each house,—the pleasantest, the sunniest, the best located, the most available in every way,—do you find them occupied by the family? No! it is the grand drawing-room which is used twice a year for a large gathering, and to receive an occasional caller. The family crawl down into the basement, and mount to the chambers overhead, but they are careful not to intrude upon the glories of their grand drawing-room.

Now pray, good folks, take down the heavy draperies, roll up the shades, let in a flood of sunshine, and go it; let the children have the run of the grand place too. During the bad days, when they can't get out doors, it will do wonders for their spirits and health. What are your houses for? What are the grand drawing-rooms for? Are they for a few fashionable callers, who don't care a fig for you or your house? Or are they for the happiness and welfare of

your own dear ones, whose health and enjoyment are the highest object of your life? Show-parlors are a nuisance and ought to be abated.

THE best time for exercise is not easy to determine for any particular person, without knowing something of his bodily conditions. Some general directions may be given. The hour should be as far removed from the time of eating as possible. If the meals are taken at seven, one, and six o'clock, the best time is eleven in the morning. After this, the best time is four P. M. The evening from eight to nine is not bad, but invalids are not generally much improved by exercise either before breakfast or after supper.

"ALFRED IS SO DELICATE."

"ALFRED is so delicate," writes an anxious mother to me, to which I reply: "Your son should be taken out of school and put at work. His nervous system will not bear the strain of college. But at some work in the open air,—that of a gardener or nursery-man, for example,—he would do well. You must choose between a useful, vigorous manhood in some such healthful occupation, and having him buried at twenty with the proud consciousness that he is full of Latin and Greek."

DISEASES OF ARTISANS.

GILDERS are subject to mercurial affections. They suffer from giddiness, asthma, and frequently from partial paralysis, which often induces a peculiar kind of stammering. As might be supposed, they frequently suffer from unpleasant ulcers in the mouth, which is a true salivation.

Miners in the quicksilver mines suffer from vertigo, palsy, and convulsions, and can retain their health but a few months.

Pottery-glaziers, who use lead largely, suffer a condition very similar to that described above, with the addition of dropsy, loss of teeth, and enlarged spleen. Palsy of the limbs, especially of the arms, is a common effect of poison from lead. Consumption is frequently among these workers.

Glass-blowers are the victims of those affections produced by sudden vicissitudes of temperature, — rheumatism and various inflammations. Their eyes are weak, while they are generally thin and delicate.

Stonecutters inhale the sharp particles, which are apt to produce disease of the lungs.

Plasterers suffer from the gases disengaged and from excessive moisture. They breathe with difficulty, have wan, pallid visages, and digest badly.

Filers are short-lived. Whether the metal be brass or iron, the fine sharp particles make their way into the lungs, where they develop disease, sometimes asthma, sometimes consumption.

Workers in wool and cotton breathe a close, unchanged atmosphere, while their lungs are filled with the irritating dust of the material upon which they work.

All in-door occupations, with the present imperfect notions about ventilation, are more or less mischievous. Out-door occupations — farming, gardening, and other similar employments — afford, with an intelligent comprehension of the food question, the best opportunity for health and long life. Driving a stage or express-wagon, with frequent leaving for the delivery of packages, travelling through the country on foot as a book-agent, — these and similar employments are perhaps not inferior to farming and gardening.

TOO GREAT AN HONOR.

THE great plague was imported into England in some goods from Holland, in 1664. In July, August, and September of that year the deaths ranged from 1,000 to 7,000 per week, and 4,000 died in one single night. About 100,000 died in London alone, and the infection

was carried by the frightened Londoners fleeing into every part of the kingdom.

When the plague appeared in Arabia, the Arabs, though predestinarians, fled into the desert, and when remonstrated with for this attempt to thwart the will of God, they alleged as an excuse that, though the distemper was sent from Heaven, they felt so conscious of their utter unworthiness of this special mark of grace, that they were impelled to decline the honor for the present, and that they had resolved to wait until they were more worthy of the special attention of the great God.

ABOUT QUACKS.

JOHN SMITH is clear-headed about his business. He knows about politics and religion ; he is a capital school-committee man, but he is a perfect idiot in everything that concerns his health. The mock-auction man can't humbug him, but he will swallow the biggest kind of tomfoolery in the shape of a quack medicine.

To illustrate this I will tell you a little story. Nineteen years ago, finding myself very tired, as the warm weather came on, I invited my wife to take a drive through Canada. With our beautiful mares Katy and Jenny we crossed on a ferry-boat at the mouth of the Niagara River, and at the end of three weeks found

ourselves at Ottawa, not then the beautiful capital of the Dominion, but even then one of the most picturesque and interesting towns in the world. We stayed there a number of days, making delightful little trips in the neighborhood. One evening, at the hotel, we became acquainted with an intelligent Scotchman and his wife, and during our chat it happened to come out that I was a medical man, whereupon the lady told me the most stunning fact about a doctor that I have ever heard. She said: "There is a travelling physician here at the house just now who is getting quite a reputation. He is the most extraordinary doctor you ever heard of. He has n't washed his hands in twenty years, and such hands you never saw. They are covered all over with an incrustation as thick as a heavy overcoat cloth. He stirs all of his medicines with those hands, and declares that the virtue of his medicines depends upon the stirring with his hands, and upon his not washing them. He says that if he should wash them they would lose their power. The thumb of his right hand he never bends, and I really believe the crust on that thumb is at least a quarter of an inch thick. It is with that thumb he stirs the medicines for the most difficult cases. Now, doctor," continued this intelligent lady, "do you really think there can be anything in it?"

I sought an interview with this wonderful doctor.

He showed me his hands, and explained things. He added one piece of information, namely, that the right thumb had not been washed in twenty-seven years, while the remainder of the hands had not been washed in twenty-two years. I carefully examined his hands. I told him that I thought he might add fifty years. He asked me if I supposed he would go about the country lying. I was interested in this doctor, and took some pains to inquire about his success. I learned from intelligent and reliable people that he was doing a very large and profitable business, and much of it was among intelligent people. I suppose I have told that story (and it is true in every particular) to more than one hundred people, and nearly half of them have very seriously asked me if I really supposed there was anything in it.

The ignorance, stupidity, the *idiocy*, of intelligent people in regard to medicines and matters of health is simply astounding. In nothing is the need for the spread of intelligence so pressing. The sacrifice of health and life from the cupidity and ignorance of quack doctors, joined to the helpless blindness of the people, is something dreadful.

AN Eastern dervish was once asked by a wealthy Mohammedan, "Of what service to society is an order

of men who employ themselves in speculative notions of divinity and medicine ?”

“ If you were more cautious and temperate in your meals,” answered the dervish, “ if you would learn to govern your passions and desires by a due attention to abstinence, you all might be sages, and have no occasion for dervishes among you. Your appetite and aliment impair your understandings.”

Willich, who gives this anecdote, says : “ It is in infancy and early age that the foundation is laid for indigestion and the many diseases arising from it which are found now in almost every family.”

IN birth, a thin membrane sometimes appears over the child's face and head. This is known as the child's caul. It is often carefully preserved and highly prized. To keep this about the person, it is believed, will guard against accident and secure good fortune. The following are advertisements cut from the London “ Times ” : —

“ A child's caul for sale. Apply, etc.

“ A child's caul to be disposed of ; a well-known preservative against drowning, etc. Price, ten guineas.

“ To Mariners, etc. To be sold, a child's caul. Price, fifteen guineas. Apply, etc.

“ To be sold, a child's caul, to save gentlemen trouble. Price, thirty pounds. Apply, etc.”

A CHAT ABOUT NATURE AND THE DOCTORS.

NATURE, upon which we now depend so generally for cures, was, in the opinion of physicians, formerly an intruder and a nuisance in the sick-room. Dr. Rush is reported to have said: "As to Nature, I would treat it in the sick-chamber as I would a squalling cat, — open the door and drive it out." We now treat, for example, small-pox without medicines. We give the patient pure air, clean linen, keep his skin as clean as possible, and give him simple water as a drink, — in fact, leave him to Nature; and when we see him covered all over with loathsome sores, and then trust Nature alone to cure him, and find her successful, we pat Nature on the head, and exclaim, "Well done!" In brief, we have fallen into the habit of thinking that God is nearly as wise as the graduate of a medical college. This may be a prejudice, but it is getting to be quite common.

Formerly, when a man broke his leg, the doctor put on the most wonderful salves and ointments to make the ends of the bone unite. In the autobiography of Dr. Dodimus Duckworth we learn that he was called in the night to a traveller who had fallen off his load and been run over. The doctor examined the leg, and found that it was "smashed all to pieces." He immediately whipped out of his saddle-bags a box of most

"amazin' intement," and applied it thoroughly to the crushed limb. Dr. Duckworth called early in the morning, and learned, with great horror as to his fee, but with joy as to the "virtues of that heavenly intement," that the man had stripped off the bandages, harnessed his horses, and started on.

Nowadays, when a man's leg is broken, we place the ends together and simply hold them still. Lo and behold, they grow together, and after a few weeks we find the man walking about as good as new. Can anything be more disgusting? Not a healing thing has been applied, and yet invisible fingers have ingeniously knit the broken ends together, and the bone is as strong as ever.

Formerly, in a military hospital, the air was thick with the odors of washes, liniments, and ointments, which were constantly applied to the wounds and fractures. The attendants went about loaded and besmeared. Now we visit the wards of a military hospital, and find one man with a broken leg, one with a frightful tear through his face, another with a terrible gash in his flesh, and so on for a thousand poor fellows after a great battle, and not a wash or liniment among them. They give the sufferers good air, good food, and keep them clean. That's all. They put on nothing healing. And good mother Nature is busy day and night (she never sleeps) knitting, hardening, smoothing,

healing, mending, and restoring to health, strength, and comeliness, all, except those who are so badly mangled that she thinks it on the whole better to throw them out as not worth repairing.

Let all the doctors that ever lived try to heal a simple cut in the flesh without Nature. We will suppose the man is dead, and there is a slight incision in his hand. Now let the wise doctors all have a chance. Let each apply his ointment, salve, or liniment. Let them bring the cut surfaces together, and hold them there with adhesive plaster. Do you think the cut will heal?

In one of the streets of our city there are ten cases of fever. Ten doctors are employed. One is what is called a calomel doctor, one is a homœopathist, the third a steam doctor, the fourth a cold-water doctor, and so on. Each of these doctors will solemnly assure you that the methods of the others are dangerous, — very dangerous; that although the patient may pull through, the chances are, etc., etc.

The steam doctor surrounds his patient with steaming-hot blankets and fills him with scalding-hot drinks. The cold-water doctor wraps his patient with cold wet sheets and fills him with ice-water. The homœopath gives the hundred millionth of a grain of, say, mercury, while the calomel doctor poisons every tissue of his patient's body. But, strange to say, the patients

all recover. What do you suppose cured them? Do you think the hot things cured in one case? Then what do you say of the patient who was filled and packed with ice? Do you say that the three drachms of calomel cured one? Then what do you say of the homœopath who gave but the hundred millionth part of a grain? Does not this look as though the patients got well in spite of the treatment? We have not a doubt of it. And a thousand-fold better than our opinion, the leading men, the best thinkers in the profession in nearly all ages, as they have ripened in wisdom, have expressed the opinion that medicines were unnecessary and only mischievous. When the distinguished professor in the medical department of Harvard University declared, in his elaborate address before the Massachusetts Medical Society, that if medicines, as now used, were thrown into the sea, it would be better for mankind and worse for the fishes, he uttered the inmost conviction of the better part of the profession, though they chided him greatly for it at the time.

But the people must not be too hard on the doctors. How can we tell you the truth? You come with headache and dulness, and ask us to give you something to take. Now, we know very well that what you need is less food and more breath and a clean skin. But we can't afford to tell you that, because you see the next time you had headache and dulness, you would pre-

scribe for yourself. Next month you have some other ailment which needs rest, more sleep, skin-friction, and a reduction of food. Suppose we were to advise just these things, and nothing more. The next time you would manage it yourself. In six months you would pass from our hands into the ranks of those hygienic families who never call a physician. Any doctor would ruin his practice in a year or two if he were to be perfectly frank with his patients. We cannot afford it. We will try not to forget the good advice about the air, food, etc., but we must give you something, even if it is nothing more than a bread pill, to which we will direct your thoughts just enough to keep you in the faith. We hope you will pardon this little trick, for, candidly, without it the doctors would soon have to cry, "Othello's occupation's gone."

NATURE AND THE OLD WRITERS.

THE way some medical writers of the olden time talk about nature reminds one of the story of the Englishman's opinion of the Czar. Mr. Bull had spent a year in St. Petersburg, in the service of a railway company, and had several times met the Czar. His Majesty had actually spoken to him, and B. was nearly crazy about it. On the way back to England he

walked the deck, gesticulated, and repeated, "The Czar is great! The Czar is great!" A fellow-passenger heard this till he was tired of it, and, stopping the Englishman, said, "The Czar may be great, but God is greater!"

"O yes," said Mr. B., "to be sure; but then you know the Czar is young yet!"

ABOUT NURSING THE SICK.

HAVING had a somewhat large experience in the treatment of the sick, I shall venture to give some advice to nurses.

If your patient has engaged a medical friend, follow his every injunction with the utmost fidelity.

Treat the advice which old Mr. Brown or old Mrs. Smith may give as an unwarrantable interference.

When the doctor finds that his patient has in his absence taken some wonderful panacea, or has had some skunk's oil, which is so "powerful good," rubbed on, he is false to the dignity of his profession if he does not bolt at once.

While it is not to be doubted that your immense and accurate observations in the "goose-oil" field are immeasurably valuable to the world, I take the liberty to remind you that "many cooks spoil the broth." So

long as the patient will continue to employ a doctor who is sure to give him ten times as much medicine as he can well stand, even your invaluable "yarbs" will do harm. Of course we all know your motives are the best; still, even this will not prevent the big doses from killing him.

If you are anxious to do something for the sufferer, *rub* him with your naked hands more or less hard, as he can bear, and in almost every possible case you will do him great good.

In the name of oxygen, which is the great life-principle of the animal body, let me beg you to give the sick person a full and constant supply of fresh air. If you keep him well covered, he can never take cold by having the windows open day and night. If the wind blows upon him, rub his face and neck with your naked hands frequently, and there can never be a mischievous impression made there.

Remember that although a well man may live on in a room with imperfect ventilation, a sick one must have the help of a pure tonic atmosphere.

Remember that when typhoid fever attacks an army, and there is a deficiency of hospital accommodations, those who lie in an open shed or exposed to the dews and storms do much better than those who enjoy the average hospital facilities.

It is very doubtful if there is a single possible dis-

ease in which the patient should not have cold water *ad libitum*.

Every sick-room should have two narrow beds, and the patient should be changed from one to the other frequently. The beds should be narrow, that the duties of the nurse may be performed with ease to the patient and to herself. Suppose the case be typhoid fever. In two or three hours the sheets, mattress, and blankets are filled with poisonous exhalations from the sick man. These poisonous gases become a source of serious irritation. Suppose that every three hours the sufferer is lifted into a fresh bed, and the hot, impure bed is taken apart and exposed to the sun or to a draught of pure air. I know of nothing in the nursing of the sick so comforting and so curative as this change of beds, with a frequent use of soap and water all over the skin. None but a sensitive fever patient who has enjoyed this constant change can appreciate its renovating and refreshing effects, and none but the intelligent medical man, who knows the rapid accumulation of poisonous effluvia from the feverish body and its mischievous reaction on the patient, can appreciate its remedial influence.

This advice is particularly applicable to patients suffering from active, acute diseases. But it is applicable in a degree to every sick person, for every diseased body eliminates large quantities of morbid matter which rapidly accumulate in the bed.

What a piece of business it is to let a patient lie in bed a week without even a change of sheets, and dose him one day with a cathartic to make his bowels move, and the next day with an opiate to make them quiet, the next day with another dose to make them move again, and on the fourth day another opiate to make them quiet! Now, in the name of the sick and suffering, I beg to know when doctors will stop playing this farce.

Not to discuss the question whether the sick should ever take drugs, I want to say that every person should be bathed frequently. There is not a possible exception to this rule. If the sick one has fever, as almost every sick person has, there is urgent reason for the frequent use of the bath.

MECHANICAL APPARATUS IN THE TREATMENT OF SPINAL CURVATURES.

AMONG civilized peoples curvatures of the spine are becoming common. They are especially prevalent in the United States. There are two principal varieties,—the *forward* curvature, and the *sideways* curvature. The *forward* is seen in stooping shoulders, and the *sideways* in a sideways bending of the trunk. Of a hundred cases of decided curvature, ninety-nine belong to the forward and one to the sideways class.

Every case of curvature of the spine is more or less dependent upon muscular weakness. Generally, a lack of muscle is *the* cause of the deformity.

The spine is like the mast of a ship, held in position by stays. Cut away the ropes, and the mast will soon give way. The mast has no power to support itself; so the spine has no power to support itself, it must be kept in position by the muscles.

A large majority of cases of spinal curvature among grown people may be remedied, and I need not say that every case when cured is cured by developing the muscles. When a mast is found leaning to one side, the ropes must be strengthened on the weak side. So when a spine is found bent, it can only be straightened by strengthening the muscles on the weak side.

The people do not know about this dependence of the spine upon the muscles, and certain enterprising medical men, taking advantage of this ignorance, have introduced various mechanical contrivances for pressing against the projecting portion of the ribs, and drawing back the shoulders. These contrivances they have sold in immense numbers, at immense prices. All this waste in money might be borne, but the injury to those who have worn the machinery is incalculable. Not only are they not improved in form, but the apparatus prevents the play of the muscles, and the real difficulty is thereby increased. It requires but little

thought to comprehend the uselessness and inevitable mischief of an apparatus which is put around the chest, and so tightened that any considerable pressure is made upon the prominent point. If ten pounds' pressure be made upon the projecting point, just ten pounds' pressure must be made on the opposite side of the chest; and although the pressure on the opposite side may be disturbed, it must compress the chest sadly, and arrest the growth of the muscles, to say nothing of the interference with respiration and other vital functions.

Stevens tells us of an attempt by a company of Arabs to draw a large stick of timber out of the water. It required one hundred men to pull it out. First, ten men would take hold and pull awhile, then ten others, and so on. After an hour's pulling in this way, they gave it up as impracticable. This illustrates a principle which is seen in the treatment of a curvature of the spine by pressure. This young woman had a straight spine four years ago. The muscles were weak. The curvature began. Nature resisted. It was comparatively easy to resist then, when the spine was nearly straight. But the mischief would go on. Nature loses her advantage. Her power of resistance becomes less and less, and the deformity is at length painfully obvious. To speak quite within bounds, it is now twenty times more difficult for nature to correct this fault than it was just after it began. *Now*, a press-

ure which is quite hard enough to check the circulation in the muscles, but which produces no effect whatever upon the bony deformity, is kept up month after month, perhaps day and night.

The people, not knowing that the position of the spine depends entirely upon the strength of the muscles, are readily caught with the notion that the way to cure a lateral curvature, for instance, is to apply pressure to the projecting ribs. They don't see that the pressure on one side must be exactly equalled by pressure on the other. In other words, that in order to produce five or ten pounds' pressure on the projecting ribs, the chest must be ruinously squeezed. Thousands have been crippled and spoiled by this absurd pressure, and I have never known a case cured by it.

The people do not see that in order to straighten the spine by pressure, it must be ten times as great as it is possible to make it, and leave the breath of life in the poor victim.

The only really effective treatment is *exercise*. The best exercise is found in carrying a weight upon top of the head. This weight may be the graduated iron crown, or, if you please, simply a bag of beans. For a girl, it may range from ten to eighty pounds. By carrying the weight with the chin drawn in close to the neck, and the spine quite erect, more will be done to cultivate the muscles which hold the spine erect in

half an hour, than by any calisthenic or other similar exercise would be accomplished in a dozen half-hours. If the spinal curvature is lateral, it is well to have the hand on the defective side carried constantly up on the weight to steady it. This position of the arm on the defective side straightens the spine for the time being, and thus contributes to that change in the intervertebral substance which must be accomplished before the spinal column can resume its natural position; besides, in this position the muscles develop much more rapidly.

Shoulder-braces have been much advised. I suppose that a million pair of shoulder-braces are yearly sold in this country. If they hold the shoulders back, and thus dispense with the muscles which should keep the shoulders in position, they are about as likely to improve the muscles appointed to perform the task, as a sling about the neck which carries the arm is likely to improve the muscles of the arm. The weight on the head is the best treatment for stooping neck and shoulders. As much as you can carry on the head, half an hour in the morning and half an hour in the evening, will soon give you an erect posture, and make you walk like a very queen.

NINE WAYS TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

1. WEAR narrow, thin shoes.
 2. Wear a "snug" corset.
 3. Sit up in hot, unventilated rooms till midnight.
 4. Sleep on feathers in a small, close room.
 5. Eat rich food rapidly and at irregular times.
 6. Use coffee, tea, spirits, and tobacco.
 7. Stuff yourself with cake, confectionery, and sweet-meats, and swallow a few patent medicines to get rid of them.
 8. (Marry a fashionable wife and live beyond your income.)
 9. Employ a fashionable and needy doctor to attend you in every slight ailment.
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CHAT WITH MOTHERS.

IN the management of your little ones, nobody doubts your love, nobody doubts your readiness to sacrifice yourselves for them ; but your methods, the wisdom of your service, may often justly be questioned.

At this time I ask your attention to a suggestion or two in regard to your methods of feeding your babies. You know how vital *regularity* is with us grown people.

We may take the plainest food, and in moderate quantity; if no attention be paid to times and seasons, our digestion will soon be deranged. A man may eat nothing but beef and stale bread, the two best articles of food with which we are acquainted, and he may take them in proper quantities, but in a month he will have dyspepsia, if he constantly changes the hours of his meals. It is not the *kind* of food we eat at the railroad stations, but the irregularity of the hours of eating, which so deranges our stomachs.) Now, we all know this to be true of ourselves, — grown-up, matured, tough people; we believe it to rest upon a physiological law. And, in view of this law, let us consider how you feed your baby. You put it to your breast whenever it is uneasy. No matter what makes it cry; if it is hungry, or cold, or has a pin stuck in its back, or is surfeited and has the colic, — no matter what may be the cause of its crying or worrying, — you treat it with the same remedy, — a dose of milk. The little thing does not know that milk is bad for it, and so it goes on sucking. It has learned to do but one thing, — to suck; and in its eagerness to get relief it will do that thing fifty times a day. In this way it is made feverish and thirsty. Its little pulse will run up to a very high rate. It is suffering with thirst. Like all creatures with thirst, it needs water. Nothing could be worse than milk. It is poison even to a strong man

with a fever. What do you give your baby with a fever? One thing, and one only, and that is milk. Milk, milk, is the food and drink of every baby, given to it five, ten, twenty, or fifty times a day, just as it happens. At night it is coaxed to dine every time it wakes up.

A baby six to twelve months old should be nursed about eight o'clock in the morning, and it should have time to get all it wants. Every three hours, till bedtime or nine o'clock at night, it should have a good meal, which should be given with perfect regularity. During the night, nothing whatever. In a month the baby will not only become accustomed to this, but upon this system the little chap will flourish as he never did before. More than half of the stomach and bowel diseases, fevers and fits, from which babies suffer and die, come from irregularity and excess in feeding them.

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

CONSIDER it your religious duty to take out-door exercise without fail each day. Sweeping and trotting around the house will not take its place; the exhilaration of the open air and change of scene are absolutely necessary. O, I know all about Lucy's gown that is not finished, and Tommy's jacket, and even his coat, —

his buttonless coat thrown into your lap, as if to add the last straw to the camel's back ; still I say, up and out. Is it not more important that your children in their tender years should not be left motherless, and that they should not be born to that feeble constitution of body which will blight every blessing ? Let buttons and-strings go. You will take hold of them with more vigor when you return, bright and refreshed ; and if every stitch is not finished at such a moment, still remember that "she who hath done what she could" is entitled to no mean praise. Your husband is undoubtedly the best of men, though there are malicious people who might answer that that was not saying much for him. Still, he would never, to the end of time, dream of what you are dying of. So accept my advice and take the matter in hand yourself.

OUR LITTLE PEOPLE.

THE fearful mortality among our children, and the still more fearful suffering among the unnumbered little ones to whom death is denied, render the subject of the management of children one of general and painful interest.

That a feeble, suffering child may, by a wise hygiene, be made vigorous and happy, many glad mothers will

warmly testify ; and that of the host who yearly perish, thousands might be preserved, we all believe.

No thoughtful reader of history, no discriminating observer, no intelligent physiologist, can entertain a doubt that the child *in utero* is influenced for good or evil by surrounding circumstances. Not only may general integrity of physical, mental, and moral constitution be implanted in the new-born child with absolute certainty, but an extraordinary susceptibility of culture in any special department may be conferred upon the being before it begins its independent existence. I have scores of interesting facts with which to illustrate the potency of pre-natal impressions, but my present purpose is to speak of the management of the child after its birth.

If upon his first appearance the little chap cry lustily, bathe him in water a little cool, using soap freely. If, on the contrary, his cry and movements be rather feeble, use tepid water. Be rapid, but gentle. He should be exposed to the air but a few moments. The wiping should be done by wrapping the little red stranger in warm soft towels, and then passing your hands gently over the towels.

The skirt-bands must be left very loose. To give the baby's lungs and heart fair play, you must leave the dress about the chest and waist so loose that if the child be held up by the shoulders, its entire dress,

except as sustained by the shoulders, will fall to the floor. With such a dress, other things being equal, the little one will part with that characteristic dark red color with which it begins life in about half the usual time. The soft bones surrounding the small feeble lungs, now for the first time beginning to move, are so placed that under the slightest pressure they give way, and the capacity of the lungs is reduced. Any one acquainted with the anatomy and physiology of the thorax of a new-born babe must be shocked when he sees the nurse employing the strength of her fingers in pinning the bands of the skirt about the body of the poor little helpless one. I have in many cases seen the respiration and the pulse of a baby immediately and decidedly affected by enlarging the skirt-bands.

Among the blunders in the management of our precious little ones, I must mention the common practice of leaving their arms naked. This is a most absurd and mischievous fashion. That grand, wise old man, Dr. John C. Warren, whose memory is so sacred to those of us who were his pupils, said, with solemn earnestness, in one of his lectures :—

“Gentlemen, the mothers of Boston kill five hundred babies yearly by allowing their arms to go naked. Gentlemen, take the glass part of a thermometer out of the tin frame, and put the bulb in a baby’s mouth ; watch the tube ; soon the mercury will rise to ninety-

eight degrees. Now take the bulb out of the baby's mouth, and if the weather be cool, put it in its hand, and close the little hand upon it. Don't be in a hurry. The mercury will soon begin to sink. It will go down and down until it reaches sixty degrees. The small naked arm and hand are very cold as compared with the chest; and when the cold currents of blood come back from the cold arms and hands, they play the mischief. Gentlemen, I said five hundred babies are sacrificed yearly by this absurd vanity; I might have doubled the number without danger of exaggeration."

I may add that in a delicate child there is the same reason for protecting its hands that there is for protecting its feet. As the baby has both feet and hands in the mother's lap, there is as good reason for protecting one as the other. Whenever we adults take to walking with our hands on the cold wet earth, we shall be compelled to wear the thick shoes and stockings on our hands; while if we carry our feet up high from the ground as we now carry our hands, we may wear the kid gloves on them.

During the cold season, saying nothing of the hands, I insist that the arms shall be covered with at least two thicknesses of woollen.

THE BABY'S NIGHT-GOWN.

THE baby's night-gown should be white flannel. The *red* flannel many mothers fancy may poison its skin. The old-time red dyes were well enough, but the present reds should not be worn next the skin by either old or young. They are particularly mischievous to the delicate skin of our little people. All of the modern dyes are poisonous. If there are any exceptions, I have not been able to learn the fact, although I have taken pains to question those who are engaged in the dyeing business. The little ones should have white flannel next their skins day and night. It is the only proper material to place next the skins of any human being day or night, no matter in what climate or at what season of the year.

Perhaps I ought to add, that the superiority of flannel is greater during the summer than during the winter. In the hottest weather, a single thickness of flannel for a night-gown will give the baby abundant protection, whereas if it wears cotton next the skin, it is soon wet with perspiration, and then there must be two or three more thicknesses over it to furnish the protection against a breeze, which a single thickness of flannel next the skin could afford. Our little people should have their night-dresses made with drawers closed at

the bottom. With this dress, and lying upon a fresh straw pillow, with the same for the little head, and sleeping in a well-ventilated room, the small shaver will have a chance, even in the hottest season, not only to sleep sweetly, but to *grow*. Besides these and other considerations which I will not name, the woollen dress serves, by its mechanical irritation, to keep up a better circulation in the skin.

Don't rock them either in crib or chair. The motion is an unhealthy one. Try it yourself! Rock yourself half an hour steadily, and see how you feel. I am glad that rockers are going out of fashion. They have injured thousands of our little people.

Many adults can't ride backward in the cars or in a carriage. When you have your baby out for a ride in his little carriage, don't push him backward. I have often noticed the little passengers as they were jolted along backward, off one curbstone and up another, turning their eyes this way and that in a painfully bewildered way. The only avenue to their souls which is fairly opened is that through the eyes. Pray don't set that *one* all topsy-turvy.

Don't bounce it on your knee, or give it that great toss up and down in your hands. No one but a first-class circus-tumbler can stand such nonsense. How many fatal diseases of the head have originated in this common practice of the nursery I know not, but am

certain the number must have been very large. And I have no doubt that a still greater number must have been hurt who have contrived to survive the stupid blunder.

If you think your baby lacks exercise, rub and knead its little naked body gently, but thoroughly, morning and evening. This will do wonders in giving the little fellow not only much from your vital magnetism, but will contribute to its circulation and the activity of its abdominal viscera.

LET THE BABY SLEEP ALONE.

THE baby should never be allowed to sleep in the bed between the parents. Several good objections must occur to every one; I need name but one. It must, when thus placed, constantly inhale the poisonous emanations from the bodies of the two adults. It should sleep in a crib by the side of its mother's bed. The best bed at all seasons of the year is one of oat-straw. The straw should be changed and the tick washed as often as once in two weeks. This gives little trouble, and involves little or no expense, while the perfect cleanliness and sweetness contribute not a little to the baby's health. During the cold season a woollen blanket should be spread over the straw bed to increase the warmth. For covering, woollen blan-

kets should be used, and all these blankets should be frequently washed.

Does he kick off the bedclothes? Then fasten them on the sides of the crib with tapes or little knobs. The little chap may then kick ever so obstinately, he can't uncover himself.

I forgot to speak of this in connection with the bed. The proximate, if not the original, cause of a large proportion of deaths among American babies is some malady of the brain. When we suppose the death to result from dysentery or cholera infantum, the immediate cause of the death is an affection of the brain supervening upon the bowel disease. The heads of American babies are, for the most part, *little furnaces!* What mischief must come from keeping them buried twenty hours out of every twenty-four in feather pillows! It makes me shiver to think of the number of deaths among these precious little ones which I have myself seen, where I had no doubt that cool straw pillows would have saved them.

The hair pillow is inferior to straw, because it cannot, like straw, be made perfectly clean and fresh by a frequent change. *Do not fail to keep their little heads cool.*

The common baby cap for the baby's head has been mostly abandoned. I am glad of it. It certainly increases the heat of the head, and if worn during

the day, it must likewise be worn at night, which increases the perspiration about its head and neck, and thus increases its susceptibility to colds and other kindred affections. Besides, the hair, which is nature's covering, grows better when no artificial covering is used.

During the greatest heat of summer the child may often be laid on the naked canvas generally found stretched across the bottom of the crib. And if the baby's head be allowed to rest on the same canvas, which may be raised a little for that purpose by a joint in the frame on which the canvas is nailed, it will be found a great luxury. The canvas, with a fresh sheet and a soft flannel night-gown, make a perfect sleeping arrangement for the hottest nights.

And what a luxury it is, if you can afford the space, to have two cribs, so as to change from one to the other during the hot season. A change of the straw pillow on which the little body lies, and likewise of that which supports the head, will do very well without a change of cribs, if the crib be entirely open at the sides. And this, I must say, is very desirable, giving, as it does, an opportunity for a perfect ventilation of every part of the bed.

It is unnecessary to condemn the practice of putting a veil over the baby's face, to keep away the flies. I have seen a baby put down in the bottom of a box

in July, and then, down in there, its little face covered with a thick green veil to keep the flies away. It does keep the flies away, true enough, but at the same time it keeps away the fresh air.

The number of little ones killed by overheated and unventilated nurseries in this country annually is frightful. God alone can number them.

BABY'S FIRST STEPS.

THERE is very little lime in the bones of a new-born child, and the practice of teaching them to bear their weight and walk early often produces curved legs.

By all means discourage any premature attempts at walking on the part of the child, if you wish to avoid the risk of this deformity.

A GREAT step is gained, says that fine moralist, Charles Julius Hare, when a child has learned that there is no necessary connection between liking a thing and doing it.

A WORD TO CHILDREN.

DEAR children, listen, while I tell you something which deeply concerns your welfare. The subject is the shape of your bodies. God knew the best shape. He created us upright, in his own image.

None of the inferior animals walk upright.

God fitted all the great vital organs in your bodies to an erect spine. Do your shoulders ever stoop forward? If they do, the lungs, heart, liver, and stomach fall down out of their natural places. Of course, they can't do their work well. To show how this is, I will tell you that when you bend forward you can take only about half as much air into the lungs as you can when you stand up straight. As I have said, God has so arranged the great organs in the body, that they can't do their duty well except when the body is straight. O, how it distresses me to see the dear children, whom I love so much, bending over their school-desks, and walking with their heads and shoulders drooping! My dear ones, if you would have a strong spine and vigorous lungs, heart, liver, and stomach, you must now, while you are young, learn to walk erect.

If a boy were about to leave this country for Japan, never to return, and were to come to me, and ask for rules to preserve his health, I should say, "I am glad

to see you, and will give you four rules, which, carefully observed, will be pretty sure to preserve your health." He might say to me, "Four are a good many; I fear I may forget some of them; give me *one*, the most important one, and I promise not to forget it." I should reply, "Well, my dear boy, if I can give you but one, it is this:—

"Keep yourself straight, — that is, sit up straight; stand up straight; walk up straight; and, when in bed at night, don't put two or three pillows under your head, as though intent on watching your toes all night." And I believe that in this I should give the most important rule which can be given for the preservation of health and long life.

My dear children, don't forget it.

CONDUCT OF CHILDREN BEFORE VISITORS.

I SOMETIMES indulge in a pair of new trousers. A few weeks ago a pair of light drabs came home, and on the next evening they were worn in making a call upon a dear friend in a distant part of the city. Little Eddie always has a piece of bread-and-butter between the different hours. On that particular evening he had a large piece, and I rather think buttered on both sides. Samuel Johnson, Esq., the renovating artist,

affirms his conviction that while the grease can be removed, he fears that the shade of drab will be so changed that the pants will look worse than now. They shall be hung up as a memento of dear little Eddie's fondness for — refreshments.

There are few weaknesses which surprise us like the indifference of parents to the noise and familiarities of their children. Much of the fondling of children by visitors is a matter of necessity. The stout little democrats will keep the peace only on condition that visitors give their entire time to them. Suppose you prefer to converse with the father and mother, they cry out, "Say, Mr. Smith! say, say, Mr. Smith! M-i-s-t-e-r S-m-i-t-h, s-a-y! Mr. Smith! Why?"

The mother will remark now, that "the dear little fellow has such an inquiring mind; it is 'why, why, why,' from morning till night."

Occasionally children may be found who cry "Why?" because they really want to know something. In that case, unless the conversation between the adults is particularly important, the visitors and all should stop to explain. "Eddie is a sweet, darling cherub," but it should never be forgotten, in the absence of a contrary decision by the Supreme Court, that grown people have rights that children are bound to respect.

The writer has a hundred times been one among the "groan" people, where parents have failed to recognize this law of human society. It may be proper to remark in regard to this "why," so much repeated by children, that while it is often the voice of a real and eager curiosity, it is much more frequently the noisy cry of vacancy. The most inferior children are not long in finding out that the best means of securing the attention of older persons is this "why, why?"

Let one of the ladies or gentlemen present express an opinion in reference to the tendencies in the present social life of France, and one of these little apple-headed chaps will set up a regular scream of "Why? why? why?"

I used to visit at a beautiful home where there were no children. After a separation of twelve years, the old intimacy has recently been renewed. Two noble boys and one sweet little girl have been added since our former visiting-days. With my love for children, the presence of the bright little ones would add an attraction to my friend's home, but for one unhappy hallucination. My friends have been seized with a mania for giving their children the advantages of society. They argue that the way to make children smart is to bring them forward. To visit that house now is like going to the theatre. The little ones are the actors, we adults look on and listen. We might

perhaps get in a word edgewise now and then, but I have noticed that the children do not like any by-play. The best way is to give one's self exclusively and unreservedly to the children. Thus all struggle is avoided, peace is secured, and the parents are delighted. How much better than to battle with the lusty, determined youngsters for a chance to speak or to hear your friends! How can parents be so blind? If your visitors are well-bred, they will show no irritation; they will not tell you that they called to chat with you about matters of interest to men and women, and not to jabber baby-talk, but their silence will prove that "my 'eetle dolly," or "my 'eetle doggy," are not especially interesting subjects to them, and they will soon take their departure.

Parents prefer this talk to any other. They are happy in the sweet voices. They are deeply interested in every trouble or joy, no matter how trifling. These darlings are more dear to them than all other treasures, but yet it might prove difficult to find any one who would take them as a gift.

Our loving Father has given to parents, for the wisest of reasons, this absorbing love for their children. But recalling how little interest they take in other people's children, they must not expect that other people are likely to feel much in theirs. Children are the most beautiful and interesting creatures on earth;

but as little men and women taking part in general society, they are, except in those leisure hours when we can give ourselves up to their prattle, simply nuisances.

CAUGHT IN A SCHOOL-TRAP.

A LITTLE girl of twelve writes me from Batavia, N. Y., that she can't go to school because she has so much headache. Well, my poor child, I fancy you are caught in what I call the "school-trap," which consists of a room of moderate size, packed full of children, without provision for constant change of air. I don't think I can help you much. Nearly all school-girls suffer more or less from headache, and nothing can be done to relieve them until the school-rooms are perfectly ventilated. Of course you must avoid grease, doughnuts, buckwheat-cakes, candies, sweetmeats, coffee, and tea.

Now that we know how to ventilate school-rooms, it is unpardonable in the managers that our young folks while at school should be poisoned with a foul atmosphere.

MOTHERS, never cease your exhortation to Jonathan and Jerusha Ann to stand, sit, and walk erect.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

OUR first, constant, and imperative need is pure air. If we lack this, we have nothing. Upon this vital point, intelligent people are sadly and wilfully stupid. A large majority of the cars, theatres, halls, parlors, and churches are dens of poisons. It must be a strong attraction which can draw me to a public hall. In lectures before lyceums, I quarrel with the managers about the atmosphere of the hall. I return from church sincerely doubting whether I have not committed sin in exposing myself in a poisonous atmosphere. The eminent Baudeloque declared it as his conviction, that the lack of proper ventilation in our dwellings is the principal cause of scrofula. He believed, if there be pure air, bad food, improper clothing, and want of cleanliness will not produce scrofula. Sir James Clark expressed the opinion that the bad air of our nurseries, sitting-rooms, and bedrooms produces an immense amount of scrofulous disease.

As a medical man, I have visited thousands of the sick, but have never found one hundred of them in a pure atmosphere. Among the well, not one in a hundred sleeps in a well-ventilated room. The air of our close, furnace-heated houses produces fits in our cats and dogs, and would kill our horses or cows in a few months.

God has provided this immense atmospheric ocean, a hundred miles deep, with its winds and very hurricanes, an exhaustless fountain of life and health ! What a shame to our civilization that we should expend thousands of dollars in erecting splendid houses, and so contrive them as to compel ourselves to breathe, instead of the pure air of heaven, a vile mixture with the poisonous excretions of our own bodies and the poisonous gases emanating from our gas-burners and fires.

VENTILATION OF HALLS.

At a lecture recently I was one of two thousand auditors. The hall was handsome, light, brilliant ; lecture fine ; in brief, everything delightful except the ventilation, — that was execrable. Next morning I could eat well, walk well, and, in a general way, could say that “I am very well, thank you,” but my nerves were irritable and my temper unamiable. I found it difficult to think. No human being can spend two hours in a crowded, unventilated hall, and escape next day these slight effects on his brain and nerves. I know of but one theatre where a man can prudently spend an evening. I do not know a single hall where even the best lecture will not cost more than it comes to. I dare not speak of the churches, be-

cause we might hurt the feelings of many good people. We will simply add that a twelve-horse engine will ventilate the largest room on this continent. Every architect knows how to do it. As most of these large places are now heated by steam, the additional coal required to run the engine would cost, say, one dollar. We had a complimentary ticket to a lecture the next evening by Mr. Froude; would not go: couldn't afford it. If we could have heard the lecture in a pure atmosphere, we would cheerfully have given ten dollars to hear it. Why don't the managers of theatres, halls, and churches ventilate them? Fifty thousand dollars for ornamentation and not a penny for air! No means have ever been discovered of ventilating a crowded hall without the use of steam-power. It may be expensive, but it is certainly the duty of managers of theatres and proprietors of public halls to introduce it as soon as possible.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

THE finest thing I saw in Europe was the new Albert Hall, at the upper end of Hyde Park. Add to the hall itself the art crescent and the splendid gardens, and this exhibition is most satisfactory.

My first visit to Albert Hall was on the occasion of the first public meeting of the Society of Telegraphic Engineers. It was a grand occasion. Mr. Pierce,

known, I suppose, to all the telegraphic fraternity, gave an exhaustive history of the telegraph, in which, by the way, our American Morse found not even mention, except in the list of a dozen inventors of recording instruments more or less valuable; he, it seems, having had no part whatever in inventing the telegraph.

"To whom," asked Mr. Pierce, "are we indebted for this matchless invention?" And, with an air of triumph, he three times pronounced the names of two Englishmen. I have forgotten them.

But what I particularly wanted to say was, that Albert Hall strikes me as the beginning of a new order of public halls. So far as I know, the world has never seen, before the building of Albert Hall, a very large, and at the same time artistic, convenient room for concerts, lectures, and other great gatherings, — one adapted to music, in which Nilsson's most delicate trills are distinctly heard by ten or twelve thousand people, and in which as many persons can hear the voice of a good lecturer. Such is Albert Hall. The conception was Prince Albert's, whose untimely death, I really believe, was a greater misfortune to the English nation than was the death of Lincoln to America. Very tender these Englishmen are in reference to every suggestion known to have been made by the dead Prince, whose remains are now sacredly guarded at the beautiful mausoleum in Windsor Park. He it was who thought that the

great city needed an immense hall, where the *people* could assemble to listen to music and lectures. After his death it only needed to be mentioned, and from all parts of the kingdom subscriptions flowed in. Scores of people who might not visit the metropolis once a year subscribed each a thousand pounds.

I saw nothing in Europe which so deeply interested me. My bump of reverence for what is merely old is not, I fear, up to the prescribed level ; for, if you believe me, this Albert Hall, with its modern freshness and beauty, with its comfortable sittings for thousands of the *people*, impressed me more than Westminster Abbey, with all its sacred chapels, filled with the awfully sacred remains of a lot of old kings and queens, whose lives, for the most part, were cheap and vulgar and mean to the last degree.

You will of course understand that in order to bring ten or twelve thousand people within hearing of a single voice, they must be piled up highly. In Albert Hall they pile them up five stories high, but with perfect ventilation and competent elevators. I greatly prefer the upper stories, both for seeing and hearing.

Ah ! I wish the great American cities would build such halls. Think of halls so large that the very highest class of concerts and operas may be offered to the public for ten cents, and other good things in proportion. That will be a great and beneficent revolution in our public amusements and instructions.

OPEN FIRES *vs.* STOVES AND FURNACES.

AMONG health topics, this is one of the most important. In this latitude perhaps no other is so vital.

In fitting up a house for my family, I should begin with, "*An open fire is number one among house blessings.*" If it were at all practicable, it should be of wood, in one of those great, generous, old-fashioned fireplaces! How it fills the family group with a comfortable, social spirit! *To supply the draught the air of the room is momentarily changed. The carbonic acid and other excretions of the animal body cannot accumulate; the room cannot smell close, even when crowded.*

Strange the people will not have this *delightful sun* in their homes at any cost or sacrifice. And pray, now, why not have it all back again? If a small part of the money we spend in various foolish fashions were given to the reintroduction of this good old-fashioned blessing, how much healthier and happier we all should be!

Next to an open wood-fire, the open coal-grate is the best means of warming and ventilating. And if, with a good draught, the coal used be bituminous, it is a very excellent fire.

There has been a fearful increase of consumption, bronchitis, headache, and some other affections, since

the general introduction of stoves and furnaces. If with the higher degree of heat, the doors and windows are kept open during the entire season, as may be easily and comfortably done, the evil would not be so great, but, as generally managed, it is the gravest mistake in our physical life.

If in the window-shutter of a dark room you open a small aperture, and look in the jet of light as it streams through the room, you will discover that the air is full of floating motes. The air of our houses is always crowded with these. In their ordinary condition they are not mischievous, but after they have been exposed to contact with a heated surface, they do poison us. Millions of these carbonized particles come from the stove or furnace to poison our lungs and blood.

If you would have good throat, lungs, and nerves, sit by an open fire, and keep as far as possible from stoves and furnaces. If you cannot escape those evils, wear more clothing, especially upon the feet and legs, and keep the doors and windows open.

Most people, even many intelligent reformers, have the idea that to sleep in a cold room is good, — essential to health. It is an error. It is better to have an open fire in your bedroom. The atmosphere is not only by this means constantly changed, but you will keep the window open, which will add greatly to the needed ventilation. But more than this, with the fire

you will have fewer bedclothes over you, which is a gain, as a large number of blankets not only interferes somewhat with the circulation and respiration, but prevents the escape of those gases which the skin is constantly emitting. Even furnace or stove heat with an open window is better than a close, cold room. Interchange with the external atmosphere depends upon the difference between the temperature of the air within and that without.

But let us have the open fire. Let us go without silks, broadcloths, carpets, and finery of all kinds, if necessary, that we may have this excellent purifier and diffuser of joy in all our houses. In my own house I have ten open grates, and find the expense is frightful, and if it were in any other department of housekeeping, I should feel I could not afford it; but in this I do not flinch, so important do I deem the open fire.

A QUESTION SETTLED. — Cut flowers and growing plants are healthful in sleeping-rooms. I am surprised that a question on this point should ever have been raised. Indeed, a window full of plants is a real, positive source of health, as well as of pleasure.

A CHAT WITH CLERGYMEN.

MR. H., a well-known clergyman, came to consult me about his throat, and began by telling this story : —

“ I worked on a farm till I was twenty-two, when I was converted, and immediately resolved to study for the ministry. Up to that time I had never been sick, and, like my father and brother, possessed remarkable endurance. We used oxen, and indulged that un-earthly habit of yelling at them all day long. The neighbors who lived full two miles away declared that they heard me from morning till night. I remember that one old man in the neighborhood said, when he heard that I was studying for the ministry, ‘ Well, there is one thing about that chap ; he ’ll make ’em hear anywhere in the country. When he gets into the pulpit, if he yells as loud as he does at them cattle, they ’ll hear him all over heaven and all through t’ other place too.’

“ And now,” continued Mr. H., “ I have been preaching seventeen years ; and although I have had no attacks of sickness, I have gradually lost my health and strength, till preaching one sermon a week completely exhausts me. I don’t feel like speaking loud before Wednesday ; and besides this, I have lost my legs, until I can’t walk two miles without complete

exhaustion. My church has given me a year's vacation, and now I come to ask what I had better do."

"First," I said, "I'll tell you what not to do. Don't go to the Holy Land. The dirt and discomfort which you must encounter there won't help you, while the lack of opportunity to use your faculties, physical and mental, is every way unfavorable. This climate is an excellent one, this society is exceptionally good; so I advise you to remain here, and, after visiting a week or two with friends, go back to your work and follow this regimen:—

"1. Go to bed at nine o'clock every night, and sleep half an hour in the middle of the day.

"2. Eat a good beefsteak or mutton-chop, with stale bread and butter *ad libitum*, for breakfast, with a cup of weak coffee. For dinner, at two o'clock, take a large dish of oatmeal or cracked wheat. Eat no supper.

"3. Bathe your skin in the morning with cold water, and rub it hard with rough towels. On going to bed at night rub yourself all over with hair gloves.

"4. Work five hours a day out-doors in some regular employment, like that of farming or that of a carpenter. Keep up your habit of morning study.

"5. Don't be extra good, — I mean to say, don't be solemn and reserved. Be jolly. Have a good time. Even if you think this life a weary pilgrimage, act, for the sake of your health, as though the world were a pleasant home, and designed for happiness rather than misery."

Mr. H. engaged with one of his parishioners, a carpenter, and bargained to begin at nine o'clock every morning and work till two. He was to have what he could earn, which, at the end of a month, was thought to be a dollar a day. Within three months he could frame timber as well as the best of them.

The only disagreeable result from this prescription is this: since Mr. H. got well (and he declares that he was never so well in his life) he has taken to preaching this sort of table and out-door work to his people, and thus, you see, deprives me of the opportunity to repeat this prescription to others at five dollars a head. In this way my famishing family is deprived of that bread which, but for this clerical interference, I would supply to it from the sweat of my brow.

American clergymen should be the healthiest men in the country. Their life healthwise may easily be made the ideal one.

IF you thrust your hand in the fire, you must not blame Providence for the suffering. And if you drink strong tea and coffee, eat every indigestible thing, sleep on feather-beds, toast yourselves by hot stoves, and neglect to keep clean, when you get a fever and are brought down to death's door, do not, we beg, insult God by asking why he should thus visit you.

A CHAT ABOUT WORK AND STUDY.

MANY of the most notable results of human thought have come from the brains of men whose hands were busy with work.

It is a source of general congratulation among educators that in the Cornell University an experiment in combining manual labor with intellectual training is in progress.

The greatest success is not attained by long research within college walls, but from continued observation of every-day life.

Benjamin Franklin was obliged, as a journeyman printer, to be a very slow and careful reader of books. In this way he thoroughly digested what he read; a slow but gradual development of power was the result. He was a workingman and a philosopher.

Robert Stephens and his son Henry were laborious printers and also learned men. The father wrote a thesaurus of the Latin language, and, De Thou says, "did more to immortalize the reign of Francis I. than all the monarch's own most famous exploits." The son wrote a thesaurus of the Greek language, the result of twelve years' hard application and study, which is well known among the learned.

Brindley, the famous engineer, worked as a carter,

ploughman, and millwright till the age of manhood. His observations in this last trade aided him in the construction of the Bridgewater Canal, with its tunnels, aqueduct, and locks.

Berwick, the successful engraver on wood, and author of the "History of Quadrupeds," studied from early boyhood the habits of animals, and these observations caused his attempts at drawing, in which he afterwards became proficient.

Watt's steam-engine, if not the unavoidable, was at least a natural result of his thoughts and pursuits.

Ferguson, while he watched his father's sheep, studied astronomy, and early in life had his thoughts busy with mathematical problems.

The life of Rittenhouse was very similar. He drew geometrical diagrams on his plough, and studied them as he turned the furrows.

Sir Humphry Davy was the son of a poor wood-carver, and himself an apprentice to an apothecary. We can hardly suppose that with his excessive vanity he would have added as much to science had he been a gentleman's son.

Columbus, while leading the life of a seaman, became the best astronomer and geographer of his age. It was under the same circumstances that Cook acquired his scientific and literary accomplishments.

Homer was a poor man, and wandered from place to

place, observing the customs and countries he afterward described in his two poems, especially in the "Odyssey."

The success of the "Georgics," Virgil's most finished poem, is due to the writer's knowledge of rural life.

Milton was an accomplished man of the world, knew much of men and countries, and displayed an especial fondness for athletic sports.

It is difficult to believe that some of the finest specimens of the dramatic poetry of Ben Jonson were written during the leisure that comes to a laboring mason, and in the intervals of inactivity in a soldier's life.

Burns worked for years as a farmer, and from his intimate communion with nature came the inspiration of many of his sweetest songs.

Scott, in all his writings, shows the careful observer of men and things, and by his fidelity of description has given an added charm to history.

Dante wrote his "Inferno" after an engagement in civil strife in which he was defeated and proscribed.

Descartes, while a soldier, laid the foundation of his mathematical discoveries.

Cervantes, as a soldier, was detained five years a captive in Algiers.

Giffard's early life was one of privation and hardship.

It was the persevering use of bodily exercise that

overcame the natural defects in Demosthenes's voice, and in the bodily organization of Cicero. Plato led a life of vicissitudes, and for many years followed the example of his illustrious master Socrates. Pythagoras in early life became proficient in gymnastic exercises. When eighteen, he received the prize for wrestling in the Olympic games. When Greece could afford him no more, he travelled, and in this way added vast and varied information to his already well-stored mind. He advocated and carried out views which it would be well for those interested in introducing this feature to imitate.

Many of the best historians describe the scenes in which they themselves were busy actors. Among many, these names may be mentioned: Herodotus, Xenophon, Polybius, Julius Cæsar, Sir Walter Raleigh, Frederick the Great, De Thou, and Clarendon.

It is a matter of great regret that the most reasonable and natural system of education should have been so long neglected.

TO MY PURITAN FRIENDS. — Read novels? Why, how long have you been asleep? Every good thing is taught in this way nowadays. Not only is *love*, but all sorts of social, moral, and religious principles and duties are taught by this method. All the great religious teachers, Jesus included, have taken advantage of this

passion for stories among men. We will not say that the story is the most acceptable form of instruction for the most advanced minds, but for the great mass of minds it is altogether the most agreeable and successful.

THE BODY AMONG THE GREEKS.

IN a conversation with President Felton, the bodily training of the Greeks came up for consideration. He remarked that among that people, so wise in all which concerns the physical man, there were two widely different systems of training, — one adapted to the athlete, the other to gentlemen and men of learning. The former resulted in immense development of muscle and crude strength, while the latter resulted in a wonderful grace, agility, and beauty. The former produced the great wrestlers, but was deemed unfavorable to intellectual genius; while the latter was resorted to as the surest means of securing that delicate susceptibility and elastic vigor which characterized the Greek poet and orator. A prodigious abnormal development of muscle — the result of long-continued, special, intense training — destroys the balance between mind and body, and while it produces a splendid animal, leaves the brain with less than its share of power. Plato says, "Excess of bodily exercise may render us wild and un-

manageable, but excess of art, science, and music makes us faddled and effeminate. Only the *right combination* makes us wise and manly.

NOTHING so expands the mind, gives clearness to the ideas, elasticity to the form, and health to the system, as early rising and a walk before breakfast. If your sluggard be not a dolt already, he is in a fair way to become one. Women would gain rosy cheeks by getting up before or about daybreak, and men secure health of body and mind. There are many of both sexes, however, who never see the sun rise unless it be when returning from a ball.

HAVE you no enemies? If not, we are sorry for you. There is no stimulus toward a high and noble career like the criticisms and hatred of enemies.

IMPORTANT TO CLERGYMEN.

FROM the many movements which are made by the larynx in speaking, we infer that it is a matter of great importance that the neck in health should be always loosely dressed. Tight cravats are sure to obstruct the proper function of this organ, and bring on irritation which may end in bronchitis or consumption.

IRISH LADIES.

HAPPENING to be in Queenstown, Ireland, one evening in July last, I was invited to attend a grand ball. I had been doing some of the interior districts of Ireland, and was so tired that at first I was rather inclined to excuse myself. But before deciding, I asked a question or two.

“Is it a big thing?”

“Never anything so grand in town!”

“What class of women?”

“The first class; the very best from Queenstown, Cork, — in fact, the most beautiful women in the world.”

I knew how the common women of Ireland looked. I had seen hundreds of them about Killarney selling “mountain dew and goat’s milk,” and, in fact, for some time had seen nothing else. But I had seen the common class only, — the servants, pedlers, and peasants. I had not seen the aristocracy. I made up my mind to go. I thanked the gentleman, and began at once on my hair.

The number of ladies was about one hundred and fifty. Their dress was like that of American ladies on similar occasions, only a trifle more so, — sleeves a little shorter, corsage a little lower. The ladies were remark-

ably self-possessed, quiet, and graceful, and I think on the whole averaged prettier than I have ever seen for the number on such an occasion. Some of our naval officers were present in their stunning uniforms, and were honored with marked attention and the sweetest smiles.

I have written all this in order to say something about the physical development of those Irish ladies. The Irish girls we have seen in America have full chests, large, fine arms, and are altogether plump and vital. When an American lady has shown me her arms, — candle-dips, No. 8, — and has asked, “How can I get such arms as Bridget’s?” and I have said, “*Work*, — *work* as she does, and you will have her arms,” the lady has generally said, “O, that is not work; that comes from climate! I tell you, if I had been brought up in Bridget’s climate, I should have had her fine bust; but this terrible, dry American air takes all the juices out of us.”

My curiosity was on tiptoe to see how Irish ladies, brought up in this moist, even climate, but without work, would look. I have said there were one hundred and fifty ladies present. They were certainly very pretty and very prettily dressed, but now, taking the witness-stand, I testify that I have never in America seen one hundred and fifty young women together with arms so small and chests so flat and thin. They belonged to the idle class, and all the world over women

of the idle class have spindle arms and thin chests, unless they become merely fat, which, with their weak muscles, is a sad embarrassment.

Elegance, education, rank, aspiration, prayer, — these will not produce a strong, full, muscular body. They are not the appointed means. *Exercise, exercise! work, work!* — this produces strong muscles, full chests, and physical beauty. *Work* is the appointed means.

WILL SHE MAKE A GOOD WIFE?

SOME women are indignant at this question, as if that were all women were made for. “Will he make a good husband?” That question is comparatively rare. “Will she make a good wife?” is full of man’s egotism and selfishness. We don’t wonder that the question fills a woman of high spirit with shame and anger. Miss B. declares, “I never would marry a man who could ask such a question. Never!”

But, really, do not most women suggest the inquiry? Their dress, their manners, their conversation, their absence of occupation, their indefinite *waiting, waiting, waiting* for something, — does not all this constantly suggest matrimony? And how can you blame men for interpreting what is so obvious, and asking, not, Will she make a good physician or teacher or mechanic or

accountant or watch-cleaner or gardener or merchant or grocer? but, *Will she make a good wife?* If women were all training for a single trade or profession, it would be natural to question the probability of their success in that trade or profession, would it not? And as women generally do train for a single occupation, — that of matrimony, — why should it be thought coarse, selfish, and egotistic in a man to think of her probable success in her own chosen occupation?

When women shall break through these chains which bind them, and find a broad liberty in a thousand employments, they will, like men, wait for the promptings of their hearts in choosing a partner for life, and not follow matrimony as a trade.

WOMEN sleep by far too little. Sleeplessness is one of the most fruitful causes of the paleness and nervousness so characteristic of American mothers. You will excuse us, sir, but permit us to ask whether your wife is not still busy with the care of your family for six hours after your day's work is done? And then, when your children cry at night, don't you turn over your lazy two hundred pounds for another good sleep, and let that little, thin, pale wife get up and worry by the hour with the little ones? And now, forsooth, you wish to know whether it is not bad for her to lie till eight o'clock in the morning!

OPEN THE CAGE DOOR.

DR. B. resided in this country. At the time I became acquainted with the family the doctor was about seventy years old, and beginning to break. His family consisted of two sons and seven daughters. I don't think the sons were anything wonderful,—indeed, I should say that both of them were rather below par,—but four of the girls were remarkably bright. Owing to certain physiological peculiarities in the mother, the daughters were endowed with *special* and striking talents. One of them had a perfect passion for the profession of medicine, another was “crazy about machinery,” and still another had a decided taste for farming. Each of them would give the world if she only dared, but what would folks say? The daughters ranged from twenty-six to forty-two, and not one married. A little flutter of expectation had been excited in the heart of the poor, overworked father two or three times, but up to the time of which I speak the whole seven girls were still on the father's hands. One of the sons told me that not one of the girls had had a nibble in three years, and that they were pretty much discouraged. The hostler informed me, in a confidential whisper, that “Miss Alice had more sense than the doctor and the two boys all put together, and

that Miss Carrie and Miss Viney were smarter 'n lightning; but," added John, with a significant wink, "I reckon the old man would be mighty glad to git shet of a few on 'em; for," added the good-natured hostler, "it takes a heap o' money to clothe and feed a lot like that, even though they be girls; and then, you know, these girls with high notions spend lots."

After I had visited at the doctor's two or three times, and had heard the ladies talk about the great busy outside world in that vacant sort of way which I have observed among convicts in prison, the whole thing became so painful to me that I discontinued my calls. What is there, I used to ask myself, about the prejudices of society against women in Constantinople or Salt Lake City or in any other part of the world, which is more cruel than this prejudice among us that says to an unmarried woman of the better class, If you do anything except stay at home and wait for a man, you shall be ostracized? We educate our women. We give them large and noble views of life. But when they graduate from the college, we say to them, with uplifted hand of warning, "Beware, beware! If you stir out of your mother's drawing-room, except in corsets, long skirts, frills, and feathers, all ready to charm the beaux, or if you engage in any occupation except that of fascination, you shall be marked off the genteel, fashionable list."

THE WEAKNESS OF OUR GIRLS.

WE have in this city an army of dependent, unmarried women, who, if brought up individually, would, in reply to certain questions, answer as follows : —

“ What can you do ? ”

“ O, most anything you please ! ”

“ But tell me particularly.”

“ Why, I can do all sorts of work.”

“ Well, there’s dentistry, teaching, type-setting, watch-cleaning, engraving, and — ”

“ O, I don’t mean such things, but I can do any common work ! ”

“ Can you cook ? ”

“ Well, not much ; and then, I don’t like cooking.”

“ Can you do fine needlework ? ”

“ No, but then I can do plain sewing.”

“ Can you make men’s shirts ? ”

“ O no, I can’t do that ; but then I can sew on pillow-cases and sheets, if you will show me just what you want me to do.”

“ Can you do chamber-work ? ”

“ A little, but then I don’t like going out to service.”

“ I don’t see, then, that you can do anything but a little plain sewing, and for that you want a superin-

tendent. There are at least five hundred occupations in this city which women could follow and earn an independent living thereby. You come seeking employment, and finally inform me that with superintendence you can do a little plain sewing, a thing which a young man can learn in three days."

OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN.

THE Woman's Club in Boston undertook to count the women in that city who were living or starving by needlework. I believe they found about eighteen thousand.

In my work, "OUR GIRLS," published some time ago, I brought forward more than a hundred occupations to which women are perfectly adapted, but to which they have not been as yet introduced. I take the liberty to quote a word from that work about watch-cleaning:—

"Let us speak first of watch-cleaning. What are the qualifications of a good watch-cleaner? Nimble, sensitive fingers, neatness, and carefulness.

"Now, put your finger there, and let me show you a watch-cleaner. He works in a window only two squares from my residence. He weighs about two hundred and twenty pounds, and has a fist big enough to

knock down an ox. The whole thing looked so comical to me, I thought one day I would go in and plague him a little. So, after a little chat about watches in general, I said, —

“‘By the way, it has occurred to me that *women* might work at watch-cleaning.’

“‘Women!’ said he; ‘why, they could n’t clean watches. They have n’t the skill, they have n’t the mechanical genius for it, sir. I don’t go in for none of your “woman’s rights,” sir. I think women should attend to their own business.’

“‘And, pray, what do you regard as their business?’

“‘Why, staying at home in their own sphere and attending to their domestic concerns, — taking care of their children and keeping their husbands’ clothes mended.’

“I saw at once that the case was altogether too deep for me, so I simply remarked, ‘Yes, to be sure, of course; and is it not strange that they should not be willing to stay at home and rock their babies, especially the seventy thousand in the State of Massachusetts who can never expect to have husbands?’

“Cleaning watches is a business that should at once pass into the hands of women. The opinion that they have not the requisite mechanical capacity to take a watch to pieces and put it together again is the opinion of a goose. They can do the work quicker and better

than men. It is an employment that naturally belongs to them.

“In the watchmaking establishment at Waltham several hundred bright, intelligent young women find employment and good pay.

“There is a manufactory in England where five hundred women are employed in making the interior chains for chronometers. They are preferred to men on account of their being naturally more dexterous with their fingers, and therefore being found to require less training.

NO TIME.

I HAVE often heard girls say that, if they had time, they would read certain books or study certain sciences that had been recommended to them. Now, when I see such girls day after day absorbed in sticking holes through a piece of cloth, and sewing them up again with linen floss, or spending precious moments in hurtful gossip with companions as idle as themselves, I long to say to them:—

“The hours that you waste in this worse than useless manner could be employed to such advantage as to make you noble, talented, intelligent women, instead of the silly, empty-headed creatures that your present way of passing your time will surely develop.”

SADDLE EXERCISE.

THAT consumptive or dyspeptic who does not improve when spending two or three hours a day in the saddle must be a bad case. This remark is applicable to men only. A woman twisted round, that both legs may come on one side, with her stove-pipe hat and veil and chignon and corset and a long skirt, is quite another affair. She may pretend that she enjoys this excruciating performance ; but if so, it is for the same reason that young ladies enjoy the first sea-voyage, because it is fashionable.

Worshipful Jenkinsons have contributed not a little to the passion for the saddle among ambitious young ladies. One of them delivers himself thus :—

“She sits with an air of dignity, which the occasional inclination forward, and the easy curve of her bridle arm contrasting with the pendent portion of the whip one, prevents from appearing stiff or constrained. And then her hat and feathers, her worked collar, and braided coat studded with small buttons, give an air of out-door adventure made wonderfully interesting by her sparkling eye and the rich carnation of her cheeks, while her falling ringlets shade the deep suffusion of her temples. Let us suppose a fair companion thus mounted and equipped, adding to the charm of her

appearance the additional fascination of a ready smile and a playful remark, and who shall resist her power?"

Many a young lady who had indulged in this carnation and suffusion slush has come to ask me about the wisdom of riding on horseback. For ten years and more I have had one uniform answer for all such applicants:—

"If you wish to ride where people are likely to see you, and must wear the close-fitting waist and corset, high stiff hat, and other fashionable paraphernalia, I earnestly advise you against the saddle."

I have never known this exercise, taken in such a manner, to improve a young lady's health, but I have traced several cases of lateral curvature of the spine to it.

While the saddle is the best exercise in the world for a man, especially one in consumption or severe dyspepsia, I have no hesitation in saying that until women can ride astride, with free, healthful dress, they should let it alone.

WOMEN'S SHOES.

WOMEN are not more hardy than men. They walk on the same damp, cold earth. Their shoes must be as thick and warm. Calf or kip skin is best for the cold seasons. The sole should be half an inch thick; in addition there should be a quarter of an inch of rubber. The rubber sole I have used for years; would not part

with it for a thousand dollars. It keeps out the damp, prevents slipping, and wears five times as long as leather of the same cost. For women's boots it is invaluable. But rubber shoes should be discarded. They retain the perspiration, make the feet tender, and give susceptibility to cold.

Stand on one foot, and mark around the outspread toes. Have your soles exactly the same width. Your corns will leave you. The narrow sole is the cause of most of our corns. A careful study of the anatomy of the foot, and the influence of a narrow sole, will satisfy every inquirer. The heel should be broad and *long*.

Wear thick woollen stockings. Change them every day.

Before retiring, dip the feet in cold water. Rub them hard. Hold the bottoms at the fire till they burn. Bathe them when taking the general bath in the morning. Do they perspire or emit an unpleasant odor? Wash with soap twice a day. In a month the difficulty is removed.

TO A COLD-FOOTED LADY.

MADAM, allow me to prescribe for you. I have had a long experience in the management of delicate women, and believe I can give you some important advice. For the present I prescribe only for your feet.

1st. Procure a quantity of woollen stockings, — not such as you buy at the stores under the name of lambs' wool, that you can read a newspaper through, but the kind that your Aunt Jerusha in the country knits for you, thick as a board, that will keep your feet dry and warm in spite of wind and weather.

2d. If you want to be really thorough, change them every morning, hanging the fresh ones by the fire during the night.

3d. Procure thick calf-skin boots, double uppers and triple soles, and wear them from the first of October till the first of May. Make frequent applications of some good oil blacking.

4th. Avoid rubbers altogether, except a pair of large rubber boots, which may be worn for a little time through snow-drifts or a flood of water.

5th. Hold the bottoms of your feet in cold water half an inch deep, just before going to bed, two or three minutes, and then rub them hard with rough towels and your naked hands.

6th. Now, madam, go out freely in all weathers, and, believe me, not only will your feet enjoy a good circulation, but as a consequence of the good circulation in the lower extremities, your head will be relieved of all its fulness and your heart of its palpitations. Your complexion will be greatly improved and your health made better in every respect.

PATENT SHOES.

A PATENT for a new shoe has been issued. An agent of the invention called to explain it and get a letter of approval. First, an extensive circular was shown. This I found was intended to give the philosophy of the invention. The agent followed with an hour of earnest exhortation. In the first place, there was the fashionable shoe, with its narrow sole, pointed toe, high, contracted heel, etc. These deformed the toes, produced corns, weakened the ankles, and spoiled the legs. To all this I fully assented. Then came the explanation of the new invention. This was very long, and had reference to the osseous structure of the heel, and the arch of the foot and the toes, and the ligaments, longitudinal, oblique, transverse, and otherwise; of the action of *this* part upon *that* part, and *that* part upon *this* part, and the need of support at this point, while that portion was acting thus and so upon this portion. I heard it all with a sincere desire to learn something.

The longer I live, the more I learn to respect the wisdom of the Creator. The human foot is perfect in its service until we begin to support and fix it. All that is wanted is *liberty*. The matter of ornamentation is another question; but as to a "scientific shoe,"

your feet simply need room, and they will take care of themselves. You might as well talk of a scientific pitcher to hold a quart of soft-soap. All that is needed is that the pitcher should be big enough to hold it. The foot asks for room. Having that, it will take care of all the scientific questions without your assistance.

ABOUT CORNS.

WITHIN three blocks of my Boston residence there are eleven corn-doctors. Some of them employ a number of operators, and do an immense business. A large majority of adults, among the better classes, suffer from corns, or other maladies of the feet. Walking, the best of all exercises, would be indefinitely increased if our feet were healthy.

Prompted by sufferings in my own person, and by sympathy with the sore-footed cripples about me, I have studied this subject of the feet with much care and interest.

Let me give you the result of my observation and thought: *The sole is too narrow!* It has long been suspected that a narrow soul was the great trouble in this world. The particular suffering under consideration, I am sure, all, or nearly all, comes from a too narrow sole.

My friend Mrs. C., on reading the chapter in "Our Girls" devoted to "Boots and Shoes," came to say, that although she was a great sufferer from corns, and a general sore and crippled condition of feet, her shoes were, nevertheless, enormous, twice as large as her feet. She wished I would see if it was not so. I examined the shoes and agreed with her that they were too large. As she stepped, her foot rocked over first on this side and then on that. Now it pressed over on the outside, rubbing down over the edge of the sole, and touching the ground, and perhaps, if the ground was at all uneven, on the very next step her boot would rock over on the other side of the sole. Such friction between the little toe and the big toe joints against the upper leather must inevitably produce corns. I think the majority of shoes are too large.

Mrs. C. wished me to accompany her to the shoemaker's and see what I could do for her relief, for really life was becoming a torture. We went to her own shoemaker. Curiously enough, his name is Shoemaker. Mrs. C. hobbled to a seat, and declared, "I won't try to walk again, there!"

Her shoe was removed, and Mr. Shoemaker marked around her foot, while she was standing upon it. We measured the mark and found that it was exactly four inches. That was the width of her foot, when she stepped on it, without a shoe. Then we measured

the sole of the shoe she had been wearing, and found it two and a half inches. Here was the secret of the whole trouble.

A pair of shoes were made for her at once, with soles four inches broad. Now she can walk for hours without a pain in her feet.

There are millions of poor sufferers in the country, who are limping and hobbling through the world, who might be perfectly relieved and cured by the same means.

A WOMAN'S OBJECTION TO THE BEST EXERCISE.

THEN you think that walking fast is undignified, do you? Well, I don't know but there is a certain sacrifice of the highest dignity in quick, nervous walking. I remember to have read in a criticism upon American actors that Hackett, of Falstaff memory, was the only man in America who knew how to walk; that he was the only one who was never in a hurry. Now, don't you be caught by any such stuff. When you go out to walk for exercise, or in pursuit of any business, put on the steam, ninety pounds to the inch if you carry a good boiler. If you carry yourself erect and swing your arms freely, it is, on the whole, the best, the most healthful exercise in the world.

CHANGE OF AIR.

I PRETENDED to be very busy with my writing, but in fact was all ears for an earnest talk among my lady callers, all about change of air.

Mrs. F. exclaimed: "I ought to know by this time. I tell you it's bad to go too high up. Better stay down at the foot of the mountain. Even if you go up but a little way, the air will not agree with you half so well."

Mrs. C. "I am sorry to differ with you, Mrs. F., but I really can't breathe the air down at the foot of the mountain. If you go up as far as that grove where the Captain gathered those beautiful ferns for us, — there the air is perfectly delicious."

Mrs. W. "Well, ladies, I don't see how you can breathe the air on that side of the mountain at all. To me, it's dreadful. But on the east side the air is a perfect tonic. Next season I advise you to try the east side."

Mrs. C. "O Mrs. W., I am astonished to hear you say so! I tried the east side once, and the air nearly killed me. I really believe I should have been in my grave if I had stayed there any longer. But on the west side, up there near the grove, the air is delightful; it really affects one like champagne."

After hearing this question of atmospheric influences discussed in this scientific way for half an hour, our brave little Miss B. entered, and the ladies appealed to her.

"Come, Miss B., you have been everywhere; now where do you say the air is best."

Miss B. "Wherever I have had the most to do, there the air is best; though, to be perfectly frank about it, I have never noticed about the air. I don't think I was ever particularly conscious about breathing or the air until I heard all this talk about 'change of air.' The atmosphere you fashionable ladies breathe at the opera, at your parties, in your furnace-heated houses, and in your air-tight bedrooms, I confess is too much for me; but when I am dressed so that I *can* breathe, and am busy, mind and body, in the open air, or at home with open windows, I find the air all right in Boston, in San Francisco, in the valley, up on the mountain."

I sprang to my feet, clapped my hands, and cried out:—

"Bravo! bravo! bravo! my little woman! I never heard so much sense in so few words, about the hygiene of the atmosphere, in my life. And I will put you into print just as soon as I can, that others may benefit by your wisdom.

SLEIGH-RIDING.

SOME forms of it are jolly. A big sleigh, filled even full with loose straw and sixteen rollicking boys and girls all packed in together, with the brag hostler from the village tavern, all swelled out with pride over his team, — now, that's jolly.

But this getting into a stylish little cramped sleigh, stuck up on a high seat, with fashionable dress and manners, — well, I rather prefer Benjamin Franklin's style of sleigh-riding, which, I believe, was to sit in a passage-hall with the doors open at both ends, feet in a pail of ice-water, with some one to jingle the shovel and tongs. Franklin claimed that this method was cheaper and quite as comfortable.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

HE who would labor for the physical redemption of woman in America must begin with her dress. The prevailing modes constitute an insuperable obstacle to her physical development. Every humane physiologist has argued, expostulated, and implored. If American women should squeeze their feet until those members were in Chinese fashion, or should place a flat

stone on the head until the brains were forced into the back of the neck, we might keep silent; but while they compress that part of the body which contains the organs of vitality,—the heart, lungs, liver, and stomach,—we must continue to resist their madness. In this part of the body is the fountain of life. The slightest pressure immediately reduces the size and activity of that fountain. He who has thoughtfully studied the inevitable results of the prevailing style of dress at the waist will affect no surprise at those cold feet, that constipation, weak spine, short breath, palpitation of the heart, and congestive headache, which are the average characteristics of the health of American women. Given a live woman, a corset, the average tight dress, and the physiologist will deduce the morbid conditions I have named.

Near my residence are three shops,—a rum-shop, a candy-shop, and a corset-shop. I do not know which is the greatest evil.

My practical suggestion is that, without corsets, the dress-waist should be full and loose, the skirt-bands buttoned about the waist much larger than the body, supported on the shoulders by suspenders, such as gentlemen wear, and attached to the bands at the same points. My own wife adopted many years ago the style I advise, and is greatly delighted with the results. The dress is much more artistic and beauti-

ful than the plain waist with the hard iron-like ligature at the band.

After twenty years' study of the subject of health and the causes of disease, if I were permitted to select from our one hundred and one physiological blunders that one which I should most desire to see corrected, I should unhesitatingly name this particular feature of woman's dress.

THE LENGTH OF THE SKIRT.

THE most earnest efforts looking toward dress reform have had reference to the length of the skirt. May I be permitted a word on this point? I think one of woman's first duties is to make herself as beautiful as possible. A long skirt—a train even—is in fine taste. Among the dress features of the stage, none is so beautiful as the long train. The artist is ever delighted to introduce it in his pictures of woman. I confess I admire it, and that I wish it could be again made common on all dress occasions. For the drawing-room it is superb. If it is said that expense and inconvenience are involved, I ask, Are they not in paintings, statuary, etc.? When we meet on dress occasions, I cannot see why we may not introduce this exquisite feature.

For church and our usual afternoon sittings, skirts

which nearly touch the floor seem to me in good taste, and every way proper ; but for the street, when wet, snowy, or muddy, for the active duties of housekeeping, which involve much running up stairs, for the gymnasium, for mountain trips, etc., etc., I need not argue with those whose brains are not befogged by fashion, that the skirts should fall to about the knee. If Miss Fastidious suggests that the adoption of such a costume would expose the limbs, you have but to point to what may be seen in wet weather on the streets. The attempt to lift long skirts out of the mud displays the lower extremities much more than the shortest skirts. Nothing is more pitiable than this street exhibition, except, perhaps, a woman's attempt to go up stairs with a candle in one hand, a baby in the other, and a bowl of catnip-tea in the other.

ADVICE TO WOMEN.

ONE of the gravest mistakes in your dress is the very thin covering of your arms and legs. No physiologist can doubt that the extremities require as much covering as the body. A fruitful source of disease—of congestion in the head, chest, and abdomen—is found in the nakedness of the arms and legs, which prevents a fair distribution of the blood.

A young lady has just asked me what she can do for her very thin arms. She says she is ashamed of them. I felt of them through the thin lace covering, and found them freezing cold. I asked her what she supposed would make muscles grow. "Exercise," she replied. Certainly; but exercise makes them grow only by giving them more blood. Six months of vigorous exercise would do less to give those naked, cold arms circulation, than would a single month, were they warmly clad.

The value of exercise depends upon the temperature of the muscles. A cold gymnasium is unprofitable. Its temperature should be between sixty and seventy, or the limbs should be warmly clothed. I know that our servant-girls and blacksmiths, by constant and vigorous exercise, acquire large, fine arms, in spite of their nakedness; and if young ladies will labor as hard from morning till night as do these useful classes, they may have as fine arms, but even then it is doubtful if they would get rid of their congestions in the head, lungs, and stomach, without more dress upon the arms and legs.

Perfect health depends upon perfect circulation. Every living thing that has the latter has the former. Put your hand under your dress, upon your body; now put your hand upon your arm. If you find the body is warmer than the arm, you have lost the equi-

librium of circulation. The head has too much blood, producing headache or sense of fulness ; or the chest has too much blood, producing cough, rapid breathing, pain in the side, or palpitation of the heart ; or the stomach has too much blood, producing indigestion ; or the liver has too much blood, producing some disturbance ; or the bowels have too much blood, producing constipation or diarrhoea. Any or all of these difficulties are temporarily relieved by immersion of the feet or hands in hot water, and they are permanently relieved by such dress and exercise of the extremities as will make the derivation permanent.

Again I say, the extremities require as much clothing as the body. Women should dress their arms and legs with one or two thicknesses of knit woollen garments which fit them. The absurdity of loose flowing sleeves and wide-spread skirts I will not discuss.

Do you ask why the arms and legs may not become accustomed to exposure, like the face ? I answer, God has provided the face with an immense circulation, because it must be exposed.

The underskirts should be no heavier in January than in July, for it is bad to carry a load suspended either at your waist or from the shoulders, and certainly very absurd to think of keeping your legs and hips warm by skirts which hang a foot more or less from them.

Put on as much lace and ornament as you please,—be a very leader of the fashions if you have a fancy for so mean a work,—and if you desire it should not be known, no one can discover that underneath these flounces and frills you have a dress which is keeping every part warm, and fulfilling the highest hygienic laws.

TAKE IT OFF.

You think the corset may be worn so loose that it will do no harm. If worn so loose as not to interfere with respiration when you lean forward in needlework, then it will make the form look badly. A corset to look well must be worn snug and trim. And then you think the corset is important as a skirt-supporter. It certainly may be of service in this way, but it is not half as good a skirt-supporter as a pair of common gentleman's suspenders. No, girls, the corset is bad, and only bad. It is not only a great enemy to health, but it is the great destroyer of female grace and beauty. A rigid stiffness in the centre of the body makes all the movements of the entire body stiff and ungraceful. As to the matter of beauty, it's a question between the Creator and the dress-maker. I take sides with the Creator; some folks take the other side.

CLOTHING FOR COLD WEATHER.

THE usual dress is sufficient in quantity, and often good in quality, but it is very badly distributed. There is too much about the trunk, and too little about the lower extremities. If one quarter of the heavy woollen overcoat or shawl were taken from the trunk, and wrapped about the legs, it would prove a great gain. When we men ride in the cars, or in a sleigh, where do we suffer? About the legs and feet! When women suffer from the cold, where is it? It is about the legs and feet!

The legs and feet are down near the floor, where the cold currents of air move. The air is so cold near the floor that all prudent mothers say, "Don't lie there, Peter; get up, Jerusha Ann; play on the sofa; you will take your death cold lying there on the floor." And they are quite right. If the room be well ventilated, the air down near the floor is very much colder than it is up about our heads. And it is in that cold stratum of air that our feet and legs are constantly. A few Yankees put them on the mantel-shelf, but the majority keep their feet on the floor.

Besides this, the feet and legs, on account of their being so far away, and on account of their size, with the air all about them, are disposed to be too cold, even without being in a colder atmosphere.

Under all these circumstances, men wear one thickness of wool and cotton, and one thickness of black broadcloth about their legs, and three or four times as much about their chests; and now they often add an immense pad called a "Chest Protector." And women indulge in a still greater contrast.

Without discussing this blunder further, I will give you a little practical advice, which my observations and experience during more than thirty years fully indorse.

During the damp and cold season the legs should be encased in *very thick* knit woollen drawers, the feet in thick woollen stockings (which must be changed every day), and the shoe-soles must be as broad as the feet when fully spread, so that the blood shall have free passage. If the feet are squeezed in the least, the circulation is checked, and coldness is inevitable. This free circulation cannot be secured by a loose upper with a narrow sole. If when the foot stands naked on a sheet of paper it measures three and a half inches, the sole must measure three and a half.

I will suppose you have done all this faithfully, and yet your feet and legs are cold. Now add more woollen, or, if you are to travel much in the cars or in a sleigh, procure a pair of chamois-skin or wash-leather drawers, which I have found to be most satisfactory.

I have known a number of ladies afflicted with hot

and aching head, and other evidence of congestion about the upper parts, who were completely relieved by a pair of chamois-skin drawers and broad-soled shoes. Three ladies in every four suffer from some congestion in the upper part of the body. It is felt in a fulness of the head, in sore throat, in palpitation of the heart, torpid liver, and in many other ways. It is well known that a hot foot-bath will relieve for the time being any and all of these difficulties. This bath draws the blood into the legs and feet, relieving the congestion above. What the hot foot-bath does for an hour, the broad-soled shoes with thick woollen stockings, and a pair of flannel drawers, with a pair of wash-leather drawers added, will do permanently; of course I am speaking of cold weather. No one hesitates to multiply the clothing about the trunk. Why hesitate to increase the clothing about the legs? As a preventive of many common affections about the chest, throat, and head, including nasal catarrh, I know nothing so effective as the dress of the lower extremities which I am advocating.

The bath is a good thing, exercise is a good thing, friction is a good thing; but, after all, our main dependence in this climate must ever be, during the cold season, *warm clothing*. Already we overdo this about our trunks, but not one person in ten wears clothing enough about the legs and feet.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

REMEMBER the judicious advice given by that arch adept in "The Art of Shopping," Lady Betty Buybargain, to her niece, Miss K. Cutadash. The fair Kitty was ever and anon irritably anxious to be whirled to the door of every *Magasin des Modes* that her caprice called her to in her aunt's showy carriage, saying, "I assure you that if you go in your carriage, my dear aunt, the people are infinitely politer than they are to their walking customers." "Ay, ay," replied the discreet dowager, "what you say may be true enough, dear; and their politeness may be pleasant enough, love, if — as my poor, dear Sir Benjamin Buybargain always used to say — *if* they did n't book it, Kitty! But they charge for it, my child, — they charge for it, dear! As Sir Benjamin used to say, they put those bows down in their bills!"

IS YOUR DAUGHTER A FASHIONABLE
BUTTERFLY?

I PITY you. But you must not despair. Pray for her and pray with her. Ask the clergyman to call upon her and pray with her. Reason with her, expostulate, plead, implore. Impress upon her the dignity and decency of human nature. Explain God's purpose in

her creation. Hold a butterfly up before her, and elaborate the distinction between her and it.

If all these should fail, there comes a moment when it shall be decided whether you are fit to have the direction of your child, — whether it would not be better were you dead and out of the way, that she might fall into other and wiser hands. You must exercise your authority. You must strip her of these gewgaws and drive her into the kitchen.

In your relations to her you are charged with solemn responsibilities ; and if you flinch in the persistent employment of any and all reasonable means to rid her of her miserable hallucination, you are false to your child, to society, and to God.

MOURNING.

ONE need not speak of the mourning of the heart ; that will take care of itself. I speak of the external signs. There is a strange difference among the nations. Among several of the most advanced people, black dress has been chosen. The great expense, the depressing influence upon the spirits, and the bad effect of this color upon the bodily conditions, have been observed and urged against this method of display.

Black is the worst color for winter and for summer,

for dry weather and for a damp atmosphere. Altogether, the custom of announcing grief through black clothes seems to be the worst method ever devised.

It is gratifying to hear from intelligent people, as one may not unfrequently, that under no circumstances would they display a mourning dress. I will not say that it is a flat contradiction of the Christian faith, I will not say that it savors of ostentation, I will not say that there is frequently a painful incongruity between the mourning dress and the conduct of the wearer; but I will say that a black mourning dress is unphysiological, that it casts a shadow over the spirits of the wearer, and constantly reminds her of the dead friend, and in other ways tends toward depressing the general health and tone. I can't conceive of a grief which I should try to express with crape. By instinct, I should avoid all such announcements. And then, when the prescribed year has passed, the tapering off in the shades of black, and the final bursting out in brilliant colors again, is so absurd, that it seems quite unnecessary to expose one's self to the necessity of advertising this graduated dying out of one's sorrow.

LIGHT AND HEALTH. — As an instance of the value of sunlight, Dupuytren, the celebrated physician, mentions the case of a French lady whose disease baffled

the skill of the most eminent men. This lady resided in a dark room in one of the narrow streets of Paris. After a careful examination he was led to refer her complaint to the absence of light, and caused her to be removed to a more cheerful situation. The change was attended with most beneficial results, — all her complaints vanished. It is remarkable that Lavoisier, writing in the last century, should have placed light as an agent of health, even before pure air. In fact, where you can obtain abundance of light, it is also generally possible to obtain pure air. In England a similar thing occurs; invalids are almost always shut up in close rooms, curtains drawn, and light excluded.

TO GIRLS ABOUT TO MARRY.

OUR dear friend, Professor R., married a beautiful and cultivated lady, full of all womanly sweetness. In consulting me a few months after the wedding about her health, she exclaimed: "I cannot have it so! I must in some way recover my health. Why did I not attend to it before? No woman with weaknesses has a right to become a wife! What can be done? I would do anything to secure a sweet, healthy condition of my body. Do tell me what to do!"

Thousands of women weep bitter tears when, after

the ceremony, they find themselves unfit for the marriage relation. Thousands and thousands of men are turned back in their love by finding that, instead of the sweet, perfect being they had fancied, there is deficiency and disease. The new husband finds that the beautifully moulded form he had so long admired is only a trick of the dress-maker, and the body which had seemed so sweet and pure is the victim of displacements and disease. Thousands and thousands of husbands turn away in bitter disappointment. This is the source of numberless heart-breakings among married people.

There are certain qualities indispensable to a good wife. Health is fundamental. Without this, all accomplishments are a vain show. Nothing whatever can compensate for the lack of good digestion and a quiet nerve. If the queen of his castle sits in the darkness of dyspepsia, or writhes in the agonies of *tic-douloureux*, the recollection that she shone as the bright particular star at Madame Pompadour's finishing seminary, or that at Saratoga last season she astonished even the professionals with her execution of Bach's compositions, will not penetrate the gloom of his home with a single ray of light. His house may be filled with servants, but only one being is near and dear to him, and that one petulantly whines, "O, don't light the gas, I can't bear the light; and please don't walk

so heavy. O Charles, please don't speak so loud! O dear me, my head is dreadful! O dear me, dear me!"

I repeat, health is fundamental. It may not be necessary in the next world, but in this world it is absolutely essential. Without it, high birth, education, accomplishments, and wealth are all nothing, — all a mere mockery. Health is by no means all that enters into the make-up of a wifely success, but without it the rarest qualities of head and heart will at best help her to achieve a beautiful failure.

ONE CAUSE OF ILL HEALTH.

I ASKED a druggist what particular article or line of goods he sold most of. He replied, without hesitation, "Compounds for improving the complexion."

The number of these preparations is surprising; they must be generally employed. I have noticed that while nine girls out of ten have a singularly smooth, perfect skin upon the face, the doctor is constantly consulted with reference to roughness and eruptions on other parts of their persons. Girls are not generally as healthy as boys, but the skin of their faces seems much smoother and finer than that of boys. This difference, it is fair to presume, comes of the bottles and boxes found at the apothecaries. I have read, and you have all read,

of the analyses which careful chemists have made of a great number of these preparations, and in this way we have learned that they are poisonous. Arsenic is a very common ingredient. Not one of them, the analysis of which I have examined, is fit to rub on the human skin. We all rejoice that the hair preparations, so generally employed to color the hair a few years since, have gone out of fashion. They poisoned us, doing a great deal of harm to the brain and nervous system. These preparations were generally less poisonous than the complexion fluids are, but were taken into the system in the same way, by absorption through the skin. The impression is gaining ground among medical men, that a certain class of nervous affections, too common among our girls, originate in the fluids and powders which they employ to improve their complexions.

What a gain it would be every way if they would keep their faces clear and bright by frequent bathing, exercise, sunshine, and pure air! As things now go, they are not what they seem; but if they would depend upon the natural methods, they would not only secure a bright, beautiful face, but they would be bright and happy from top to toe, all the way through, and not simply on a small portion of the surface.

HOW TO GET WELL.

A LADY has just left my rooms whose case illustrates an important idea. Ten years ago she was an invalid. Her malady was obstinate, and at the end of a year's treatment a consultation resulted in the opinion that her case was cerebro-spinal irritation, from which she would probably never recover. Six years ago her husband died. His estate proved insolvent. The wife engaged in an active occupation to support her three children. In a year she was well, and has remained so ever since.

There are two million dyspeptics in America. Nine in ten of them could be cured by work.

A wealthy clergyman from a neighboring State assured me that he had spent eight years and thirty thousand dollars in seeking a cure for his dyspepsia. He had travelled everywhere and consulted all sorts of doctors. I am afraid he will never forgive me for telling him that six months' hard work would make a well man of him.

DIOGENES FOUND OUT THE SECRET.

I do not advise you to sit in a tub out in the sunlight. But there is no doubt that wise old cynic,

Diogenes, had found out a very important secret when he showed his appreciation of the light in so marked a manner, and growled out to the great Alexander that he could do nothing for him but "stand out of his sunshine."

Seclusion from sunshine is one of the misfortunes of our civilized life. The same cause which makes potato-vines white and sickly when grown in dark cellars operates to produce the pale sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health, and strength.

When in London, some years ago, I visited an establishment which had acquired a wide reputation for the cure of those maladies in which prostration and nervous derangements were prominent features, I found in the use made of sunshine the secret of success. The slate roof had been removed and a glass one substituted. The upper story had been divided into sixteen small rooms, each one provided with a lounge, washing apparatus, etc. The patient, on entering each his little apartment, removed all his clothing, and exposed himself to the direct rays of the sun. Lying on the lounge, and turning over from time to time, each and every part of the body was thus exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun. Several London physicians candidly confessed to me that many cases which

seemed waiting only for the shroud, were galvanized into life and health by this baptism in the blessed sunshine.

Many years ago a clergyman who had for years been a victim of dyspepsia, and who had prayed for death as the only door of escape, came at length, through the advice of a mutual friend, to consult with me. I advised the disuse of all medicines, the generous use of cracked wheat and good beef, and *much exposure to sunshine*. To secure the last-mentioned influence, I directed him to build a close fence, covering a space twenty feet square, in his garden, and plant the earth within with something to occupy his mind. Then when the weather was warm, shutting himself in, he was to busy himself, *quite nude*, with the cultivation of his vegetables from ten to sixty minutes a day, always indulging in a thorough bath and vigorous friction before leaving. *He was radically cured!*

I was practising my profession in Buffalo, New York, during '49 and '51, those memorable cholera seasons. I saw at least five cases of cholera on the shady side of the street and houses to one on the sunny side. One eminent physician in New Orleans reports from his own practice eight cases of *yellow fever* on the shady side of the street to one on the sunny side.

Who has not read Florence Nightingale's observa-

tions in the Crimea as between the shady and sunny side of the hospitals? In St. Petersburg the shady side of the hospitals was so notoriously unfavorable to the sick soldier, that the Czar decreed it into disuse.

The shade trees about our dwellings have done much to make our wives and daughters pale, feeble, and neuralgic. Trees ought never to stand near enough to our dwellings to cast a shade upon them. If the blinds were removed, and nothing but a curtain within, with which to lessen on the hottest days the intensity of the heat, it would add greatly to the tone of our nerves and to our general vigor. The piazzas which project over the lower story always make that less healthy than the upper story, especially for sleeping purposes. I am sure I have cured a great many cases of rheumatism by advising patients to leave bedrooms shaded by trees or piazzas, and sleep in a room and bed which were constantly dried and purified by the direct rays of the sun.

AN EXPERIMENT.

At the rear end of our parlor it was not very dark. Indeed, we could see to read small newspaper print at the least lighted point. At that point we put a bracket against the wall, and transferred to it a plant from the

window. In four days it looked sick ; in two weeks it was yellow ; in five weeks it was apparently dead. Another plant was placed on the centre-table, which was about half-way from the front windows to the position of the first plant. At the end of five weeks that had lost its green, and was evidently failing. The girls in our parlor, who were out not more than an hour a day on an average, except they went to places of amusement in the evening, were as pale, yellow, and sickly as the plants, and we think for the same reason, — a lack of full, strong light.

TO A NERVOUS LADY.

It is the opinion of many medical men that sleeping with the head toward the north alleviates nervousness and favors sound sleep. I do not certainly know that it is so, but I have known several cases in which there appeared strong confirmation of the theory ; and, indeed, I have experienced a considerable addition to my ability to enjoy an entire night of undisturbed sleep by changing the head of my bed from the east to the north. I need not give the philosophy, or what is supposed to be the philosophy, of this theory, as I suppose it is generally known ; but if it were at all convenient, I should always have the head of my bed toward the north.

ABOUT SLEEP.

A VERY thin young lady, of about thirty years, with a promising beau, came to consult me about her "skin and bones." I had frequently met her when she seemed even more emaciated, but now she "would give the world to be plump." Sitting down in front of me, she began with, "Don't you think, doctor, that I look very old for twenty?"

I admitted that she looked *rather* old for twenty.

"Can anything be done for me? What can I take for it? I should be willing to take a hundred bottles of the worst stuff in the world, if I could only get some fat on these bones. A friend of mine [her beau] was saying yesterday that he would give a fortune to see me round and plump."

"Would you be willing to go to the Cliff Springs in Arkansas?"

"I would start to-morrow."

"But the waters are very bad to drink," I said.

"I don't care how bad they are; I *know* I can drink them."

"I asked you whether you were willing to go to the Arkansas Springs to test the strength of your purpose. It is not necessary to leave your home. Nine thin people in ten can become reasonably plump without such a sacrifice."

"Why, doctor, I am delighted to hear it ; but I suppose it is a lot of some awful bitter stuff."

"Yes, it is a pretty bitter dose, and has to be taken every night."

"I don't care ; I would take it if it was ten times as bad. What is it ? What is the name of it ?"

"The technical name of the stuff is 'Bedibus Nine-o'clockibus.'"

"Why, doctor, what an awful name ! I am sure I shall never be able to speak it. Is there no common English word for it ?"

"O yes. The English of it is, 'You must be in bed every night at nine o'clock.' We doctors generally use Latin. 'Bedibus Nineo'clockibus' is the Latin for 'You must be in bed every night by nine o'clock.'"

"O, that is dreadful ! I thought it was something I could *take*."

"It is. You must *take* your bed every night before the clock strikes nine."

"No ; but what I thought was that you would give me something in a bottle to take."

"Of course, I know very well what you thought. That's the way with all of you."

One person eats enormously of rich food till his stomach and liver refuse to budge ; then he cries out, "O doctor, what can I *take* ? I must *take* something."

Another fills his system with tobacco until his nerves are ruined, and then, trembling and full of horrors, he exclaims, "O doctor, what shall I *take*?" I write a prescription for him, — *Quitibus Chawibus et Smokibus*.

I will suppose my patient is not a classical scholar, as I am sure my reader is, and so I translate it for him into English. He cries out at once, "O doctor, I thought you would give me something to *take*!"

Another sits up till thirteen or fourteen o'clock, leads a life of theatres and other dissipations, becomes pale, dyspeptic, and wretched, and then flies to the doctor, and cries, "O doctor, what shall I *take*? What *shall* I *take*?"

"Now, madam, you are distressed because your lover has been looking at your 'skin and bones.'"

"But, doctor, you are entirely —"

"O, well, we'll say nothing about him, then. But tell me, what time do you go to bed?"

"Generally about twelve o'clock."

"Yes, I thought so. Now, if you will go to bed every night for six months at nine o'clock, without making any other change in your habits, you will gain ten pounds in weight and look five years younger. Your skin will become fresh, and your spirits improve wonderfully."

"I'll *do* it. Though, of course, when I have company, and during the opera, I can't do it."

It is *regularity* that does the business. To sit up till twelve o'clock three nights of the week, and then get to bed at nine o'clock four nights, one might think would do very well, and that at any rate it would be "so far, so good." I don't think this every other night early and every other night late is much better than every night late. It is *regularity* that is vital in the case. Even sitting up one night a week deranges the nervous system for the whole week. I have sometimes thought that these people who sit up till eleven or twelve o'clock every night get on quite as well as those who turn in early six nights, and then sit up once a week till midnight. Regularity in sleep is every whit as important as regularity in food.

At length my patient exclaimed, "Doctor, I will go to bed every night for six months before nine o'clock, if it kills me, or rather if it breaks the hearts of all my friends."

She did it. Twenty-one pounds was the gain in five months. Her spirits were happily enlivened, and she spent half her time in telling her friends of her delight with the new habits. She had no further cause to complain of skin and bones, and she had the special gratification of appearing more attractive in the eyes of her lover. He, like a sensible man, when he saw the good effects of the nine-o'clock-to-bed arrangement, heartily approved of it, and became a convert himself.

SHALL I GO TO THE SPRINGS ?

THIS question comes to me from many friends who are in the habit of looking to me for guidance in matters of health. I have received from an old patient the card of a famous spring, with an analysis of its waters. My friend thinks the analysis is a settler. The water contains "sulphuretted hydrogen gas, chloride of soda, potassia, and magnesia; also alumina, lime, and iron." She asks if I don't think these things are adapted to her case. I don't know, and I presume to say that no one else knows, unless it is the Yankee who owns the spring. He, probably, has very distinct views on the subject. One would have to look very far for such bosh, such humbuggery, as is proclaimed about the ingredients of the various spring-waters, and their adaptation to various human maladies.

I have no patience with this stuff. The extravagant, pompous praise of the patent-medicine quacks we bear with patience, because we know they are quacks, and we expect that, like a circus poster, they will use strong colors; but when you see intelligent people circulating with enthusiasm the fact that a certain spring-water in Saratoga actually contains soda, magnesia, lime, lithia, and potassa, with an earnest statement that these must be good for your complaint, it is really too much for one's patience.

Such places as Saratoga and Long Branch, with their fashionable strain, cannot contribute to anybody's health. The people who flock to these places are mostly from the cities, worn out with operas, theatres, and other fashionable killing, and are dying for the quiet of a farm up in New Hampshire. They go, instead, to Saratoga, have the same food which they use at home in the city, — often worse, — and instead of rest, dress more extravagantly, and change their dress more frequently than at home. They sit up quite as late, and violate the laws of health generally even more than at home. Fortunately for them, these people have very little occasion to use their brains, so that their exhaustion is mostly physical.

MY neighbor, who lives in a palace, — a great airy, bright, beautiful house on Beacon Hill, in Boston (I think his bedroom is twenty by thirty feet, and not less than fourteen feet high), — has just returned from the country with his family. He has been out of town about three months. They have all been out for pleasure and health. I dropped in to see them last evening. After the hand-shaking, I asked, —

“Well, how have you enjoyed it?”

“O, splendid, splendid, perfectly splendid!” exclaimed Miss Jennie.

"Yes," growled the father, "perfectly magnificent. Bedrooms about the size of a dry-goods box, no ventilation, saleratus biscuit, no baths, — nothing but mosquitoes! mosquitoes! O, yes, it is perfectly glorious!"

A HINT TO WIVES.

IN a street-car I overheard a conversation between a husband and wife, which I wish to repeat:—

"John, I wish to speak to you about something which I am afraid you won't like. Won't you be so kind as to let me have six dollars and a half? I don't like to ask it, and I have put it off and put it off till I don't see how I can put it off any longer."

"Six dollars and a half! Now, look here, Mary, do you think I am made of money? Six dollars and a half! Why, it's only the other day that I gave you five dollars. What nonsense are you after this time? Do you suppose I pick up money in the street? Well, I don't. I work for every dollar and every penny!"

"No, John, dear, I know you have to work for money, and I have hardly slept for a week thinking about asking you, but I don't see how I can get along another day without a bonnet. Since mine was wet that day, I have seen all the time that I must have a new one. And then, you must n't be offended with

me, but it was four months ago that you gave me the five dollars, and you know what I spent that for, and I am sure you approved of it."

"O, of course it is all right and very necessary, and you could n't possibly live a minute without it. That's always the way with you women. And then what in the world do you want to give six dollars and a half for one of those little contemptible bonnets for? They are not worth six cents and a half."

"I am very sorry I can't get one cheaper, but this is the very cheapest one I could find. Why, John, that hat which I wore just before we were married cost twenty-five dollars!"

"I shall give you the money of course; if it was six millions, you must have it, or you would go into a fit and die. The times are tight, I can tell you, and you will have to get along as cheaply as you can."

I would have given something for the privilege of conversing with that young wife. I should have said: "Dear madam, you are in great danger of losing your husband's esteem and affection. No man can long respect a woman, be she his wife or otherwise, who begs and crawls at his feet. Nothing can compensate you for the loss of his respect and love. Any woman who is willing to beg for money to buy a bonnet must be mean-spirited indeed. If she is starving to death, perhaps begging might be excusable, but to

beg for an article of ornamental dress is despicable. But if you have made up your mind to beg for a bonnet, don't imperil the respect and love of your husband in addition to the humiliation of the begging. If you must beg, beg of some one whose respect is not so vital to your happiness. Can't you earn money in some way? Better go to some good neighbor and do any kind of work that you are able to do, — better scrub, — better resort to anything, except theft, rather than crawl at the feet of the one man whose esteem is dearer to you than any other earthly possession. And if a wife is not able to work, or has children, and therefore no time for other tasks, then she should say to her husband, 'I will never beg. If you see the wisdom of setting aside a certain amount for my wardrobe, very well; if not, then you must observe for yourself, and thus find out what is necessary in my personal expenses.' The respect and tenderness which this course would secure would be worth to you a thousand-fold more than the most elaborate dress in the world."

IS YOUR WIFE NERVOUS AND FRETFUL? — This is certainly very wrong of her. No doubt she will plead her thousand and one cares and vexations, but all that certainly gives her no right to disturb her lord's peace and comfort. Let me whisper in your ear. I think I

can suggest a scheme that will make her ashamed of this irritability. Try upon her the tenderness of the honeymoon. Don't think to make her happy with a brocade or a new carriage; but when you come home, bring with you her favorite flower,—show her in a hundred ways that she is in all your thoughts. This is the medicine that will cure her. Try *love* in large and repeated doses. It is the specific for many of the worst complaints among our wives.

SOMETHING NEW.

I HAVE met a wonder. It is a dress-maker who won't blab. Dress-makers go into families in such a way that they are sure to hear a great many things which ought not to be repeated, but many of them are most industrious pickers-up of information, which they circulate. I have met one who won't do it. She either says pleasant things or keeps her lips sealed. What a comfort it would be to all who employ dress-makers in their houses if these very useful people would only give notice, so that we could select judiciously! This plan has occurred to me as simple and convenient: Let the gossipers wear hung about their necks a placard, bearing the words "I BLAB," and the quiet, honorable soul wear one with the words, "I DON'T BLAB."

CHATS WITH GRUMBLERS.

I.

MANY years ago, in company with my wife, I made a summer drive through the Canadas. In giving that attention to my horses which is the habit of prudent travellers, I visited the stable morning and evening. I think it was the first night after we crossed over at Niagara that I said to the hostler, "Suppose some one were to leave you a hundred thousand dollars, what would you do?"

"Well, boss, there is one thing I can tell you; you would never ketch me workin' any more."

Holding, as I always had, that work is the warp and woof of human life and happiness, the hostler's remark struck me as curious; and recalling it on the following evening, I asked the next hostler what he would do if he had a hundred thousand.

"I'd travel all over creation; but as for work, I'd never do another chore as long as I lived."

We talked it over while riding the next day, and concluded we should ask every hostler during the trip and make a record of the answers.

The same question was put to thirty-four hostlers, and all gave essentially the same answer, though a few said, "Of course I should want something to do when I felt like it, but then I would n't work regular."

I was a member of a school-board some years afterward, and asked one of the lady teachers what she would do if she had a hundred thousand dollars, and her reply was, "I would go to Europe and live in Paris."

"What would you do that for?" I asked.

"Why, I should go for the same reason that other folks go,—to see the sights."

I asked the same question of fourteen female teachers and six male teachers, and they all gave about the same answer, though a few of them suggested a division with the poor. One young lady said she would give thirty thousand apiece to her three brothers, and then go abroad with the remaining ten thousand. Without exception, they spoke of travel, and most of them of life in Europe. Not one of them spoke in favor of work, but most of them spoke of escape from work.

As regular work is the great staple of happiness, as work is the regular bread and meat of body and mind, while recreation is but the sweetmeats, all this condemnation seems a strange hallucination. And as work is absolutely necessary, it is the greatest misfortune that there should exist a prejudice against it. A little philosophy, a broader intelligence, is sure to cure it. A little experience at *nothing to do* has generally cured even ignorant people of such folly. Let a man "loaf"

for a month, and, if he is well, he is glad enough to go back to his work. And there are a good many of us who can look deep enough to see that work is the best of good things, and to love it for its own sake and for the good it does us. Work, like food, is a necessity of our life. A disgust for either indicates disease, or some unnatural condition. When we find disgust of food, we learn generally that it comes of excess. In the case of disgust for work, we think it generally comes from the same source.

It is often said that man is naturally lazy. Let every one speak for himself. I know the statement is not true of myself. I love work. I like a day's recreation occasionally, but the hours begin to hang heavy in the latter part of the day.

Once upon a time my mother was detained in a neighboring town by a deep snow. We boys were familiar with the function of eating, but we knew little or nothing of cooking. When the dark, wild night closed in, we resolved ourselves into a committee of ways and means, and, first of all, proceeded to take an account of stock. The bread and meat stock was exhausted; we found three pints of milk, which we proceeded at once to drink. A further search developed the fact that there was nothing eatable in the house except three pies, one stone jar of cookies, and two pots of preserves. We knew how much our mother loved

us, and how very sorry she would be to have us get hungry, so like good boys we proceeded at once to fill our little stomachs with these articles of nourishment. We then crept into our little beds, dreamed of our grandmothers, I presume, — though I have no distinct recollection of the character of my dreams, — and when we awoke in the morning, there came upon us again a deep sense of our mother's love and anxiety, and we hastened to fill ourselves even full with cookies and preserves. About ten o'clock in the forenoon we got to thinking about our mother again, and how she must feel when she thought of her darling boys all deprived of adequate nourishment, and we tackled the preserves, which at that time was all there was left. In the afternoon we called a council, and determined upon some griddle-cakes. We knew that griddle-cakes were made of flour, milk, and saleratus. We had no milk, but there was a little flour and plenty of saleratus. It was uncertain how long the isolation might continue, and we thought it prudent to be saving of the flour, but as to saleratus, we felt at liberty to use it freely. Being the oldest of the company, I rather took upon myself the function of compounding the griddle-cakes, and, with a view to economy in flour, I put in three cups of flour and two of saleratus. You ought to have seen those two brothers spit griddle-cake. Their comments wounded me. And even our mother, who knew all

about griddle-cakes, tried some of the mixture the next day, and thought them a failure.

Upon first trying the griddle-cakes, we voted to return to the preserves, and accordingly we then and there finished them. Then there was nothing in the house for supper but griddle-cakes, and none of us seemed fond of griddle-cakes. We went to bed without supper, and were very sad with the thought that our mother would weep if she knew that her darlings had gone to bed with empty stomachs. Before noon next day she returned, found her three boys and her three jars empty, tried our griddle-cakes, expressed an unfavorable opinion, and at once prepared some food which stayed the process of starvation.

Now, we fed our stomachs just as most people think they would like to feed their minds. They would like to feed their minds on sweetmeats; they think they would like to be amused and amused and amused, — that they would like to travel and travel, and see the sights and see the sights.

For a week we boys were sick with deranged stomachs. Feed the mind on cookies and preserves even for a short time, weariness and nausea are sure to come on. What we must have is the regular, solid bread and meat of work. To be left to inclination, to work "when we feel like it," is demoralizing. We must have the balance-wheel of stated duty; then, although

we occasionally chafe at the recurring necessity, we maintain that steady, regular flow of the currents of life which constitute a normal, true, and happy existence.

II.

Happiness is the great good. Every one of us is seeking it. We begin on waking in the morning, and keep up the chase till we lie down to rest at night. Ah, how few of us find it! That's the sad thing about this life.

Let us go on next Sabbath morning to a neighboring church. It is the most fashionable in town, and is patronized by our rich people. The audience number a thousand. We will stand where we can watch them all as they enter. How many of these faces are happy? The face tells the story. A happy soul always shines out through the face. And now, looking into all these, how many do you think are satisfied, contented, and happy? A hundred? No? Say ten? No? And yet these are what are called the "favored few." They are rich; they have beautiful homes, social recognition; they are surrounded by works of art; servants attend upon them; they have, in brief, every one of what are called "the good things of this world." Wealth, distinction, art, triumph, all fail, and yet the glorious heavens spread over us, and flowers

bestrew our path. Has the Creator blundered? Is our life a mistake? If what we have seen in these faces is the best outcome of life, then we are the victims of a cheat, and we play the hypocrite when we kneel in this church and thank God for life and its blessings.

Leaving out of this discussion the hope of a better life, I may say that happiness comes of *health* and *philosophy*. Health stands first. Health is fundamental. Good digestion will do more than all the wealth and honors in the world. By philosophy I mean a consciousness that the secret of a happy life is to be found in the quiet, regular performance of the duties which lie nearest to us. Not in wealth and honors, but in numberless and nameless contributions to the welfare of those about us do we find happiness. God has so constituted us that a personal attention to the wants of our next-door neighbor gives us greater pleasure than sending bags of gold to the distant heathen. The good Father has so contrived us that justice and devotion to one's family and neighbors give more satisfaction and happiness than the most persistent attempt to serve the five hundred millions of the people of Asia. It is an appreciation of this law and a practical recognition of its truth which constitute the philosophy of life.

A good clergyman of my acquaintance says that nothing disgusts him more than to see a hifalutin'

philanthropist neglecting everything about him, and standing on Pisgah's heights, load his squirt-gun and proceed to fire his love over all the rest of creation.

WHAT are the causes of nervousness among us ?

First. Our climate fosters sensibility.

Second. We work too hard and play too little.

Third. We bolt our food ; then come indigestion and nervousness.

Fourth. Our stoves and furnaces so poison the air we breathe, that the brain and nerves become feverish.

Fifth. And I don't know but *governing* ourselves will turn out to be an exhausting business. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." And I am afraid that our all being sovereigns is one reason for the sad derangement of our brains and nerves.

THE INSANE.

WITHIN a hundred years the insane were chained to the stone floor of a cell, and abandoned to filth and darkness. The good and great Pinel denied that they were "possessed of the Devil," and declared that they were sick, needing treatment, sympathy, and nursing, like other sick people. From the days of this hero, the

treatment of the insane has been more reasonable and merciful, but still there lingers among men the notion that the insane are possessed of the Devil. If the malady is in the liver, the patient's friends are all sympathy and attention. If in the eye, they watch over him and protect him from all harm. But if the trouble is in the brain, they drag him to a cell within gloomy walls, and leave him to the routine and indifference of strangers.

Did you read the report of the legislative committee in Vermont? It was published in the newspapers the other day. Only the man in whose composition the heart was left out could read that report without painful emotions. No citizen of Vermont can read it without humiliation and shame. The hundred wretched victims in cells below ground were treated, so far as we can judge, as brutally as such unhappy creatures were in the dark ages. I doubt if there is a public asylum for the insane in the country which would be permitted to stand if the public knew altogether the management of the inmates. Even where it is best, there remains such barbarism and brutality, that, were all the facts known, a just-minded public would rush to the rescue.

Insane men are sick men, and need, more than any other class of sick men, skilful treatment, sympathy, and gentle, patient nursing. A dozen asylums scattered here and there throughout New England, under the man-

agement of scientific, humane men, would not only prove a godsend to the insane, but an immensely profitable investment.

THE INSANE AT GHEEL.

THE conviction is rapidly deepening, that the treatment of the insane, even in our better asylums, is simply barbarous. One of the most intelligent citizens of New England was an inmate during several months of our largest insane asylum. In a recent conversation, he said to me, "The treatment in that asylum, which I really suppose is as good as any in the country, consists in keeping the patients inside of the walls. It is to all intents and purposes not unlike the management of the farmer with his viciously inclined cattle. He makes the fence so high that they cannot jump out. Nothing whatever is done to cure them. They have food (generally bad food), and a bed (mostly in ill-ventilated dormitories), but for the most part nothing whatever is done for them by way of medicine, exercise, bathing, frictions, amusements, social attentions, or other hygienic or health-producing measures."

They are simply shut up, and furnished with food and beds. Nothing more wretched, nothing more destructive of health, than the average management of the insane in our institutions, can be conceived. Sen-

sitive women are numerous among these unhappy victims. Accustomed to the most tender and gentle treatment, to the fond endearments of loving friends, such a woman—a mother, if you please—is taken away from her little ones and consigned to cell No. 133, and is known in many institutions, not as Mrs. Mary Howard, but as No. 133. This weary, exhausted, sensitive creature, with hyper-susceptibility to all surrounding influences, is locked up in 133 during the night and is let out into a crowd of mad people during the day. Thousands of such wretched, lonely, baffled, hopeless creatures are vainly looking and longing for some one to come and take them away into the light and love of their homes.

Numerous books and pamphlets have recently appeared, exposing the darkness, ignorance, and brutality of our insane asylums. The day is hastening when the present barbarism shall give place to that discrimination, philosophical study, and all that social, loving treatment which has found its way into the management of diseases in other parts of our bodies.

In a work by M. Jules Duval, an eminent French physician, under the title "A Study on the Best Mode of Assistance and Treatment in Mental Maladies," the author gives a highly interesting description of that singular colony at Gh  el, in Belgium, whose success, in the absence of all restraint and compulsion, has done

so much to ameliorate the condition of the insane throughout Europe.

It is said to have been planted early in the Middle Ages, by force of a superstition which accorded miraculous powers in curing the insane to the tomb of an Irish princess, St. Dymphne, which was located there.

The earliest authentic records bear date of 1676, at which time it appears that the ordinary system of severe restraint prevailed. A century later, milder measures had obtained, and those in charge of the lunatics are rebuked for letting them go free to such a degree that one "could not distinguish between a fool and a sane person!" To which each one replied, "My fool is not wicked, — he harms no one; indeed, he is the best child in the world."

In 1795 Belgium was conquered by France, and the Prefect of the Department, impressed with the superiority of the success achieved at Gheel, sent thither the insane who were confined at Brussels in narrow quarters and amidst privations which were sufficient of themselves to render the patients incurable. The authorities of other towns followed this example, public attention was attracted to the colony, and in 1850 it was placed under governmental inspection, and medical men appointed in charge of it.

It was in 1856 that M. Duval visited Gheel, and the next year an article from his pen appeared in the "*Revue*

des Deux Mondes," which excited great interest, and in 1860 he published his book. What follows is condensed from an article in a late English journal:—

"Mad people of all sorts are admitted at Gheel, except those who are afflicted with a mania for murder, incendiaries, and other dangerous subjects. Persons of all ages, creeds, nations, and conditions are received, and secure equal care. They are taken into families,—two or three, but never more, into the same family. The sleeping arrangements, the diet, and the labor are the same as that of the family.

"The strictest seclusion is observed in most asylums, except at fixed hours, and partly on the ground that sudden and startling visits retard the recovery of the patients; but here, amid the ordinary customs of domestic life, the appearance of friends or strangers has nothing unusual, nothing that need startle the patient, who may not even be aware that the visitors take any particular notice of him. Thus absent relations need entertain no anxiety as to the real treatment and condition of those they love,—they can go and send at all hours and verify for themselves.

"The houses are generally neat and clean; some of them would bear comparison with the most scrupulously kept wards of a hospital. The patient has exclusive possession of a room, which varies in size according to the means of the householder, but is always

airy, whitewashed, cleanly, and floored with tiles or boards. Often the patient ornaments it after his own ideas of what is elegant, — lays down carpets and arranges casts and pictures. The smallest cells resemble monkish cells in their holy simplicity.

“The healthful and even plump appearance of the harmless mad people who are seen in the streets shows that they find good nourishment in the common diet of rye bread, vegetables, milk, and pork. Dressed like their sane neighbors, the patients are not conspicuous in any crowd, unless they misbehave.

“Liberty is the first article of the code practised at Gheel; the second is labor. The insane are never compelled to work, but every means are taken to persuade them to join in the occupations around them, and large numbers soon cease to like the distinction of idleness. Half and sometimes two thirds are usefully employed. In the interior of the households, women, young girls and old, participate with the children and servants in domestic work. Artisans, such as tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, bakers, blacksmiths, etc., find their place in the local industry of the town. One excellent cabinet-maker lived there for five-and-twenty years, exercising his trade successfully, and reasoning soundly on all subjects, except that he affirmed that every night the Devil entered his body through his heels. Women trained to any manual art, dress-making, embroidery, etc., find re-

munerative occupation in the town. Patients born and bred in the country are employed on the fields and gardens, and care is taken to place those who have been laborers under the charge of farmers. Fits of fury, if only periodical, find out-door labor a wholesome discipline, which soon tends to prevent their recurrence.

“In the Russian asylums, which are organized on military principles, labor becomes a mechanical habit; it is performed in mere obedience to authority, and produces little effect on the patient. At Gheel, it is real exertion undertaken for a practical end; the field which is ploughed, the garden which is sown, both obviously conduce to the support of the family and neighbors, and the laborer feels himself useful, — a man among men. For women, also, the active toil of the household, and such out-of-door labor as they are capable of performing, is far preferable to the eternal sewing pursued in some establishments. This free-and-easy existence is the happiest possible to men and women so cruelly afflicted, and, wonderful to say, accidents are few in number and slight in kind. Quarrels are rare, violent and voluntary deaths are almost unknown; only one occurred in 1850, another in 1851. Only four or five escapes are made in a year, — why should the insane fly in search of a freedom which no one denies them? Nevertheless, systematic measures are always taken to insure the recapture of any wanderers. If one

is found afflicted with an inveterate tendency to run away, his feet are so hampered by a short chain as to render a long march impossible, while it does not prevent his getting about town at his own free will.

“Music is pursued by the community at large, and a poor madman, nicknamed Grand Colbert, being a skilled fiddler, founded the choral society of Gheel. The insane have their church, where they join in all the services, walk in the processions, conduct themselves with propriety, and are admitted to the sacraments if their mental condition allows them to comprehend their meaning, and it is found that participation in the spiritual life of their fellow-Christians has a very healthful and calming effect on their minds.”

Of course a raving maniac, who has passed hopelessly beyond any self-government, is not fit for Gheel; but all our French and English physicians now agree in this, that careful employment of moral and hygienic means in the early stages of insanity prevents, in innumerable cases, its further development.

INSANITY is often hereditary. Whatever doubt may be entertained about the transmission of other maladies, none whatever can be admitted with reference to insanity, epilepsy, and consumption. I know a family residing in the country just out of Boston with this history. The grandfather died in an insane asylum after twenty-

seven years of wretched helplessness. The father was the subject of confinement and treatment for twenty-four years before his death. The present head of the family is about forty years old, and his friends notice indications which make them unhappy. This gentleman is the father of a large family of children, his wife being of an intensely nervous temperament. One clear idea and a little conscience, and such people would as soon commit the crime of murder as to bring a family of children into the world.

SOOTHING INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN.

A POPULAR magazine, in speaking of the insane at Gheel, relates the following touching incident:—

“Once, as the mother of the house sat at work with her babe upon her knee, a maniac darted upon her with a pair of shears to force his way out. As she had been especially charged to keep him in during this fit, the woman rose up quietly, and presented her child as a shield; he gradually retreated till he sunk into a chair at the back of the room; then the mother dropped the child into his arms, and left it screaming to his care. After she had escaped and turned the key, through the keyhole she watched the patient trying to comfort the babe. Frequently the coming in of a playful child restores peace to the troubled soul, and so prevents the dreaded paroxysm of the disease.”

ABOUT MAD DOGS.

HYDROPHOBIA OR RABIES.

TO-DAY there is no doubt in the minds of scientific men who have carefully investigated this malady that rabies sometimes originates spontaneously. A great majority of cases are traceable to the bite of an affected animal, but that it occurs where such infection is impossible must now be conceded.

Its appearance at long intervals in isolated countries, in farm-dogs quite separated from the world, and in lap-dogs which never leave observation, long since suggested the spontaneous origin of the disease. For instance, it has appeared in Algeria, an isolated country, and then disappeared for many years. Upon its reappearance there would occur a single case only, or it would appear simultaneously in various parts of the country. It is simply impossible that rabies, after an absence of forty years from an isolated country, should reappear, if we assume that the disease originates only in the bite of a rabid animal.

Tardieu cites a case of rabies in a cat produced by taking away her kittens, and another case in which the disease was induced by a burn.

Climate has its influence. The malady is rare in extreme latitudes. It appears almost exclusively in

the temperate zone, and principally during the cool season. About six times as many cases occur in the spring months and in the autumn months as in the summer. During the winter season there are about three times as many cases as during the summer season. It is in the cold season that a rabid animal is most likely to bite. In those countries where dogs abound, and suffer most from hunger and thirst, as in Turkey, Syria, Egypt, and Africa, rabies is less frequent than in those countries where dogs are better cared for.

The evidence from every country where rabies has been systematically studied proves that the female dog is quite as likely to suffer from the disease as the male.

The disease does not begin with fits of fury. The dog is at first very quiet, though even in this stage its saliva is poisonous. The danger is not now from its biting, but from its licking your face and hands. As the disease progresses, the dog becomes fidgety, prowls about, smells, and scratches. It snaps at everything. It has a gloomy and ferocious aspect.

Up to this time it is obedient to its master. It seems to be even more affectionate than usual, and shows it by its desire to lick its master's hands and face. And indeed this wonderful creature, so completely dominated by the spirit of devotion, continues

perhaps in a majority of cases of rabies to obey its master to the very last hour.

The mad dog has not the least dread of water. It is indeed strange that this notion has got afloat. It constantly tries to slake its thirst as long as it can swallow, and even long after this it continues to plunge its face into the water and gulp at it. In the early stages of the disease it continues to take food, and sometimes eats with great voracity.

When the desire to bite is developed, it first attacks inert substances, such as wood, leather, its chain, carpet, hair, coal, earth, and accumulates in its stomach the remains of the substances it tears with its teeth.

A mad dog has a dry mouth. The common notion that it foams or froths at the mouth is in the majority of cases an error. The voice is always changed. It barks much, and the sound is husky and jerking.

The sensibility of the animal is curiously blunted. It emits no cry of pain when it is struck, wounded, or burned. It will sometimes wound itself severely with its teeth, while the poor creature, still faithful in death, will carefully avoid wounding his master or other members of the family.

The mad dog is always greatly enraged at the sight of another dog. When the ferocious stage gains the ascendancy, it flees from home, and after two or three days' wandering, during which time it tries to gratify

its mad fancies on all the living creatures it has met, it often in its last moments crawls back to its master to die. At other times it escapes in the night, and after doing much damage returns in the morning. The distance a mad dog will travel even in one night is often astonishing. The paroxysms of fury are followed by periods of calm, during which the appearance of the creature is liable to mislead the observer.

A mad dog attacks other creatures rather than man. When at length the poor creature is exhausted, it staggers along, its tail and head near the ground, its eyes wandering, and frequently squinting, its mouth open, with a bluish-colored tongue soiled with dirt protruding. But even in these last moments the terrible desire to bite continues. Although it may not have the strength to turn aside to attack, it will continue up to the moment of complete paralysis and suffocation to bite every living thing that comes in its way.

The voice of the rabid dog is one of the most reliable signs of the malady. "The tone is hoarse, altered in *timbre*, indistinct, and lower in pitch. A preliminary bark is made in a somewhat elevated tone. This is immediately succeeded by five, six, or eight decreasing howls, which appear to come from the depths of the throat, the jaws not coming together and closing the mouth during each emission, as in the healthy bark."

Bouley gives an account of two veterinary students

who were returning to the Alfort school one night and heard the peculiar howl of a rabid dog proceeding from a house in Charenton. They awakened the proprietor of the house, and warned him of his danger. He consented to have his watch-dog chained for the remainder of the night, and that he should be removed to Alfort the next morning. Mr. Bouley certified that the dog was mad; and as soon as it was placed in the cage for sick dogs, the symptoms of the disease became painfully evident. Its master could hardly believe that the creature he held in his hand, docile and obedient, could be laboring under the dreadful disease. The dog was very large and powerful; and but for the careful attention of the students, whose ears had become accustomed to the peculiar voice of the rabid dog in their veterinary hospital, the animal would in all probability have got loose and done great damage.

A characteristic sign is the excitement produced by the presence of another dog. The rabid dog may be perfectly docile in the society of its master and the children of the family; but let another dog appear, and the quiet creature, which may at the moment be patiently submitting to the caresses of the children, will fly at the other dog with determined fury. It is a mysterious fact that, if the rabid animal be a horse or sheep, or any other creature, the presence of a dog will produce this strange exhibition. The same

curious phenomenon has been observed in human patients.

A rabid dog remains ordinarily quiet, though nervous, until some external object excites it. Therefore, whenever a dog usually quiet suddenly becomes aggressive toward another dog, it is wise to be on your guard. It is very remarkable that other dogs—even fighting dogs—lose their courage in the presence of a rabid dog, and crouch away in the corner, trembling with fear. The above is a description of what is known as “furious rabies.” About three fourths of the cases of rabies are of this description.

There are two other varieties, known as “dumb madness” and “tranquil madness.” Dumb madness takes its name from the inability of the sufferer to produce the characteristic bark or howl of rabies. Its lower jaw falls down, and the poor creature cannot close its mouth. It is unable to eat or drink, but will thrust its face into a vessel of water in vain efforts to obtain relief until the approach of death. The friends of such dogs often imagine that their favorite has something in its mouth or throat, and thrust in their fingers to find the cause. Then, if there is an abrasion, or the skin of the hand is wounded on the teeth, the most horrible malady may be produced. In tranquil rabies the dog lies rolled up, and pays no attention to movements or noises that may be going on about it.

Of animals bitten by mad dogs, only a small proportion have the disease. Lafosse states, that out of sixty animals thus bitten, twenty-one died. Renault testifies that out of two hundred and forty-four dogs, seventy-four become rabid. Hertwig says out of one hundred and thirty-seven dogs, sixteen died. Out of one hundred and twenty-seven sheep, fifty-one became rabid. Lafosse entertains the opinion that the malady is transferred in from one third to one eighth of the cases.

Renault records that out of two hundred and fifty-four bitten, one hundred and sixty-four became hydrophobic. The bite of a rabid wolf seems peculiarly malignant. Dr. Camescasse of Turkey gives the case of forty-seven persons bitten by a rabid wolf, forty-five of whom perished.

Tardieu mentions that out of ninety-nine persons bitten by rabid animals other than wolves, forty-one were taken with hydrophobia. A report from France informs us that six out of ten generally died from hydrophobia. Aiken states that out of one hundred and fifty-three persons bitten by rabid dogs ninety-four perished. Watson says that of fifteen persons bitten by a mad dog only three succumbed. John Hunter knew an instance in which twenty-one were bitten, and but one died. He estimates the mortality in those bitten as only five per cent. Vaughan relates

an instance in which twenty or thirty persons were bitten, and only one perished. Sully speaks of four persons and twelve dogs bitten by the same rabid dog. The dogs all perished, and the people escaped.

I knew myself a case similar to this mentioned by Sully. In 1843, in Central New York, a rabid cur bit one horse and three dogs, all of which died from rabies. The dog bit likewise five persons, one of whom, a man much intoxicated at the time, was terribly lacerated in one arm. Not one of the persons suffered the dreaded malady.

The period which elapses between the bite and the development of the disease varies in the dog from the seventh to the fifteenth day, but is usually from four to ten weeks. In the cat the period of incubation is from two to four weeks. In the horse, from two to eight weeks. In the ox, from one to twelve weeks. In man the period of incubation is from fifteen to two hundred and fifty days, the average period being from four to seven weeks. According to Tardieu, in twenty-six cases it was less than a month; in ninety-three cases it was from one to three months; in nineteen cases, from three to six months; and in nine cases, from six to twelve months. Occasionally, well-authenticated cases have been recorded in which the dreaded malady has been developed several years after the bite.

Fleming, to whose excellent work I am greatly indebted, gives many figures, but they sustain the general teachings of the statistics already given.

Professor Pillwax of Vienna reported that during 1862, when rabies prevailed in Vienna as an epizooty, five hundred and fifty-two mad dogs were brought to the veterinary institute for examination, and it was found that of the whole number only thirty-two were really mad, though a large majority of them were queer and had bitten people.

The Professor says that since 1848 he has examined at the institute in Vienna from three hundred to four hundred dogs annually which had bitten people, and were supposed to be mad. The number of these animals amounts to more than five thousand, but not one of the persons bitten by them has had hydrophobia.

There are several common diseases among dogs that are sometimes mistaken for rabies. Epilepsy, in which there are sudden fits, foaming at the mouth, short cries of distress, lying on the ground and struggling, is most common. In true rabies there is never anything like this,—no loss of consciousness, no convulsive struggles on the ground, and meaningless champings of the jaw.

Spasmodic colic produces severe pain and such irritability as to give a disposition to bite, but the animal

never barks or howls, as in rabies, and the symptoms are intermittent.

There is another disease, known as the distemper, often confounded with rabies. In this there is discharge from the nose and eyes similar to that in rabies, and it sometimes results in a paralysis of the hind legs. But otherwise, there is a wide difference between the two maladies. The distemper commences with sneezing and cough, then comes a thin and watery discharge from the nose and eyes, which soon changes to pus. The disposition to rove, which is so marked a characteristic of rabies, is entirely absent in this distemper, while there is no irritability or desire to bite.

HYDROPHOBIA. — If you are bitten by a mad dog, instantly press the bitten part with your hand as hard as possible. This will arrest circulation and absorption. Cry out for a red-hot iron. Push it into the puncture made by the tooth. This, if thoroughly done, will be sure to destroy the virus. If hydrophobia be developed, a hot vapor bath is undoubtedly the best remedy. The patient must be kept in it until he is relieved of all the nervous symptoms.

A CHAT WITH WORKINGMEN.

IN a New England town there is a manufactory of furniture. The proprietor began five years ago with a capital of fifty thousand dollars. This fortune was inherited from his father. He employs, directly and indirectly, about four hundred workmen. Recently, in taking account of the situation, he found that, with some advance in his real estate, his fifty thousand had grown into one hundred thousand dollars. He had done a good deal of anxious contriving and hard work, but found that in a single five years he had doubled his riches. The men had worked hard likewise, and found that at the end of the five years they were just where they were at the beginning. They were older; they had more children, but no more dollars.

These poor, hard-working men held a meeting in the town hall to talk over their circumstances and prospects. Many passionate speeches were made. One old man, who had grown gray in the service, and was looking forward to an old age of poverty and suffering, cried out in a fierce voice, "What's to become of me? When I break down, who will feed me? where shall I sleep? God knows, if anything were to happen to me to-morrow, I should have to go to the poor-

house. And yet I have worked every day for nearly fifty years. I have never been to Saratoga; I have never gone away for recreation, but have worked like a slave. Since this factory began, five years ago, I have not lost a day. Where has all the money I have earned gone? I have just fifteen cents in my pocket to-night, and it's all I have in the world. Where have all my earnings gone? I need n't tell *you*. They have all gone just where *yours* have all gone,—into the pockets of this one man. He rolls in wealth; we starve. What right has he to my earnings? What right has he to your earnings? He is a millionaire! Where did he get all his money? He got it out of my sweat and out of your sweat. Are we slaves? Does this man own us? These cursed capitalists are thieves and robbers, and I warn 'em to look out. Their day of reckoning is about come."

The speaker sat down amidst great excitement. At this moment a quiet man rose in the corner and asked permission to speak. To a large part of the audience it was a surprise. The proprietor himself it was who was asking permission to speak. He began with, "Mr. Chairman, is this a free meeting? May I say a few words?"

"If there is no objection, the gentleman can speak," was the reply of the chairman.

“Mr. Chairman, I will not detain you long ; I simply wish to make a few statements. I am not a millionaire, as the speaker has stated ; but I will confess that during these five years I have made about fifty thousand dollars, which I will further confess is as much as I put into the business in the first place. I will now tell you something, which but for this meeting I should never have mentioned. During the first two years of our enterprise I was several times in imminent peril of the loss of everything. I not only borrowed money to pay you, but on more than one occasion borrowed it at very high rates of interest. There was a time during the second year that it required all my courage and faith to bear the strain ; and if I had been compelled then to stop, I should have lost everything that I possessed. About two years and a half since, things took a favorable turn, and during the last two years I have made money pretty fast. What ought I to do with it ? Do you say that I should divide with you ? Perhaps so ; but I don't intend to do it. If there is a man among you who thinks that, placed in my circumstances, he would give up the fifty thousand, let him stand up and say so. I am sure it would make us all better to look into his face. I am free to confess that such an action is quite above me. During the first two years I lost a great deal of money. Per-

haps it was my fault that so much imperfect and unprofitable machinery was put in and had to be taken out of the building ; but there was a large loss, which brought me to the very verge of ruin. During a portion of the second summer I walked my room night after night. My wife thought I was going crazy. Well, let that pass and be forgotten. I have made, taking the five years together, about seven cents a day on each of you ; or, reckoning my own services at five thousand dollars a year, I have made a profit of three and a half cents on the labor of each of you. Whether the capital which I furnished justifies this tax upon your industry, I shall not undertake to decide. Whether, in some co-operative system, you could have employed an agent to do the buying, selling, and financiering better than I have done them, so as to tax your industry but two cents or one cent a day instead of the three and a half cents which I have received, you must decide for yourselves. But even in that case he would probably have saved more money than all the rest of you put together ; and seeing him riding in a carriage and living in a good house, would you not have made the same complaint which you make against me ? ”

The old man who made the speech already reported here got on his feet again, and exclaimed in a loud voice : “ I go deeper than all this small talk. Mr.

Chairman and men, I say society is all wrong. What right had this one man to have fifty thousand dollars? Is his blood any better than that in the rest of us? I ask what right had he to inherit more money — this one man alone — than all the rest of the inhabitants of this village possess after all these years of toil? Is this right? My father left nothing to me. I don't believe that any of your fathers left anything to you. How comes it about that this one man has more than all the rest of us, and yet we have toiled all our lives, and he got his wealth from his father just by being born? Is there any virtue in being born? I say society is rotten to the core when such things as these are possible."

The proprietor of the factory got the floor again at this point, and said: "I grant it, Mr. Chairman. I grant you that there seems to be something very unjust in this inequality in the conditions of men. One man is born with a vigorous body, and a large, active, well-balanced brain; another one is born with a weak, sickly body, and a small, unbalanced brain. With the one a large and complete success is easy and certain. With the other life is a miserable, hopeless struggle. What justice is there in this? Why does God permit it? You may all answer this question to suit yourselves. Suppose one of you is the strong, successful man. You earn in some honorable employment fifty

thousand dollars. You earn it, I will suppose, in manufacturing some valuable invention, the product of your own superior brain ; what would you think if somebody were to say you should not give it to your children ? Or if one of you had inherited from such a father the fortune of fifty thousand dollars, what would you say to the proposition to take it from you ?”

The old man sprang to his feet again, and eagerly asked : “ Is there such a thing as justice ? Why should one man live in ease and comfort all his life, without an hour’s labor, and another man work within an inch of his life half a century, and then, when he is worn out, crawl away into some hole and starve to death ? Is life a lie and a swindle ? If I remember rightly, it has been said in a great document, which we all revere, that all men are created *free and equal*. Let us see if this is true. Now, there is this one man with fifty thousand dollars, which he was born to without any virtue or merit of his own, and with it he is able to command the services of four hundred men, to use them for his own profit and pleasure, and double his great fortune in five years. He asks if any man among us would divide this fortune, if he possessed it, with the company of men who have earned it ? I answer for one, that if I had this hundred thousand dollars, I would at once divide it among the men who have earned it, and to whom it justly belongs. If Mr. Barber will give it to

me, I will proceed to divide it here and now. So if he wants to look into the face of a man who would divide with the crowd, let him look into my face. I have always said, if I should ever become a rich man, I would divide equally with my fellow-workmen."

The proprietor here got the floor again, and began with saying: "I will say with perfect sincerity that it gives me great pleasure to hear these generous sentiments expressed; and although Mr. Hardy might not possibly do what he now thinks he would, still, to hear such noble impulses expressed is calculated to inspire us all. But to return to the inequalities among men. We have in the next town a striking illustration of inherited advantage far more striking than any inheritance of money. We all know C. M. Stanley. That man was born with body so fine and with brain so ingenious that everybody saw while he was a boy that he was sure to achieve a great success. You know what he has already done, and yet he is not thirty years old. Before he is fifty he will be not only rich, but will command the confidence and admiration of everybody that knows him. You all know James Jones, who died in our village last winter. With that deformed and suffering body he had, as you all know, a mind so unbalanced and weak that he could not take care of himself. After wandering about helpless and wretched for twenty-four years, an object alternately of charity and

neglect, but always of disgust, he at last found rest and concealment in the grave. One inherited in his happy, splendid faculties health, wealth, popularity, fame, happiness; the other inherited suffering, poverty, and misery. Why this difference? Why this inequality among men? No one will deny that the greatest inequalities among men are those in their capacities. All external differences are as nothing compared with those in the men themselves. You may say that this born difference is unjust. I confess that it has seemed so to me. But in my sober moments I never doubt that God knows what he is about in permitting even such prodigious inequalities. It is of no use to scold about it; and until you can induce the Creator to change the law of inequality by inheritance,—instances of which we see on every hand, — it will be of no use to quarrel with the fact that by the use of these inherited faculties one man gathers wealth and success, while another man suffers only poverty and a wretched failure.”

The speaker sat down amid profound silence. For the first time the workingmen heard their employers’ side of the labor question, and it was a new one to them.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

I HAVE been watching some stone-cutters at work next door. The boss is absent. It is ten o'clock in the forenoon. Three men have been at work all the morning splitting off a mass of granite. It is very plain that if one of the men had taken the separation of that mass of granite by contract, he would have done it in half an hour. But these ingenious creatures have already given three hours to it, and it is pretty clear that they intend to make half a day of it. I don't know what the workmen themselves receive per day, but the occupant of the premises has to pay five dollars per day for each of these skilled laborers. So the cracking off of that piece of granite costs him seven dollars and a half. I would make a wager of five to one that either of the three men could do it within twenty minutes.

I am not writing this paragraph to complain of the lack of honor and manliness among workmen, for perhaps *I* and (I beg your pardon, dear reader) *you* under the same circumstances might be guilty of the same mean, sneaking theft; but my object is to say a word on the system of work by the day. It is utterly demoralizing. It is bad altogether.

THE WORKINGMAN'S SUPPER.

THE best supper for a tired workingman is oatmeal porridge with a little warm milk. A carpenter who worked for me frequently talked in a very unhappy way about his stomach. He could digest nothing, his food all turned sour, wind came up in torrents, "there was a big stone right here in the pit of my stomach," and so on. It was a dose to hear him go over it. I inquired very particularly about his table habits, and learned that he filled his stomach at supper, when, like other parts of his body, it was tired, with hot biscuit and butter and preserves, and generally added just a little fried pork. I said to him, "I will cure you in a month if you will follow my prescription faithfully."

John replied, "I will swallow three cats every day, if it will cure me."

I proposed economy in cats, and that instead he should make his supper every night a pint of oatmeal porridge and hot milk. Within a month the other men said John was perfectly crazy about oatmeal and hot milk, — that he thought these for supper would take a man straight to heaven. It will certainly cure many dyspeptics among workingmen.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND DEBT.

I KNOW a family consisting of father, mother, four daughters, and one son. The father is a superior watch-repairer, has a shop of his own, and earns, with the assistance of an apprentice, about four thousand dollars a year. He is devoted to business and free from all expensive indulgences. I do not know a man more harassed by debts and poverty. Whatever stock he may have on hand must always be in the name of a friend, or his creditors would soon dispose of it.

The way in which those four thousand dollars disappear I desire to give the reader, with some reflections thereupon. House rent, \$600; shop rent, \$350; gas and coal, \$175; dress for self and wife, \$150; spending-money for fifteen-year-old son, \$100; allowance for each daughter, \$350; two servants, \$190; food, \$1000; extras, say, \$500. This, altogether, amounts to about \$4,500; so our good friend F. runs behindhand about \$500 per year. These accumulating debts make his life a constant humiliating struggle. He said recently that but for his helpless family he would gladly take refuge in the grave.

Now, as my friend will read this, I shall take the liberty to say a few plain things, which I sincerely hope may help him out of debt and into a more com-

fortable frame of mind. I shall presume that to-day you owe \$1,500, and shall likewise presume that you would make almost any sacrifice to rid yourself of said debt.

THE WAY TO ESCAPE. I shall not advise you to work harder yourself, for you already go quite beyond your endurance. First, discharge your servants, and let your wife and daughters cook and make the beds. This will save you, in salary, board, and waste, at least \$500. Next, reduce your daughters' dress expenses to \$150, which will save \$400. If you or your daughters think a plainer wardrobe will make them less respectable, you are all very much mistaken. They are not half so widely known as your debts, and every new and rich addition to their dress excites anything but admiration. I know several young men who admire your girls, but are deterred from visiting them because of the facts I have mentioned. The reduction I have suggested in their wardrobe would add more to public esteem and popularity among all classes than anything else we can think of. Then stop the hundred dollars which your son expends every year for cigars and ice-cream, and take him into your shop in the place of your apprentice. Here you will save at least \$400 more. And, finally, reduce your table expenses to \$500, which will be infinitely better for all. If you leave off the pies, cakes, and puddings, you will have better digestion and finer

complexions. If you live on plain, coarse food, you will all have sweeter breath, whiter teeth, finer skins, and longer life, and, what is not unimportant with you, save \$500 per year. If you will run your eye over these several items, you will find the aggregate \$1,800. This will soon make you a rich man.

Allow me, dear friend, to say that you will never know a happy, manly hour until you have done something like this. And I trust your daughters will not be offended if I say that any objection they may urge to this retrenchment will discover a lack of decency and honor, of which no true woman would be guilty.

THE ECONOMIES OF LIFE.

You tell me that debt and despair are upon you ; that when the clothes, rent, fuel, and lights are paid for, you have only six hundred dollars left with which to feed your family of eight, and that it can't be done. I think I have heard this story a thousand times, and that I have written advice about it a hundred times. And as the whole subject is very simple, I must go over the same ground again.

The largest item in your table expenses is meat. Beef is high. In our city markets a good steak is worth from thirty to thirty-five cents per pound. Beef-

steak for your family would alone cost, for breakfast and supper, more than two dollars, and then, if you had a roast of sirloin for dinner, that would cost nearly as much more. So, if that's the right way to live, you are managing well to get on with six hundred dollars per year.

But do you know that there are only about sixty pounds of the sirloin which are used for roast and steaks, in an ox weighing eight hundred pounds? There are other parts of the animal — good solid meat — which sell for five cents a pound. Portions of the neck, which, when properly cooked, are the most substantial and nourishing parts of the carcass, are sold for four or five cents a pound. One pound of this cut into small pieces and boiled two hours in three quarts of water, in a close vessel, with five cents' worth of potatoes, turnips, parsnips, and carrots, with salt and pepper and some savory herb, would make a splendid dinner for all of you. Lay bits of toasted bread upon the platter, and then pour on your stew. That's a dinner fit for a king.

Everybody likes variety. Well, purchase next day a knuckle of veal, which will cost you all told ten cents, and which your wife will treat in the same way as the beef, except that she will leave out the carrots and parsnips, and put in bits of toasted bread or dumplings.

The next day try a bit of the fore-shoulder of a sheep,

which is very cheap. When mutton-chops are selling for twenty cents a pound, I have seen mutton fore-shoulders, of fair quality, selling for two cents. It is a part which is always very cheap. Cut up into bits and cooked as above, a grand dinner for the eight members of your family can be got up for a quarter of a dollar.

Any of these stews may be made into a baked meat-pie, by way of variety. I have given these by way of illustration. You need n't have the same dinner twice a month. Fish may be employed occasionally, and some excellent sorts are very cheap.

But these preparations of meats are comparatively expensive. That beautiful white Southern corn, cracked wheat, oatmeal, beans, and other similar foods, are very cheap. A breakfast of oatmeal and white corn, with a little milk, would cost for your whole family not more than ten cents, and it would be a breakfast on which you could all work hard. Skipping the dinner, which has been already discussed, let us consider for a moment the supper. If you keep a cow — as every man properly located with a family of children should — a bowl of bread and milk, or some warmed-up bean porridge, and a cup of tea, will satisfy you.

Such food as I have thus hinted at is not only very cheap, and would bring your table expenses within two hundred dollars, but upon it you would all gain flesh, have brighter eyes, fine teeth, sweeter breath, and be

altogether healthier than if you fed yourselves upon the present fried, greasy, compounded stuffs, with pies, cakes, and puddings.

The whole of the processes, the entire management of such a table, is given in great detail, with the reasons for each step, in "My Jolly Friend's Secret." I cannot render you a more important service than by referring you to that work.

HEALTH AND TALENT.

"It is no exaggeration to say that health is a large ingredient in what the world calls talent. A man without it may be a giant in intellect, but his deeds will be the deeds of a dwarf. On the contrary, let him have a quick circulation, a good digestion, the bulk, thews, and sinews of a man, and the alacrity, the unthinking confidence inspired by these, and, though having but a thimbleful of brains, he will either blunder upon success or set failure at defiance. It is true, especially in this country, that the number of centaurs in every community — of men in whom heroic intellects are allied with bodily constitutions as tough as those of horses — is small; that, in general, a man has reason to think himself well off in the lottery of life if he draw the prize of a healthy stomach without a mind, or the prize of a

fine intellect with a crazy stomach. But of the two, a weak mind in an herculean frame is better than a giant mind in a crazy constitution. A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy. The first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal. In any of the learned professions a vigorous constitution is equal to at least fifty per cent more brain. Wit, judgment, imagination, eloquence, all the qualities of the mind, attain thereby a force and splendor to which they could never approach without it. But intellect in a weak body is 'like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket.' A mechanic may have tools of the sharpest edge and highest polish; but what are these without a vigorous arm and hand? Of what use is it that your mind has become a vast granary of knowledge, if you have not strength to turn the key." — PROFESSOR MATHEWS.

It is very rarely that one meets this vital truth so well stated as in the above paragraph.

OUR INHERITANCE.

WHEN my neighbor Mr. Blank died, the morning papers announced his wealth as \$650,000, and added that there were two heirs, who would thus inherit

\$325,000 each. This inheritance was much discussed at our breakfast-table. Every one seemed to comprehend the magnitude of the fortune, and every one's eyes shone as the grand figures, \$325,000, were repeated.

During our breakfast conversation over the splendid cash inheritance of young Blank and his sister, I ventured the statement that the inheritance of morbid appetite which young Blank had received from his father was an infinitely more important fact than the \$325,000 in money. I submitted that if Mr. Blank had scrupulously denied himself the wines, tobacco, and other indulgences which were so conspicuous in his every-day life,—that if, during five years before the birth of young Blank, the father had lived purely,—he would have transmitted to his son an inheritance of infinite more value than any number of dollars could be.

A highly intelligent mother, who had for years been deeply interested in ante-natal culture, said, with deep emotion, "I have five children, four sons and a daughter, and I can distinctly trace in each a faithful reflection of the condition of the father and myself previous to the birth. I cannot look at poor Charley without the deepest sympathy and pity. For a year before his birth an evil fortune kept us both in a dark shadow. Almost daily my husband groaned and mourned, and

I wept. My poor boy has walked in the dark shadow of our misfortune every day of our life, and I fear must ever be denied the genial sunshine. Exceeding good fortune, a joyous spirit, and many warm-hearted friends came to us, and our bright, hopeful, happy Thomas was born. Yes," repeated the beautiful mother, "I can see in each of my children a photograph of the circumstances in which each was conceived and born."

THE "New York Herald" of September 13, 1873, gives an account of the sale of a number of cows and calves of the "Improved Short-Horn Breed," at York Mills, near Utica, N. Y. One cow sold for \$40,600; a heifer calf less than seven months old sold for \$27,000; a cow a little over three years old sold for \$30,000; a heifer calf less than fifteen months old sold for \$19,000. Fifteen cows and calves sold for \$260,000.

It makes me dizzy to try to imagine what would be the result of the same study and care devoted to the development of a better breed of men. Within a hundred years this world would be redeemed, and the ministering spirits might turn their attention to some other planet.

THE SHAKERS.

DETAINED at Pittsfield the other day, a dear friend invited me to visit the Shakers at Mount Lebanon. I gladly assented, and we climbed the mountain with the best of horses. Stopping in front of one of the outlying houses, I inquired of a middle-aged, pleasant-faced man where I might find Elder Frederick, by which title F. W. Evans is known in that community, and in great part to the outside world. After telling me that I should find him in the last family on the left, a family with brown blinds, he looked so good-natured and ready to talk, that I could not refrain from a question or two.

"Then you are one of the Shakers?"

"O, yea!"

"How do you like it?"

"I am well pleased. I am satisfied."

"Are they all contented?"

"O, yea! The brethren and sisters are generally satisfied and contented."

My companion asked several questions, and finally a pointed one, which he evidently did not feel it would be wise to answer, and so he said, "Nay, nay! You should ask Elder Frederick that."

So we drove on in pursuit of Elder Frederick. Leaving my companion to hold the incomparable Tom, I

knocked at the front door of an immense four-storied wooden building, with agreeable paint and pretty brown blinds. Immediately the door was opened, and a sweet-faced woman said, in answer to my question, "Yea, but he is engaged now. If you will come this way and wait, he will see you soon. Take a seat, and you can look at the books or at our paper. Have you seen our paper? There is a number."

I glanced over a copy of "The Shaker and Shakeress," but in a moment heard Elder Frederick coming. His greeting was extremely cordial.

Elder Evans, who is the voice of the Shakers throughout the country, is, I presume, seventy-five years old. He appears about sixty, but as these people live forever, and look young and fresh to the end, I add fifteen years on calculation.

After the first greetings, I said, "A young woman who drove me over from Pittsfield sits in our buggy at the door."

"O, yea! Go out and drive round in the rear through the lane, and I will meet you."

As the young woman did not like to trust me with her horse, she herself drove round into the barn. (By the way, I am sorry to observe that young women are getting so that they hesitate to trust us men in any difficult task.) Elder Frederick tied the horse himself; and I will add here, that afterward he took

him out of the carriage with his own hands and fed him.

As soon as Tom was fastened, Elder Frederick said, without asking our object in the visit, "I will show you our barn," and at once led the way.

It is the grandest and completest barn I have ever seen. It is one story on the street, and three high stories in the rear. The contrivance for fastening in their places thirty or forty cows, or one section, by the movement of a single lever, was shown. The devices for saving every particle, solid and liquid, of the fertilizing matter, the railroads for conveying all this to an immense vault in the rear, where, from curious cars tipping on either side, the manure is thrown down wherever it may be wanted,—all these things were shown to us. While looking down into the great manure-vaults, and examining the semicircular railways, and the arrangements overhead for hitching down the wagon-loads of absorbents which were driven in on a level from the street, and, reaching the far-off back end, were dumped into the vault fifty feet below, Elder Frederick remarked: "I have never undertaken anything which involved more thought than this."

The ventilation was explained. A current of fresh air comes constantly to the head of each animal. The feed-box for each creature (an original contrivance of

the Elder) was shown and manipulated. In brief, this immense and wonderful home of the horned animals was shown and explained in a spirit which showed plainly enough that Elder Frederick thought they were all Shakers, every one of them, and deserved the best.

While we were at the top of the barn, our guide took us out on the roof to show us the views. I do not know where in the world anything more grand and beautiful can be found. We were in the bottom of a circular nest, two or three miles in diameter, the mountains, everywhere covered in wonderful green, rising above us. That very plain dress which the Elder wore may serve some good purpose, but his face plainly showed that one of us, at least, was full of the lovely scene around and about us. My companion suggested that the choice of location was exceedingly fortunate for the undisturbed solution of the great social problem which the Shakers had undertaken. Elder Frederick's little laugh showed very plainly that he fully appreciated the value of this seclusion from the wicked world and all its follies.

Leaving the barn, we started toward the house, as I supposed to examine the structure and economics of kitchens, workshops, dormitories, and so on; but we fell into a discussion of the ideas of the Shakers, and were soon seated in Elder Frederick's office, where we

remained, with the exception of the half-hour at dinner, during the several remaining hours of our stay. Before repeating some portions of that conversation, I will dispose of the dinner. We had seen very few of the people as yet, but we looked forward to the great gathering at the dinner-table, where we should see hundreds of them, the women all at one table and the men all at another. You may imagine our disappointment when we were conducted into one of those awfully clean rooms which make one almost afraid to breathe lest some dust may be shaken off, and seated at a small table alone. We swallowed the disappointment with our dinner as best we could. The cookery, as everybody knows, is simply perfect. They have achieved the most complete solution of the table question. Nothing could be plainer, but it is more palatable than all your French cookery. A restaurant established at some convenient point in New York City, and conducted on the Shaker plan, would make a fortune in five years. The young woman who waited on us at dinner was questioned by my companion.

“How long have you been a Shaker?”

“Twenty-two years. I came here when I was sixteen.”

I had thought about her age, and had put her at twenty-eight. I was surprised to hear her confess to thirty-eight. Anywhere in the outside world she

could have passed for under thirty, and, if rich, for twenty. Her intelligence and manners we thought remarkable. We tried, during our ride back to Pittsfield, to name some city lady of our acquaintance who was the equal of this table-waiter, but we found it difficult.

But now to go back to Elder Frederick's office, and resume our conversation with him and his sisters, Alice and Anna, — a wonderful trio.

"Elder Frederick, we hear you are very rich."

"Did you ever know anybody to get rich at farming or other plain industry? We are not rich. We have six or seven thousand acres of land, but the greater part of it is mountain. We raise a great deal, but then we consume nearly all of it. We always keep the best, and never sell anything that we can use ourselves."

"Elder Frederick, we hear you are having just now a series of meetings, which are attended largely by outsiders. What do you expect will come of it?"

"We hope for a spread of our doctrines."

"Do you mean that you hope the people outside will become Shakers?"

"That is what I mean."

"Suppose the entire inhabitants of the continent were to become Shakers to-morrow, what would you do for a next generation?"

"What should we do? We should do very much better than the world will do under the present system!"

"Yes, but what would you do for children?"

"If the whole continent were converted to Shaker ideas, the number of children born hereafter would be greatly increased, and their chances of life and manhood enhanced. No people believe in marriage and children more than the Shakers. There are a few who, from certain conformations of brain, would aspire to a purely intellectual and spiritual life, withdrawing from the generative function. These would constitute, as here in Mount Lebanon, "The Spiritual Order," but the great mass of the world would, in temperance and virtue, marry, and raise families of children, which, under our ideas, would grow up into decent and useful manhood and womanhood."

"Elder Frederick, what do you teach your people about another life?"

"I don't say anything about it, nor care anything about it. This life is as much as we can attend to. Our confidence in God is such that we do not worry, lest he should fail us ten years hence, or a thousand years hence."

"What do you think of the Oneida Community?"

"I think the leader in that foolish, bad experiment is a fallen man. He knows the truth and the right,

but sees an opportunity to secure a certain leadership and distinction, by pandering to the lust of this lustful generation."

"What is the influence on longevity of your life here in Mount Lebanon?"

"It is remarkable. A sister died the other day one hundred and six years old. Several have died over ninety. But I will procure a pamphlet for you published by a former governor of Vermont, in which you will find that the average life among the Shakers is nearly double that of the outside world."

We talked of many things, but my companion reminded me that "time, tide, and the cars wait for no man," and we left with a sincere invitation from these good people to visit them again, which we both fully intend to do, and with the comforting assurance from Elder Evans that we were both genuine Shakers, and belonged with them; but as we could n't possibly stay just then, we hurried back to Pittsfield, — I to take the cars for Boston, and my companion another train for her beautiful home away down on the banks of the Housatonic.

DIFFERENT systems of religion all have their uses, and there is good in all and none all good. Therefore it is very foolish for fallible mortals to sit in judgment upon any of them.

"BEG YOUR PARDON."

SOME one has said that polite words are nothing but air. We have all heard the reply that they may be nothing but air, but, like the air in a rubber cushion, they serve to ease the jolts of life. This contains a bit of practical wisdom which we Americans are apt to forget.

I was dining, or bolting food by jerks, at a railroad station the other day, when a Japanese young man took the stool next to mine, and with his very few words of English managed to call for some oysters and coffee. He ate and drank like a Christian, and attracted my attention by a frequent use of "Beg your pardon." He wanted the pepper; and reaching for it, he said in a sweet voice to the gentleman before whose face he was obliged to pass his arm, "Beg your pardon, sir." Wishing a glass of water, he raised his tumbler slightly, and with a bow and a pleasant smile said to me, "Beg your pardon, if you please."

As a rule, I don't like the Chinese or Japanese, but this young man, with his quiet, gentle "Beg your pardon," commanded not only my attention, but my admiration. Those of us who sat near enough to serve him were more than willing, and I noticed a coarse fellow with his hat on across the table push the plate

of crackers over to the polite foreigner, without being asked, and without even looking up, as if he felt ashamed of the act, but could not help it.

And you must not forget that all this was at a railroad pig-trough, where we generally thrust in our noses without even looking at the other pigs.

I sought an opportunity to converse with the polite gentleman when we had resumed our journey ; and although he knew less than a hundred words of our language, I was delighted. "I beg your pardon," "Thank you," "If you please," and "You are very kind," were sentences he could speak quite distinctly, and with them he can make his way wherever the language is spoken. He constantly apologized for speaking the language so badly, but I assured him with perfect sincerity that I had never heard it spoken better in my life. Now all this costs nothing, and is the passport to every good thing in social life. I know of no investment that pays like politeness. It never fails to secure attention and kind consideration. It will secure more favors and real kindness than strength, beauty, learning, and wealth, and, after all, costs nothing. Americans are singularly defective in this bright "small change" of the social world.

CURE OF STAMMERING.

SOME years ago a famous professor came to a town where I was then residing, and announced that he could "cure the worst cases of stuttering in ten minutes without a surgical operation." A friend of mine was an inveterate stammerer, and I advised him to call upon the wonderful magician. He called, was convinced by the testimonials exhibited, struck up a bargain, paid the fifty dollars, and soon called at my office talking as straight as a railroad track.

I was greatly astonished, and asked my friend by what miracle he had been so strangely and suddenly relieved of his life-long trouble. He most provokingly informed me that he had made a solemn pledge not to reveal the process of cure.

I knew two other bad cases, — ladies, — and, calling upon them, reported what had come to pass.

They were soon at the professor's rooms, came away greatly elated, raised the hundred dollars, went the next day, paid the cash, and in half an hour were ready, had the question been popped, to say "Yes," without a jerk!

I was soon made acquainted with several other cures quite as remarkable, and resolved to put on my sharpest wits and wait upon the magician myself.

He seemed an honest man, and in two days I had made up my mind to pay him a large fee and learn the strange art, with the privilege of using it to cure whomsoever I would.

Those who had been cured by the professor were solemnly bound not to reveal the secret to any one, but my contract gave me the privilege of using the knowledge as I pleased.

And now I propose to give my readers a simple art which has enabled me to make very happy many unhappy stammerers. In my own hands it has often failed to effect the desired result, but in three fourths of the cases which I have treated the cure has been complete.

The secret is simply this: the stammerer is made to mark the time in his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to beat on every syllable. It is best at the first lesson to read some simple composition, like one of David's Psalms, striking the finger on the knee at every word, then read in a newspaper, beating each syllable.

You can beat time by striking the finger on the knee, by simply hitting the thumb against the forefinger or moving the large toe in the boot.

I doubt if the worst case of stuttering could continue long, provided the sufferer would read an hour or two every day, with thorough practice of this simple art, observing the same in his conversation.

As thousands have paid fifty and a hundred dollars for this secret, I take great pleasure in publishing it to the world.

A CHAT ABOUT ENGLISHMEN.

LAST summer the British Association for the Advancement of Science held its annual meeting at Brighton. It was my first opportunity to attend the sittings of this grand association, and I went down. If I were an Englishman, and wished to show my people in their best aspect to a stranger, I should take him to a meeting of this august body. The Englishman as seen in that body is so simple, so sincere and earnest, he shows such patient research and such comprehensive grasp, that he seems the grandest of men. But my object at this time is not to discuss the character of the association, but to gossip a little about some of the people I saw.

Dr. Carpenter, who delivered the opening address, is better known to Americans — especially doctors — than any other medical man in Europe. He is apparently sixty, pale, tall, lank, and for all the world a Yankee of the gaunt species. He wears artificial teeth, and the upper plate continually fell down. As often as he spoke the word “power,” down the plate came,

and he was obliged to use his hand often to replace it. It was the most painfully ludicrous sight imaginable. Like all the speakers at the meeting, his elocution was very bad. In this connection let me say that Colonel Fox, whose name we see now so often in the newspapers, and who is a very high authority in anthropology, was a prominent speaker in the meeting at Brighton. The colonel is a handsome man, with black hair, pale face, and a strikingly intellectual expression, and if he had been reared in America, would have been a fluent, perhaps a brilliant speaker; but, educated in English notions of oratory, his speaking is, to an American, really distressing. I heard him in a formal address, and I honestly declare it made me sweat. It must have taken him a long time to learn it. Never by any accident did he speak five consecutive words without a hitch. I heard no speaker in England talk right on in our American fashion, with perhaps the single exception of Mr. Spurgeon. He is a miracle of volubility, — would be so regarded even among us.

But to return to Brighton. Sir John Lubbock was prominent. Sir John's *personelle* is very unpromising. A small man, with a small common head and a small cheap face, a small, piping, sing-song voice, he seemed to be as little of a nobleman as one could imagine, but he is evidently great in the insect department.

Our Stanley was there, and the lion of the show. He was run after and cheered quite as much as the Prince of Wales would have been. Mr. Stanley was rather ill at ease. The white kids upon his enormous hands were a bad fit, and his whole appearance suggested the thought that he was probably far more comfortable in the jungles of Africa.

Napoleon, Eugenie, and the prince had been invited to attend the meetings, and at the opening addresses I sat at the reporters' table close by those remarkable people, and immediately in front of them. The paper Dr. Carpenter was reading had been printed and distributed to the representatives of the press, so that I had nothing to do but to look at the famous trio. Napoleon was the youngest looking man for his age I have ever seen. His skin was clear and fresh and free from wrinkles. He looked like a man of fifty. Eugenie is a very striking personage. The pictures are remarkably faithful. I think her complexion must be very dark, though she uses such a profusion of pearl-powder that one cannot tell about the color of the skin. I could discover no resemblance between the son and either of the parents, but he is a remarkably bright young man. A friend of mine was present at the closing exercises of a school down near Chiselhurst last June, and the prince was present to represent his father. My friend was surprised at a speech

clearly extempore from the prince. The English was remarkably good, and the whole affair would have done credit to a practised orator of double his years.

At the Emperor's right hand sat the Baroness Burdett Coutts. You have seen a New England old maid, the last end of a played-out Yankee family, with long, skinny neck and a red eruption covering half the face. That's the Baroness exactly. But there is no doubt that she is in many respects a remarkable woman, and her wealth, which she is using with such noble benevolence, is boundless.

ENGLISH CRUELTY.

DURING a recent visit to England, I was surprised and pained at the many evidences of cruelty among the people. I stood on the corner of Regent and Oxford Streets two hours, and counted the number of cuts received by horses. It was 468, and the whips used by the cab-drivers there are very severe. When I returned to America, I spent the first two spare hours (which happened to be the busiest of the day for the street) on the corner of Broadway and Canal Streets, in New York, and counted the number of whip-cuts within the range of my vision. It was 14, and the whips used by New York drivers are nothing compared with those used by London drivers.

During seven weeks in London I saw a woman beaten by a man in the street nine times. I have never witnessed such brutality in America.

The new game of Polo on horseback, inaugurated last summer in the presence of royalty and uncounted nobility, on the Grand Park at Windsor Castle, I witnessed. The cruel tortures to which the beautiful ponies were subjected would not be permitted in the United States. Not only would ladies and respectable men refuse to look on and approve, but the authorities would be compelled to interfere.

Still, in some of the highest ladies' schools in England, grown women are whipped, and in the colleges the beating of the younger boys by the older would not be submitted to by American savages. It is not matched by anything in history.

MORAL HEROISM OF AMERICANS.

It is the common opinion that the Yankee cares for nothing but dollars; that he is a worshipper of mammon; that, deprived of this god, he is broken-hearted.

The day after the great Boston fire one saw in the crowd of ruined merchants slowly wandering about the smouldering ruins a spirit which was infinitely removed from the money-grabber. It was a calm, cheerful,

brave facing of the disaster. Not a word of discouragement, nothing approaching a whine. Hundreds of them standing naked, stripped of the earnings of a lifetime, quietly, unflinchingly, cast about to see how to make a new beginning. It was one of the grandest examples of a high moral heroism ever witnessed.

A NEW HORSE-DISEASE.

A NEW disease has broken out among the horses of the country, which is not unlike the epizoötic in some of its forms, and threatens to become as widespread. A few words with regard to its management may not come amiss.

The people think that the peculiar misfortune about the equine plague is that the doctors have been caught off guard. One paper says that "the strange malady has thus far eluded the grasp of the medical men, that as yet they have not come to a full understanding of its nature," etc., etc. Another paper said the other day that one of our city horse-doctors was trying a composition of nearly twenty ingredients, and that when he had determined the exact proportions of each, he would be all ready to make a fortune out of his secret should the disease reappear.

It is true that the equine plague has thus far eluded

the grasp of medical men,—that we know but little of its nature; but all this is equally true of other maladies, even of those with the names of which we have been longest acquainted. The cholera has long been made the subject of the most searching investigations. Volumes have been written about it. But, saying nothing of the *nature* of the malady (which we may frankly confess is quite beyond mortal ken), it is not known to-day whether the cholera comes from the earth, the air, or the sky. In brief, we know nothing of it beyond its symptoms; and we may add that this is the full extent of our knowledge about a common catarrh or cold in the head. What can we say of its nature? Every candid doctor will answer, “Nothing, positively nothing.”

This disease of the horse is new in some of its features; but the pretence that when doctors have had time to grasp its *nature*, they will, etc., etc., is sheer affectation and nonsense. It is probably true that experience will improve our management of our four-footed patients, but it will improve it by teaching us the utter worthlessness of doctor stuffs; and that will certainly be a great gain. Of late years a new malady is met with theories and drugs. Experience invariably leads to hygiene. If a common catarrh or cold in the head were just now a new disease, the medical magazines would be full of theories and drug treatment.

Experience would teach abstinence, cleanliness, extra sleep, pure air, and warm clothing. The horse plague, should it frequently return, will have a similar history. A pack of horse-quacks will mix up quantities of poisonous drugs, talk mysterious wisdom, and force the nasty stuffs down the unwilling throats of the dumb, suffering creatures. Then they will learn better, and finally will come to depend upon warm blankets, pure air, and other hygienic expedients. Some of our common-sense teamsters have managed in the simple, natural way, and have thus treated their horses as well as it is possible to treat them.

All this rigmarole of technical names and theories, all these whispers that this and that horse-doctor is engaged in careful investigations and experiments, are the most perfect tomfoolery imaginable; and while said doctors are quite willing to profit by these deferential hints, when they meet each other they thrust their tongues into their cheeks and wink.

My object in these remarks is not to disparage veterinary physicians as such, — for some of them we know to be thoughtful, devoted men, — but to urge a word in mercy for our long-suffering, patient, noble friend, the horse. The cruel tortures to which he has been subjected by ignorant, reckless horse-doctors, so called, must give us all the heartache.

As an illustration of the kind of treatment which

our four-footed friend sorely needs, let us consider the stall in which he is confined during this long sickness. His head is tied at the farther end of a close box, without change of air and without light. The secretions from his nose besmear his feed-box, the fetid emanations in his breath accumulate until his keeper can scarcely breathe the reeking stench, and the horse goes on night and day sucking in the foul excretions. What he needs most of all is a light and perfectly ventilated room to live in during his illness. He needs it quite as much as a man would suffering with a similar disease. To say that this alone would do more for the victims of this plague than all the medicines which have been forced down their throats is to speak with excessive moderation. Let us condense the most important rules:—

1. Light and perfect ventilation.
2. Warm blankets.
3. Frequent and hard rubbing with brushes and wisps of straw.
4. Simple opening food. Carrots and other roots are best.
5. Plenty of pure water.
6. If not too sick, a walk morning and afternoon of an hour or so, wrapped in warm blankets.

Everybody has heard the old story of the cute Yankee who announced for exhibition "A HORSE WITH HIS

HEAD WHERE HIS TAIL OUGHT TO BE." It was impossible to make change fast enough at the stable door. The eager crowd rushed in and found an old horse standing with his tail backed up into the farther end of a stall and his head sticking out at the open end of the stall.

If all the horses suffering with the new disease had been kept on exhibition after the Yankee's fashion, the malady would have been greatly mitigated.

THE CHECK-REIN.

MANY cruelties are inflicted upon the horse. The most inexcusable is the check-rein.

I have just been watching a stylish team. Both horses are busy trying to release their heads. The head goes to one side, then to the other, then the nose is thrown up as high as possible several times. And so it goes on without cessation. The torture in the bent and constrained spine must be intense: their eyes show it. Unloose the checks in these high-headed animals, and they will hang their heads down almost to the ground; they will half close their eyes; in this and other ways they will show a sense of great relief.

They say the horse looks better with his head drawn up two feet higher than where the Creator placed it.

That's a matter of taste. Some people have said that the animal travels and pulls better with a check-rein. Try it yourself. Run a mile, holding your person and head erect. Try it again. Draw a loaded hand-cart up a hill and hold yourself quite upright. You will never advocate a check-rein again.

The Creator knew how to make a horse. He knew on which end to put the head, and just how to put it on. He taught the horse how to carry it. I have always thought the thing a success.

Could the dumb creature speak, he would say, "My master, I know that I was made to serve you, that I must spend my whole life in toiling for your interests, and I ask in return only such comfort as suits your convenience. I will not complain when you overwork me and whip me, but I beg that you will not force my head up out of its natural place. It makes me stumble, for I can't see where to step. It strains my loins painfully when I have to draw a heavy load, and it lessens greatly my pulling strength. But, my dear master, worse than all these, it produces an aching, torturing pain in my spine. Just where my head joins my neck, the pain in the spine is so dreadful sometimes that I wish myself dead. My master, hold your head in a curbed, constrained position for half an hour, and you will suffer the keenest pain you could endure. This I have to bear from morning till night. It is

worse than all my other sufferings put together. My master, give me the liberty to move my head in the natural way, in the way contrived by our common Father; I will serve you better, last longer, and have a little comfort even in the midst of all my toils."

THE STREET-RAILWAY HORSES.

I DROPPED in recently to make the acquaintance of the managers of one of the large street-railway stables in New York. I found the superintendent full of the wisdom which comes of long experience and careful observation. After learning that he employed ten hundred and fifty horses, more than a hundred stablemen, and many other similar facts, I asked a number of questions, which, with his answers, may interest my readers.

"What is your final judgment upon the weight of the car-horse?"

"He should be a heavy animal. I now buy those which weigh from 1,150 to 1,250 pounds. We all used to think that the light, high-spirited horse was best. But we found that starting the car killed such animals."

"What is the average length of service among your horses?"

"About three years."

"What then becomes of them?"

"They go to the cart, farm, and canal."

"What is the result of your long experience in feeding?"

"About seventeen pounds of oats and corn and seven pounds of hay. In the winter we mix one bushel of corn with three of oats, and in the summer one to six. We grind the grains quite fine, and cut the hay. No dry hay is given."

"Do you find any difference as to endurance or activity associated with any particular color?"

"No; though we all fancy that light-colored horses are most intelligent, and that black and dark sorrel horses are most likely to be vicious."

"Which sex is worth most for car service?"

"The horse. I do not buy mares now if I can avoid it. There are one or two familiar objections to the presence of mares in a large crowd of horses; but I have found another serious objection, — they are much more liable to spinal troubles. We had eighty-five cases of cerebro-spinal meningitis in our stables, and sixty-eight of them were mares, or exactly four in five. The number of the two sexes was, at that time, almost exactly equal. Besides, the disease was particularly fatal among the mares. At present, we have two horses for one mare, and after a time I intend that our stock shall include no mares."

VIVISECTION.

OF all the chapters in the history of my profession, no other makes one breathe quick, and the cold sweat start, like that of vivisection. Perhaps my younger readers may not know what vivisection means. The dissection of an animal while alive for the purpose of making physiological investigations. With cutting, and burning with fire and acids, with starvation and thirst, it is possible to make the sufferings of a dog, for example, during his week or month in the physiologist's laboratory, something which the imagination would find it difficult to grasp. Then consider the number of dogs, and other animals, which physiologists have tortured to death under pretence of scientific investigations. That eminent physiologist, but indecent savage, Spallanzani, lived for many years in the midst of a hell of cries, yells, groans, shrieks, and moans, proceeding from thousands upon thousands of animals undergoing his experiments. I ask my medical brethren what advantage to science came of it all? I have been a student of physiological researches and discoveries, and I affirm that of the myriads of helpless creatures that have been tortured in this way, not one in a million have made the least contribution to science. A great intellectual genius, like one of the

Bells, or, perhaps, Brown-Sequard, reports an experiment upon some animal, with his deductions. Forthwith an army of brainless imitators get their dogs and begin. Of course there is not the least probability of any good coming of it all, but it has a scientific appearance. The poor, helpless creatures, meantime, all day and all night, suffer on, while the would-be physiologist makes notes, which, in due time, he will inflict upon some medical society; and though nobody will get a single valuable suggestion, a few of the more brainless of the members will fancy that Dr. — is, somehow, a scientific investigator, while the investigator himself rests his weighty head on his hand, and sighs to think that he is one of the great physiological explorers. Hundreds of thousands of medical men have practised vivisection. Not half a score of them have contributed an idea to physiology. The boys in Harvard Medical College get the fever of vivisection every winter. They read in the journals that some German physiologist has tried this or that experiment upon a rabbit or a dog, perhaps an experiment which makes one's heart stop to read about, and these youngsters set about starting their inquisition. About two months ago one of the young men from Harvard told me of some experiments the vivisectionists of the class had been making; and I honestly declare that I cannot recall that description without a shudder, even at this

distance. I trust they will try next winter the law against cruelty on those Harvard vivisectionists.

Go and ask the eminent physiologists among the professors in Harvard, and they will tell you exactly what I do of the usefulness of vivisection.

Among the Romans, a gladiatorial show in which some horrible thing did not occur, was regarded a tame fizzle. The savage is ecstatic only when the tortures of his hapless victim are fiendish. Down in the animal nature of many a civilized being there is not a little of this passion for the horrible. It is this which gives zest to vivisections.

OVER a considerable portion of the globe the common garden snail is an article of human food. In many parts of the world the creatures are fattened in snaileries, and are sold in the market just as we sell chickens and oysters. In Italy, Spain, Switzerland, and France, the snail trade involves a large traffic.

It is strange to me that persons of common humanity can enjoy the eating of that delicacy among epicures, *paté de foie gras*. It is made of diseased goose-livers, unnaturally enlarged by torturing the poor bird in a manner that would put a red Indian to the blush.

A CHAT ABOUT DRAINAGE.

FEW subjects are more important in their relation to human health. One half the deaths which occur are caused by fever in its different forms.

It is a well-established fact, that the principal cause of fever is a humid, miasmatic state of the atmosphere, produced by an excess of moisture in the ground, from which poisonous exhalations constantly arise, vitiating the purer air, and carrying into the system of those who inhale it a virus, which, if not sufficiently intense to produce fever, has such a disturbing effect upon the functions of some organ or set of organs, as to weaken the general system, and act as a powerful, predisposing cause of some of the most common and fatal maladies to which the human body is subject.

Some of the European cities have suffered fearfully from want of thorough drainage. In the city of Glasgow, for the five years ending 1840, 55,949 persons were attacked with fever, — every fifth person in the city. Of these 4,788 died. The city of London has probably suffered more from imperfect drainage than any other city in the world, and at this day, after years of labor and an enormous expenditure of money, that city is still suffering through the ignorance and errors of the past, from evils which may never be wholly eradicated.

Several American cities have suffered frightful losses from bad drainage.

In Buffalo, N. Y., during the memorable seasons of 1849 and 1851, I personally attended three hundred cases of cholera and cholérine. Of these three hundred cases, two hundred and fifty, at least, occurred in dwellings which stood near pools of water or upon damp ground; and I doubt if I saw ten cases on dry soil, well removed from accumulations of surface water, and with dry, pure cellars.

One house, which stood in a little wet hollow, was the scene of the most dreadful mortality. An entire Irish family, consisting of parents and six children, fell victims in a single week. Upon the death of the last of the group, a boy of seventeen years, I called upon the authorities and warned them against allowing the premises to be occupied. The caution was neglected, and a few days after I was called to see some cases of cholera at the ill-fated house. Upon arriving I found seven persons all in the collapse of cholera. The family had moved in the previous day. They had left a dry and healthy street because of inability to pay their rent, and had spent only one night on the fatal premises. Indeed, before daylight the malady made its appearance. Before the sun went down, all had forgotten their agonizing cramps in the sleep of death.

Damp earth, especially in cities and towns where im-

mense quantities of filth accumulate, is the source of incredible disease and death.

Draining the soil, thus removing the water from the superficial earth, and paving the streets to prevent the water from reaching the earth underneath, are, in a sanitary point of view, the same thing.

Streets have not often been paved for health's sake, and yet no improvement has more to do with the health of a city. The history of a large number of cities shows conclusively that a great decrease of mortality is due alone to the paving of certain streets in localities previously noted for their unhealthiness. With a good pavement, but little water reaches the soil, and as the direct rays of the sun do not reach the earth, no poisonous gases are generated.

Dr. Bell cites the city of Philadelphia as a remarkable illustration of the advantages of paving, and affirms that intermittent and bilious remittent fevers have declined whenever and wherever the streets have been paved.

Louisville, Ky., is another case in point. Previous to the paving of its streets, it was called "the graveyard of the West." It is now as healthy as any town in that region. Bilious fevers, rivalling yellow fever in malignity, threatened to depopulate it. The streets were paved, and the sanitary condition of the city immediately changed.

The only pavement which will stand our climate

is that which involves the essential features of the old Roman pavements. If the pavement be so constructed that the water easily leaches through, the frost will surely follow and the pavement be upheaved.

The pavement must be impervious. The concrete pavement, or small cubical blocks of primitive rock laid upon a bed of concrete, is doubtless the only one as yet devised which will fulfil all the required conditions. Some of the concrete roads built by the Romans in England twenty centuries ago are still in a remarkable state of preservation.

The concrete under the pavement will not add greatly to the expense, and will make the pavement last perhaps twenty times as long. Indeed, it is doubtful if it be not possible to lay down a pavement in Broadway, N. Y., which would serve, without repair, a hundred years.

No city of any considerable dimensions can be clean or healthy without a plentiful supply of water.

No city in America has a sufficient supply of water. It is a shame that New York, with its immense resources and prospective population, should, during the summer, when, in a sanitary point of view, water is most important, be obliged to stint her population.

Every principal street should have a small river below, into which everything from the surface and from

the houses on either side may readily flow. With good *drainage, paving, supply of water, and sewerage*, a city may be healthy.

THAT wise physician, Dr. D. A. Gorton, says: "How much individual health depends upon the sanitary regulations of the household! The prescriptions of the best physicians are often insignificant, compared with the virtues of hygiene; indeed, ignorant or neglectful parents and nurses, and unwholesome surroundings, frequently defeat the purpose of the wisest medical advice, and render inoperative, or worse, remedies of undoubted timely virtue. But, more than this, a host of the worst disorders, by the neglect of wholesome precautions, are engendered *within* the household. A leaky drain, defective ventilation, or a neglected sink or water-closet, produce more cholera and typhus than were ever dispensed by a mysterious Providence. The foul air of a cesspool is more to be dreaded than the fumes of the bottomless pit. I knew a whole family of small children, a few years ago, swept away to the unknown, by an alleged Providential dispensation of dysentery. The location of the family was unexceptionable, — high, dry, and sunny. It was in the month of August; a dry season. There seemed to be no reason to impeach the allegation against Providence, until, walking through a side-yard, that had been a favorite

resort of the children, a cesspool was discovered, that had been obstructed all summer! Verily, Providence was merciful to that family. Instead of being charged with the death of the innocents, He should have been gratefully thanked for preserving the survivors."

ABOUT THE HOUSE MR. STONE IS TO BUILD
FOR ME.

MR. STONE, I will mention some things which I must have in my new house. You house-builders are very wise about the anatomy of a house, but you have never studied its physiology. When the walls and the roof, the floors and the paper and paint, are done, you think that the house is finished. In its anatomy, yes; but then there's the physiology.

Mr. Stone. But, sir, I don't know what you mean by the physiology of a house. It's one of your new-fangled notions, ain't it?

Mr. Stone, let me explain to you. My home will consist of the walls, roof, etc., and the life within. Now, a vital condition of the life within is a supply of good air. To have this there must be a constant movement in the air. A hogshead of air is made unfit for respiration by a pair of lungs in five minutes. Suppose there are ten people in the house; ten hogsheads of air would be rendered unfit for breathing in

five minutes, or two hogsheads every minute. Now, what attention do you house-builders pay to all that sort of thing? Why, none at all. You make everything as tight as a bottle with a cork in it if you can. And then the occupants have to trust to luck or Providence for breath, although the Divine Architect has not revealed to us any means by which an air-tight bottle or an air-tight room can enjoy good ventilation. Mr. Stone, what we want in our houses is pure air, and the best means during the season of artificial heat, which lasts two thirds of the year, is the open fire. Let us for a moment look at this brisk wood-fire. Observe that big chimney-throat. Hold a piece of paper near it, and see how quickly it will dodge up the chimney. This burning can't go on without that rapid rush up the chimney. All the air in this room must go up there in a very few moments, and through fifty openings here and there fresh air comes in.

Suppose you ventilate in the ordinary way—an opening in or near the ceiling—and then heat your room with a furnace. The ton of coal for which you paid seven dollars comes rapidly up through the register, rushes to the ceiling and pops out through the hole. It is warmer than the rest of the air in the room, and so it stays at the ceiling until it gets out; our lungs meantime are pumping away at the colder

air down near the floor, which is scarcely changed at all. In my list I put down *an open fire as number one among house blessings*. In the course of a day it takes hundreds of thousands of cubic feet of air out of a room, and always from the lowest stratum. And although nineteen twentieths of the heat from this open fire rushes out doors through the chimney, the one twentieth which remains in the room keeps that room nearly as warm as the whole twenty twentieths would, brought in through a register; and this is because the coldest stratum of air—that in which we sit—is constantly passing up the chimney, and the warm air in the upper part of the room is thus brought down to us. Mr. Stone, you see the value I put upon ventilation, and I hope you will build my house accordingly.

WELL WATER.

WHEN our neighbor Babcock returned in the autumn, the water in his well was putrid. Of course it was a dead cat. John was sent down to examine. He reported a bad smell, but no cat. Another descent, this time a good light. He bawled up, "I can see every part of the bottom, and all round, and I tell you there ain't no cat nor nothing down here!"

A consultation among the neighbors was now held.

Two rheumatic old men, leaning on canes and squirting tobacco-juice, enlarged luminously. The universe seemed to be rather their pet theme, but finally they got down to plain work, and explained very clearly how things went on under the ground. They showed, by various gestures and illustrations, how the gases and the substances worked upon each other all up and down and through the various passages and crevices and caverns of the earth, and how sometimes, in spite of everything you could do, the water would turn bad, and then no power on earth could turn it back again. Each of them voted unanimously that this very thing had happened to neighbor Babcock's well, and that nothing could be done but to fill it up and dig another. When this conclusion had been emphasized by various punchings with their canes in the ground, our blind neighbor, having felt his way to the spot where the committee had just pronounced its verdict, and having only heard the dead-cat theory, enunciated as follows: "I can see the dead cat just as plain as can be. The water has turned putrid from stagnation; that's the dead cat. You stir it up well for two hours, and the water will be just as sweet as ever."

John was sent down to try it, though the old men advised that he should first look up a putrid carcass of some kind, and stir that awhile, to see whether stirring such things would sweeten them. But the man took

his paddle down and began. At the end of half an hour, he bawled up, "She's all right now. Send down your bucket and try it."

The water was a little stale, but not bad. Another good stir, and the water was sweet. Since then I have advised the "Movement Cure" in a number of sick or putrid wells and cisterns, and with uniform success.

DRINKING IMPURE WATER.

SET a pitcher of iced water in an occupied room and in a few hours it will have absorbed nearly all the perspired gases of the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. This depends on the fact that water has the faculty of condensing and thereby absorbing nearly all the gases, which it does without increasing its own bulk. The colder the water is, the greater its capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperature, a pint of water will contain a pint of carbonic-acid gas and several pints of ammonia. This capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the temperature to that of ice. Hence water kept in the room awhile is always unfit for use, and should be often removed, whether it has become warm or not. That which has stood in a pitcher overnight is not fit for coffee water in the morning. Impure

water is more injurious to health than impure air, and every person should provide the means of obtaining fresh, pure water for all domestic uses.

PET IDEAS.

EVERY one has a pet idea which frequently occurs to him and lingers long.

My pet idea is this: *Local affections in our bodies are only expressions of systemic faults.* Whenever people come to look upon their pains and sores as flags of distress calling attention to some sickness pervading the system, as soon as they fully realize that the health of each *part* depends upon the health of the *whole*, then *sunshine, temperance, and exercise* will become the popular physicians.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

DURING the year 1348 not less than twenty-five millions of human beings perished, in Europe alone, from the *Plague*. England was almost depopulated. Various preventive measures were adopted. One much resorted to was hanging a cross on each house, with "God have mercy on us!" inscribed upon it. Another means in which those wretched populations cherished unbounded confidence was a peculiar employment of

prayers. Ten persons cried, "God have mercy on us!" all at one time, until they were hoarse and exhausted. But before they gave out, ten others began, so that day and night the cry of agony ascended unceasingly to Heaven. Meantime their yards and streets were hummocked with indescribable filth. Kitchen offal, dead cats and dogs, and every other conceivable kind of filth, sent up a reeking, sickening vapor. In reading the history of those fearful times, we are apt to think that if, in addition to their prayers, they had cleaned their houses and streets, it might have been better. Prayer is a good thing, but as a means of preventing the plague or cholera, cleanliness is, to say the least, a very important adjunct.

Pure air and water are pretty sure preventives of cholera. Of the hosts who died in Buffalo from the cholera of 1849 and 1851, there were not twenty-five cleanly, intelligent people. A peculiar diarrhoea known as *cholerine* attacked our better class of native citizens sometimes, but, with the exception of a few invalids and old people among this class, few died of cholera. As prevention is always better than cure, I will make some important suggestions.

Clean your cellars, and distribute lime in all the corners and damp places.

Make sure of your drains, traps, cesspools, and privies, and use lime and copperas freely.

Clean your yards and streets, and keep them clean. Use lime in all doubtful places.

Use whitewash all about your houses, your passage-halls, your closets, and then ventilate thoroughly day and night.

Keep your skins clean by frequent bathing, and change your flannel under-clothes frequently.

Let your diet be the usual beef, mutton, bread, potatoes, and garden vegetables, though cucumbers are not fit to eat under any circumstances.

Go to bed early, and, in brief, take care of yourself.

The cholera is a blessing. During the cholera years, the general health of the community is better than usual, because of the more thoughtful attention given to personal habits.

I remember that, in a short street in Buffalo, there was one large old house occupied by twelve poor families. This was at the foot of a slight elevation, while in the next street, but little removed, there were fourteen neat cottages, occupied mostly by thrifty mechanics. During the cholera season there were thirty-six deaths in the tenant-house, — the largest mortality in any house in the city, — while in the neat double row of cottages there was not a single death. Cleanliness and a judicious diet saved the mechanics. Nastiness, whiskey, and a bad diet killed the others.

NOT HERE, BUT THERE.

I HAVE no doubt that pulmonary consumption, like all other chronic diseases, is the result of low vitality, and not the cause of it. People feel their skeleton legs, and then, putting their hands upon their chests, they exclaim, "Here it is! Here is all my trouble! This is what is killing me!"

My house has recently been troubled with a drain odor. It came from a hole in the drain, filled the whole basement story, and finally made its way through a small opening in the ceiling into the room above, to the infinite disgust of a lady with a sensitive nose. This lady made a great fuss, and called in the neighbors to serve on a smelling committee. The committee, by carefully following their noses, soon found the opening from which the sickening odor came. As soon as I returned they ran to me, and said, "Come, we have found it."

"Found what?" I said.

They explained, and then hurried me to the hole in the floor, and said, "Put your nose in that hole, and you will see where the trouble is."

I did as I was directed, and agreed with them that the odor came through that opening. But knowing the constitution of the house, I said at once, "The whole

basement is full of this disgusting stench." Running down stairs I found that the atmosphere of the basement was perfectly sickening. While looking for the opening in the drain the ladies called me up stairs, and urged that I should stick my nose in the hole again, for there the trouble was, they were sure. So I vibrated between looking for the hole in the drain below and smelling at the hole above, the ladies meantime insisting that the hole should be stopped up or some carbolic acid poured down.

But these ladies were quite as wise as the doctor who thinks he finds in a small hole in the lung the cause of debility, emaciation, and final death. It is only the place where the disease shows itself.

I AM surprised that the wisdom of vaccination should be discussed. If the choice were between vaccination and a pleasant picnic or a glass of ice-cream, I should unhesitatingly vote against vaccination. But since the choice is between vaccination and one of the most horrible, loathsome diseases known to man, I unhesitatingly vote for vaccination. But we are told that scrofula and other taints are transmitted by vaccination; it is easy to secure perfect immunity from such a misfortune by taking the virus directly from the cow, as is now very generally done. But supposing this to be

impossible, and supposing scrofula is transmitted in one case in a hundred or in fifty, or even one case in ten, still I should be vaccinated, and thank God for even such opportunity to escape from the danger, loathsomeness, and scars of small-pox. But as there is not the slightest necessity for exposing one's self to any such infection in vaccination, one is vexed with the stupid opposition to it.

COLDS: HOW TO CURE THEM. — Medicines will not cure colds. Opening the skin is important, but the principal means is a reduction of food. You have eaten meat twice a day. Eat none for two or three days, if the cold lasts so long. Use only plain, unstimulating, vegetable food, drink plenty of cold water on rising and on lying down, and keep your legs and feet warm by friction and a frequent change in your woollen stockings, say twice a day. This last is important.

A HIT AT THE DOCTORS. — Dr. O. W. Holmes, in his address before the Massachusetts Medical Society, says: "Will you think I am disrespectful if I ask whether even in Massachusetts a dose of calomel is not sometimes given by a physician on the same principle as that upon which a landlord occasionally prescribes bacon and eggs, — because he cannot think of anything else quite so handy?"

ELEGANT MISERY.

THE gout is a most respectable disease. Even Mr. Spurgeon seems not to be ashamed of it. In all ages it has been regarded as the most aristocratic of maladies, even more so than delirium-tremens, though I see no reason why it should be. A decent temperance will prevent them both. It certainly can't be a dream that the time will come when the excessive indulgence of passion or appetite will involve disgrace. It does even now, if the sinner be a woman; and the number who look upon such a weakness or vice even in men as contemptible is rapidly multiplying. Nothing but the best possible use of all our faculties will satisfy the coming public sentiment. And as nothing is so potent as public sentiment, which is but another word for fashion, we all heartily join in the prayer, "*God hasten the day.*"

ALL GUESS-WORK.

THE grave and learned discussions which sometimes agitate our medical societies as to whether this or that drug should be given in some particular disease reminds me of the old story of the little Dutchman who "set up for a doctor" in New Orleans, and it involves so

much of an important law in health as well as disease, that I repeat it. It seems that a small Dutchman had been engaged in the lager-beer profession, but had failed. He cast about for a new occupation. The yellow fever had just appeared, and it occurred to him that it might pay to "set up for a doctor." There was no time for books, and so he resolved to study at the bedside of the sick, keeping a little memorandum. His first case was a Dutchman who had the fever pretty badly, but longed for sauer krout. The doctor prescribed sauer krout. The Dutchman got well. The doctor wrote in his little memorandum, "Sauer krout will cure a Dutchman of yellow fever." His next case of yellow fever was a Frenchman. Sauer krout was prescribed. The Frenchman took on the black-vomit at once and died. The doctor added after his first record, "but will kill a Frenchman."

A WIT replied to a French physician who was marvelling how a certain abbé came to die, since he himself and three other physicians were unremitting in their attentions, "My dear doctor, how could the poor abbé sustain himself against all four of you?"

A LADY asked a physician if snuff was injurious to the brains. "No," said he, "for nobody who has any brains ever takes snuff."

SEA-SICKNESS.

SEA-SICKNESS is an affection of the brain. You may take twenty doses to settle your stomach; it won't settle, but five minutes' *sleep* will settle it. This proves it to be an affection of the brain. The various nostrums provided for the nausea are worthless. The best treatment is simple food free from grease, a little lemonade, and lying on deck flat on your back. The only cure is *time*. Some persons are incorrigible. Charles Sumner and Henry Ward Beecher suffered from shore to shore. The best treatment for such persons is to stay at home.

One thing about sea-sickness is very curious. While you are suffering, you wish you were at the bottom of the sea; when you are ashore, you forget about it, laugh at it, and are ready to go again.

ATTACKS of bilious colic would be prevented, I believe, by a little care in eating. I think an avoidance of all desserts, and eating but two meals a day, the last one somewhere in the middle of the day, would prevent all return of the trouble. Besides this, have a little exercise in the open air every day.

TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS.

A GENTLEMAN (Mr. Wilcox) died at a Russian bath establishment in New York, recently. At the *post-mortem*, the eminent Dr. Willard Parker, in that large-hearted, philosophical spirit which has characterized the attitude of the medical profession toward all hygienic and medical innovations, testified before the jury that *Mr. Wilcox was killed by a Turkish bath!* Dr. Parker SWORE to that!

Now it turns out, —

1. That Mr. Wilcox had not been within a mile of a Turkish bath.

2. That he entered the parlor of a building where there was a *Russian* bath, *but did not enter the bath at all!* He complained of a distress in his chest, the men were called, his legs were rubbed, he rose and tried to walk about, fainted and died.

3. Upon a thorough examination it was found that the man really died of disease of the heart.

The papers all over the country, with a laudable desire to disseminate useful information, and warn the public against danger, are sounding the alarm.

What is a Turkish bath? First, the skin is warmed; not by steam, but by warm air. Does it hurt the body to expose it to warm air? Suppose the air is 110°

and the ventilation perfect. Will that hurt the feeblest person? On the contrary, will not this temperature prove most agreeable and refreshing? This is followed by skilled hand-rubbing. Is skilled rubbing, with soft, warm hands, a deadly performance? Is it not, on the contrary, the very thing we do for the feeblest and faintest? When the hand-rubbing is finished, the bather is conducted, or carried, if need be, to a soft couch, where he reclines, rests, and, if possible, sleeps. Is this sure to prove fatal?

If a consumptive is likely to die to-night, and three Turkish baths were given him to-day, he will probably go on for some days. The weakest and most delicate ladies are of all persons the most happily affected by the bath.

The Turkish bath is making rapid progress in America. Many hundred medical men have already given in their adherence.

In the hot-air, or Turkish bath, persons who are dull and sore, those suffering with colds, the victims of rheumatism, and those who are suffering from any of the ordinary troubles of the liver or kidneys, find relief.

The number of Turkish-bath institutions in Great Britain has become very large.

A WISE SURGEON.

SIR JOHN FIFE, M. D., senior surgeon to the great Newcastle Infirmary, one of the largest in the world, enthusiastically declares, in speaking of the treatment of rheumatism by the bath: "Some with their joints much swollen, and suffering martyrdom, were conveyed helpless into the bath, as into the elysium where ache and pain vanish." And again, Sir John writes, "Its effects are most remarkable in obviating disorders and palliating diseases of the liver and kidneys." The eminent author, Gosse, of Geneva, affirms, "It is the real panacea for the larger portion of the diseases which assail mankind."

LIVER COMPLAINT. — For your torpid liver go without grease in your food, bathe your skin every morning on rising, and follow the bathing with sharp friction with the roughest towel, and, if you can bear it, with the flesh-brush also. Beating the body in the region of the liver with the flat of the hand or with the fists is excellent. General gymnastic exercises are always advisable in what is known as liver complaint.

FOMENTATIONS.

HIPPOCRATES recommends hot fomentations for the relief of chest, abdominal, and other pains. From his time down to the present, hot fomentations have been the favorite remedy for a great variety of affections. If I were asked to select from all possible methods of treatment one, and one alone, with which I would undertake to combat human suffering, without a moment's hesitation I should select hot fomentations. For pains in the spine and shoulders, for pains in the head, for pains in the chest, stomach, and abdomen, for pains in the limbs, for pains in any and every part of the body, hot fomentations constitute the best single remedy.

The old-fashioned method with flannels wrung out of hot water is perhaps the best method.

A happy way of protecting the nurse's hands is to dip the flannel in boiling water; then lay it upon a towel, roll the towel and wring it.

The nurse who understands the hot-fomentation art, and applies it industriously, will accomplish ten times as much as the doctor with all his drugs.

In addition to the benefits resulting from this remedy, it is one of the pleasantest imaginable in its application.

COLD BATHS.

TWENTY years ago the cold-water mania came near sousing and freezing us to death. Everybody had to drink and *douche*. Pale, delicate women in the hydropathic cures or freezers, stood *under* cold water, sat *down* in cold water, lay down in cold water, and were wrapped up in cold water. In addition, they filled their stomachs with cold water. Pale, shrunken, shivering, they moved about spectre-like, and with chattering teeth described to each other the effects of the last *douche*. Bridget, when asked about her absent mistress, said "she had gone to soak." A writer, in describing the great institution of Priessnitz in the mountains, says that he met here and there in the mountain-paths numbers of bareheaded, half-dressed, comfortably crazy people, wandering about from spring to spring, each with a tumbler in his hand, mournfully repeating the number of tumblers of water he had swallowed. From this dangerous excess there has been a great reaction, and now there is a general disposition to condemn cold-water bathing. Both are extremes. A morning cold bath is a most important habit. We don't believe there is one person in a hundred who would be injured by a morning cold bath. But everything depends upon the manner in which it is taken.

If a feeble person in a cold room crawls into a bath of cold water, and remains till he can't speak loud and is in a deep collapse, and then rising stands by an open window and rubs himself gently for half an hour, he will be seriously hurt. But if one of the rubber bath-mats be thrown upon the carpet, and even a delicate person rises quickly, throws off the night-garment, steps into the mat, slips the hands into a pair of bath-mittens, and passes them as quickly as possible over every part of the person, and follows with a crash towel as quickly and vigorously as the hands can be made to move, that is quite a different thing, and must invariably act as an excellent tonic. Old and feeble people should not bathe in very cold water, and should bathe in a warm room and have some one to assist them.

It has been reported that intelligent physicians have cautioned against frequent bathing, lest the skin-oil should be removed and leave the surface too dry. The only way to provoke a free secretion of the oil of the skin is to remove the accumulations frequently. Even in the days of excessive bathing, and among the laborers in Turkish baths, we have never met a lack of this oil, while it is common to meet a dry and cracked skin among those who never bathe. The glands which furnish oil for the skin, like those which furnish saliva for the mouth, are active only when frequently called

upon. If the salivary glands were not called into action for a month, they would almost lose their function. Frequent baths increase greatly the oily secretions of the skin.

MY MEDICINE, AND HOW TO FIND TIME TO TAKE IT.

JOHN SMITH, a book-keeper, asks what he shall do. Dyspepsia, nervousness, and all that sort of thing have got hold of him. He has no time to get the fresh air, no time to exercise, no time for anything, in fact; and would I advise him to change his occupation?

"John Smith, what time are you due in the counting-room in the morning?"

"About half past eight."

"Could you put it off till nine?"

"Well, perhaps so, if I did n't let my work get behindhand."

And you want to know whether you had better change your business? I advise you against this. A man should not change his occupation lightly, and you, John Smith, need not change yours on account of your health. If your counting-room is light, the business is a healthy one. Book-keepers may be as healthy as cartmen, if they are willing to embrace their opportunities. Now, listen to me. You are occupied, say,

eight hours a day as a book-keeper. More? Well, say nine hours. This leaves fifteen hours. You are in bed eight hours. Now you have seven left for meals and recreation. Let us take only two for meals, and that is abundant. Now, there are five hours left for recreation, and yet, John Smith, you think you have no time for exercise and healthful amusements. Two hours are quite enough for the exercise and out-door life which will keep you in high health, and then you will have three hours left for social enjoyment, saying nothing of the entire day, Sunday. Let me tell you how to manage it, and I will promise that the advice I am about to give you is exactly adapted to half the population of the city.

1st. You must retire at nine o'clock every night.

2d. During the spring, summer, and autumn you must rise at five o'clock. During the winter, at six o'clock.

3d. Beginning moderately, you will soon enjoy two hours of out-door walking and recreation before breakfast. Ninety-nine persons in a hundred, including both sexes, between ten and sixty years of age, will, if they begin the early morning exercise gently and prudently, within three months rejoice over a happy change in their health and spirits, and they will mourn over the great loss for so many years of those precious hours of the early morning.

This is the only door of escape for that host of in-

door workers who lament so constantly over their unhappy choice of occupation. As civilization progresses, the proportion of our population that can follow out-door occupations must become smaller and smaller. But if the rooms in which they work can be well lighted and ventilated, this need not be, especially if they can have two hours of the early morning for out-door recreation and exercise. The proportion of persons who cannot enjoy this privilege is very small, always provided that during the first few weeks there is great prudence. Then the stomach will begin to perform its functions in a new and happy way, and the spirits will rise.

Of course, if you prefer to dawdle about in the sickening atmosphere of a theatre till nearly midnight, you can't rise early in the morning. But I was not speaking to such. I was addressing persons who have indoor occupations, and who would really desire good health, and who are willing to sacrifice even the luxury of sitting up till midnight, lounging and loafing about here and there.

AN IDEAL LIFE.

THE clergyman's life is an ideal one, health-wise. He uses his voice a good deal, which is the healthiest of all exercises, and spends the afternoon in walking about and visiting his parishioners. The morning he

devotes to study. He is not confined to his office like a lawyer, nor obliged to run about at night like a doctor. Indeed, I know of no profession or occupation which so favors health and long life ; and yet clergymen are not, as a class, particularly healthy or long-lived. The reason for it is to be found, as a general thing, in their abuse of the table. A popular clergyman is a miracle of self-denial if he does not fall into the surfeit-trap.

That a clergyman's sore throat should come of using his voice two or three hours a week in preaching, is simply absurd. There is something behind the preaching which has prepared the train,—the preaching touches it off.

We have sneered at the pulpit which finds in the Bible support for the sins of the pews. It is indeed a guilty weakness, which deserves contempt and severe condemnation. My own profession contains not a few persons who prescribe a rich diet and whiskey for the same reason. The present treatment of consumption is an instance. The patient's pulse is a hundred ; rich food and whiskey are sure to increase it, and in the end make recovery impossible. But the prescription is agreeable, and if A do not make it, B will, and A will lose his patient. The temptation to take the patient into one's confidence, and learn what would be most agreeable to him, is very strong. The other day I was

in the office of my neighbor, Dr. —, and was obliged to sit aside while he spoke with a patient. The patient told him about her head and her habits; nothing could be plainer than that the coffee was playing the mischief with her head.

Doctor. "Are you very fond of coffee?"

Patient. "O doctor, I could not eat a breakfast without it! It is my food as well as my drink."

Then the doctor proceeded to prescribe an alterative which should move her bowels daily, and a preparation of iron. Not a word of condemnation of coffee.

I asked him, when the patient had left, why he did not cut off the coffee and really cure her.

"Why," said the doctor, "if I had forbidden the coffee, she would have gone off to another physician, who would have probably hurt her worse than I shall."

What say you as to the dignity of the profession in the hands of such doctors?

THE HEALTH LIFT.

THE advocates of "The Health Lift" are engaged in a good work, but they defend it with certain statements and assumptions which, to say the least, are gratuitous. Among these statements I notice the following: The muscle, when contracted in "lifting," absorbs immense

quantities of blood, "sucks it up like a sponge." What is intended by this statement is, that this rapid absorption attends "lifting" exercises particularly.

Again it is stated that muscle in a state of contraction "absorbs oxygen six times as fast" as in a state of relaxation. Show this to any one of our intelligent physiologists, and he would smile, and wonder how "six times as fast" was arrived at.

Another writer discusses exercise in general, and presents the case well; but then he assumes that all these advantages are to be credited to lifting, as though that were the only possible exercise. There are five hundred muscles in the human body, and they run in every conceivable direction, crosswise, diagonally,—every way. I had always supposed that this peculiar arrangement of the muscle structure meant something. In all ages, the physiologists who have given themselves to the training of muscle have devised a great variety of movements to call into play these five hundred muscles; but the advocates of lifting have found out that the way to develop this varied muscle structure is to stand still, hang the arms down by the sides, hold a stick between the legs, bend the knees a very little, grasp the stick, and then straighten the legs. To develop a horse by piling a great weight on his back, and letting him stand still and hold up the weight, would certainly tend to strengthen the animal,

but it would not be the best method of doing it; a variety of *movements* would prove better. If a man would train himself for any task, — for the prize-ring, for walking, for boating, for any conceivable work, — if, in other words, he would train his muscles, he must perform such a variety of exercises as will bring them all into play. Surely no one but the owner of a lifting-machine would suppose that this could be accomplished by standing still and lifting a weight through the space of an inch without moving the legs or arms from their straight fixed posture, and without bending the back or neck, or, indeed, making any motion whatever which could be seen at the distance of a few feet.

EATING TOO MUCH.

TEN persons die prematurely of too much food where one dies of drink. Thousands eat themselves into fever, bowel disease, dyspepsia, throat affections, and other maladies.

Some years ago, the residents of a German city were one morning wild with excitement. Everybody was poisoned. The doctors were flying in every direction. Water was the only thing they had swallowed in common. The reservoir was examined. In one corner a paper of deadly poison was found.

The stomach is the reservoir which supplies the whole body. A fever, an inflammation, or some other malady appears. Look to the reservoir. There you will find the source of the disease.

I am acquainted with the table habits of a large number of persons. They have all eaten too much food. Nearly all, too much in quantity, but all have eaten food too highly concentrated. Yesterday, I saw a dyspeptic friend eating pears at a fruit-stand. He said, with a smile, "I go a few Bartletts half a dozen times a day." Certain dietetic reformers seem to think if they eat coarse bread and ripe fruits, a peck is all right. Fine flour bread, pies, and cakes are great evils.

A friend who has decayed teeth, dyspepsia, torpidity of liver, and a disagreeable eruption, all produced by excessive eating of improper food, declared in response to my remonstrance, "But I never eat more than I want." Every person *wants* the quantity he is in the habit of eating. If he could digest well two pounds a day, but eat four pounds, he *wants* the latter quantity. A man may *want* a glass of spirits on rising. He is in the habit of drinking at that time.

The body is strengthened by what it can digest and assimilate. Every ounce more than this is mischievous. The large eater is always hungry. The man who eats just enough suffers little from hunger.

Pardon a word of my own experience. During many years' practice of my profession, I had but little muscular exercise. I ate enormously. An hour's postponement of my dinner was painful. Now I labor very hard several hours a day in my gymnasium. I do not eat more than a *third* the quantity of former years. Now I can omit a dinner altogether without inconvenience. I have lost twenty pounds in weight, but feel a great deal younger. (More than half of the thin people would gain flesh by eating less.) I have only one dietetic rule from which I never depart. This rule, kind reader, I commend to you. *Always take on your plate, before you begin, everything you are to eat.* Thus you avoid the dessert, and are pretty sure not to eat too much. This simple rule has been worth thousands to me.

YES, I think there *are* persons who eat too little; but where there is one such, there are hundreds who eat too much. And when in this country of plenty a person is found who eats too little, it is, generally speaking, by eating fine flour bread and other innutritious trash. Fine flour bread is but little better than sawdust. If you eat oatmeal, cracked wheat, and beef, you will be surprised to find how little food you require to run the machine.

THE PROGRESS OF OATMEAL.

THE following extract from the "American Grocer" is especially gratifying to all who are interested in the health of the people : —

"Perhaps in no department of the grocery trade has the increase of late years been more apparent than in that of oatmeal. As an article of diet it is now used very generally in the Eastern, Middle, and Western States, and is fast making inroads into the hitherto undisputed domain of Indian-meal in the South and Southwest. This is certainly a fit cause for general congratulation, for no more healthy or nutritious food exists than good oatmeal porridge. Its mild, aperient, and unequalled muscle-producing qualities render it particularly suitable as a breakfast diet for Americans. Its phosphorescent qualities act as a gentle and healthy stimulant to the brain, and on no other food can one endure so great or so prolonged mental labor as on oatmeal porridge.

"Properly cooked, it is not only a most healthful and nutritious food, but it is decidedly palatable, as is fully attested by its wonderfully rapid adoption as a popular diet by the very fastidious palates of our American people. 'The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food,' to which Burns refers in the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,'

can be had in its greatest perfection from Scotch oatmeal, for of Scotland we may say it is indeed the national food. Ireland, too, produces good oatmeal. But our chief supplies are drawn from the neighboring Dominion of Canada, which for years has stood pre-eminent for the quality of the meal which she produces, vying with the mother country for the palm of excellence, and, in at least one International Exhibition, X carrying off the badge of victory from the 'Land o' Cakes.' Here, too, in the United States, we are manufacturing this article to some extent, and it will in course of time, no doubt, become an important industry, though the inferior quality of our oats militates materially against it. The analysis of the Imperial Scotch oatmeal, made by the eminent chemists Liebig and Hassell, shows that while wheat and barley contain but fourteen, and corn but twelve and a quarter, oats contain within a very small fraction of twenty per cent of the nutritious protean elements of life and muscle-giving qualities. As a food, the merits of which have stood the test of centuries, and which is calculated to promote the sanitary interests of the nation by laying the foundation for more hardy and vigorous constitutions for the coming generation, let us regard its general adoption as an article of diet as nothing short of a national good."

I, who have given most attention to oatmeal as an

article of diet, would not agree with the writer in the opinion that the Scotch and Irish meal are the best in this market, nor indeed that the Canadas produce the best. Boston has been supplied for the last year or two with an article of oatmeal from Central Ohio, which is the best I have ever eaten. It costs about one third as much as the imported meal, but for my own part, I should greatly prefer it at the same price.

HOW TO PREPARE CUCUMBERS.

STRONG people may eat cucumbers in small quantities, but it is a severe trial to a weak stomach, and is far from a good thing for even the best stomach. I quite agree with the celebrated Dr. Abernethy, who gives the following directions for preparing a cucumber: "Peel it, slice it down into thin pieces, put vinegar and pepper to it, and then throw it away."

PIGS AND PEOPLE.

WE want to show you two animals. One has four legs. They call him a pig. We want you to see him eat. Now, when that fellow gets enough, he'll stop. There! he won't eat another mouthful. You can't coax him to do it.

Let us look at another. They call this one a *man*. Watch him. He is at breakfast. He looks this way and that. He can't see anything that he wants. Now he tries a mouthful of strong coffee; that won't fetch it. He tries a spoonful of catsup; that's a failure. Now he tries a mixture of mustard and vinegar. At length things begin to work a little, and he is finally able to cram a lot of griddle-cakes and sausage, and sausage and griddle-cakes, and two or three cups of strong coffee, into his stomach. Which do you vote for? I vote for the gentleman with four legs.

BUCKWHEAT produces irritation of the skin within an hour after eating it in many people, and I think tends to a production of a humor in most persons. Then the form in which it is eaten, hot cakes with butter and syrup, is not a healthy form of eating any kind of flour. If you ask my advice, I should say avoid buckwheat griddle-cakes; I do not say that such food is very bad, but it is far from the best.

SWINE'S FLESH.

THERE is no doubt that pork fattened in the usual way, in a close, foul pen, giving the animals no exercise or pure air, and feeding them on swill or still slops, is

very bad meat. Swine fattened as in the South, the animals running wild in the woods, living on nuts and other sweet, pure foods, and being so active, even when they are killed for use, that they must be hunted with the aid of swift horses and long-range rifles, — the flesh of such swine is quite another affair. I think, however, that no physiologist would claim that such pork even is equal to beef and mutton for the human stomach.

WEAK STOMACHS.

PERSONS with “weak stomachs” may eat a little ripe melon at the end of a meal without harm, but it is difficult of digestion. Nothing in human diet has been so overrated as fruit. All sorts of fruit — apples, pears, peaches, even strawberries — are difficult of digestion. A dyspeptic, who can eat a piece of good beefsteak as large as his hand, and two slices of bread-and-butter, without suffering, will often be distressed with a single apple, or even a dish of strawberries. Melons are not unwholesome, if ripe and taken at the close of a meal; but it would be better, if your stomach be weak, to take a little more beef, or bread-and-butter, or another dish of oatmeal or cracked wheat, or other similar food. Baked apples do very well, but sensitive stomachs do not digest even baked apples with that comfort that they can manage a piece of tender beef.

FOOD.

AN intelligent sea-captain sailing out of New Bedford says: "I have made several voyages to St. Petersburg, in Russia. The people of Russia generally subsist, for the most part, on coarse black rye bread and garlies. The bread is exceedingly coarse, sometimes containing almost whole grains, and it is very hard and dry. - I have often hired men to labor for me in Russia, which they could do from sixteen to eighteen hours, and find themselves, for eight cents a day, the sun shining there sometimes twenty hours a day. They would come on board in the morning with a piece of their black bread weighing about a pound, and a bunch of garlic as big as one's fist. This was all their nourishment for the day of sixteen or eighteen hours' labor. They were astonishingly powerful and active, and endured severe and protracted labor far beyond any of my men. Some of these men were eighty and ninety years old, and yet they would do more work than any of the middle-aged men belonging to my ship. In handling iron, and in stowing away hemp with the jack-screw, they exhibited most astonishing power. They were full of agility, vivacity, and even hilarity, singing as they labored with all the blithesomeness of youth."

We Americans eat too much animal food. In con-

sequence, many of us are feverish and prematurely old. During the cold season hard workers need meat, but only once a day. Beef and mutton are best.

INTEMPERATE TEETOTALERS.

THE excessive drinking of cold water during hot weather injures our stomachs and confuses our heads. If you will try the following experiment, you will be surprised at the result. Drink a tumbler of cold water on rising in the morning, and another on lying down at night. During the day, drink no cold water, or, if you must drink, let it be a single swallow, and do not let it reach the stomach cold. On the next day drink cold water with your meals, and half a dozen tumblers of ice-water between meals, and, if you please, one or two glasses of lemonade and soda-water. You will be surprised, if you observe carefully, at the change in your digestion, and the condition of your head. This sluicing the stomach with cold water from time to time during the day, in hot summer weather, is the surest road to weak digestion, lassitude, and confused brain.

ONIONS are no doubt healthful food, but the odor through the house and in the breath is such an abomination, that I should as soon think of keeping a polecat in the house for fun, as to eat onions for health.

DIET AT SEA.

THEY have a curious way of feeding passengers on the Atlantic steamships. I wish to make a few remarks on the subject. A recent trip on a favorite steamer will illustrate. We were crowded. Twelve hundred people is a large population for one ship. There were two hundred of us in the saloon. On the third day out from Queenstown, only a few were able to report at dinner. I managed, with many misgivings, to be one of them. But right before me the steward placed an enormous mess of fat bacon, covered with that queer gravy which ship cooks so delight in. I glanced up and down the table. It was grease, grease, everywhere, and I made a rush for the deck. Several times I was driven from the dining-saloon by the same sickening spectacle. I talked with a number of passengers about it. They all agreed that the food was, under the circumstances, an outrage. One day some canned peaches were served. The scramble for them reminded me of the stories I have read of the manners of starving people. Several of us organized ourselves into a committee, and called upon the captain for a plain talk about the table.

"Why not have canned fruits? They are exceedingly cheap. Of course, they are not quite so cheap as fat meats, because these are not touched by nine in ten

of the passengers during the heavy weather, which is pretty constant. Look at Mr. R. and his family with their canned pears and berries! They are the envy of all. You may say that *we* ought to provide ourselves, if we are not satisfied with the ship's table.

"But let us see! Here we are on board ship, without exercise or occupation, a large majority of us more or less disturbed in stomach, and you give us ten kinds of grease for food. We ask for simple things, especially canned fruits. You reply that if we are not satisfied with grease, we must get what we like better.

"We might reply that as soon as any one of the transatlantic lines furnishes a good table, we shall be at liberty, a part of us at least, to escape. But why need we wait? Why will not this rich company furnish its passengers with good food?

"Very well, if that is true, if you have passengers who *will* have these masses of grease three times a day, they should be put in a pew by themselves, and not be allowed to interfere with decent people."

TO A DYSPEPTIC. — I advise you to eat butter with your bread. Don't starve. Of course you feel better when you go without eating, and so you feel better when you lie in bed, but you must not give way to such weakness. You must eat and you must exercise.

You must eat meat and bread-and-butter, and then you must exercise as hard as you can bear. By vigorous percussion of the stomach and bowels, by horseback-riding, by frequent use of the hair-gloves, by much sleep and other hygienic measures, you will recover. Avoid starvation, indolence, and patent medicines.

VISIT TO GERRIT SMITH.

HAVING a lecturing engagement in the immediate neighborhood of Peterborough, N. Y., the residence of Gerrit Smith, I drove over to see him.

The same grand person, only a little bent; the same incomparable voice (the deepest, largest, and sweetest I ever heard); the same gentle, benignant, brotherly spirit; the same Great American Moral Prince.

He told me that he had been troubled for several weeks with a vertigo which gave him some anxiety, but that otherwise he was as well as ever, and felt but little the weight of his seventy-six years.

In his conversational manner he seems like a man of fifty, and in every respect, except the slight stoop, and a shorter step in walking, he seems as vital as in the long ago, when he thrilled the nation with his anti-slavery eloquence.

When, in the future, the historian shall classify the

forces which gave our nation its grand impulse toward emancipation, the name of Gerrit Smith will stand among the first on the roll.

With his matchless person and voice, with his rare eloquence, with his love, broad and deep as the sea, with his boundless wealth, all placed at the service of the cause, with the most extraordinary combination of qualities and advantages possessed by any man of the century,—his influence in the early history of the struggle with slavery was immense, incalculable.

Mr. Smith said, when I expressed regret that he no longer appeared on the platform, "I don't go from home very often, and almost never speak to public assemblies ; but, as you have seen, my pen is not altogether idle !"

Knowing that for many years he was a great sufferer from one of the most painful of all human maladies, I ventured to recall the fact that I had seen him address audiences, sitting in an arm-chair of peculiar construction, and he informed me that he had quite recovered from his old malady.

When I asked what rules of life he had found most beneficial, and begged him to give me the three which he had found most important, and to mention them in the order of their importance, he replied, unhesitatingly,

1st. Life in the open air.

2d. The maintenance of an even temper.

3d. Regularity in eating and sleeping.

NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL.

"CINCINNATUS, when he had retired from the helm of imperial Rome to his little Sabine farm, enjoyed more real satisfaction in reflecting on the dangers which attended the aspirings of ambition than when he was decked with the gaudiest plumes of authority and power. Happy in the limits of his retirement, and content with the plainest fare in his homely cot, he experienced more real enjoyment while eating his favorite turnips and drinking from the limpid stream, than from the most luxurious dishes and the most exquisite wines when engaged in the tumultuous affairs of the republic."

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN IF HE GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD?—A is worth about two hundred thousand dollars. He is dyspeptic and nervous. A is a poor man. He is a wretchedly poor man. B is not worth a thousand dollars. He has fine digestion and nerves like steel. B is a rich man. It is easy to acquire good digestion and good nerves. It is very difficult with the great mass of men to get two hundred thousand dollars. It is a hundred times as wise to seek health as to seek a fortune.

TRAINING.

TRAINING men for the prize-ring, they are not allowed to touch lager-beer, tobacco, or any other such stuff. Billiard-players training for a match carefully avoid all such indulgences. When not training, these people are likely to indulge freely in spirits and tobacco; but when seeking the highest health, they are compelled to *deny* themselves. And yet we constantly hear the healthfulness of lager and the meerschaum seriously discussed. It is stated as an historical fact, that no man who has graduated at the head of his class in Harvard College, within the last fifty-five years, has used either spirits or tobacco in any form. And when it is added that the use of both is very common among the students in that famous University, and that formerly such indulgences were wellnigh universal, the fact that no victor has used either is very significant.

Speaking of prize-fighters, I have watched the candidates for the prize-ring during their training with great interest. Jack ——, a famous fighter, was a great devotee of cigars. He smoked about twelve a day. On the day before he went over into Jersey to begin his training, he smoked seventeen by way of emphasis! I was curious about one thing: how could he cut off so short? I said, "Jack, I should

think it would nearly kill you to break off so suddenly."

"O no," he replied, "not if I am training! If I were loafing round, eating and drinking everything, it would be awful hard on me to give up cigars; but when I go to training, I don't even think of it."

Whoever is in high health, with pure blood and a clear head, finds it easy to give up bad habits. High temper and profanity are easily got rid of when the brain is clean. Ah! what a means of grace is perfect health!

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT EXERCISE.

I HAVE studied the subject of *exercise* for twenty years. I have invented a system of gymnastics, which has been introduced into nearly all the schools in America, into most of the English gymnasia, and was introduced into the schools of Berlin a few years ago, with public ceremonies.

I have been the recipient of honorable testimonials from American colleges, many important educational bodies, and from many sources in England and Germany.

Please excuse this parade. My object in making these statements is to give a just emphasis to an opinion which I wish now to express. It is this, — that *walk-*

ing, when *properly managed*, is the best of all exercises. None of the artificial exercises can be compared with it. Every important muscle works actively in walking. Notice an active walker. See how every part works — legs, hips, arms, shoulders, — the man works all over. Brisk walking gives even the upper half of the body fine play. Then walking costs nothing. You are not obliged to join a class, and employ a teacher. Again, walking takes you into the open air and sunshine, while in gymnastics you are in the dusty atmosphere of a hall; and it is not a small advantage that in walking you enjoy a succession of changing scenes, — suggestions of new thought. And, walking with a friend, the conversation may be interesting and instructive. All this may be found in natural and active walking.

But if the ankles were shackled, so that the feet could be moved but a few inches, the great value of the exercise would be at an end.

I asked you to note the arms and shoulders of an active walker. How they swing and wriggle and wiggle! how thoroughly alive even the upper half of the body is! The physiology of that part of the body in walking is this: the shoulder is a sort of centre for the muscles of the chest. They start from the shoulder, and spread out in every direction like a fan. These muscles, which run in every direction, over the chest, around, about, up, down, crosswise, and interlocking with each

other in a wonderful net, — these muscles, which determine whether the chest shall be full, strong, and active, or thin, weak, and inactive, — these muscles about the chest, which determine whether the vital organs within the chest shall be large, active, and strong, or small, slow, and weak, — these muscles, which may contribute, more than any others in the body, to the strength and activity of life, — these muscles, I say, depend for their activity, for their development and strength, upon a free and vigorous motion of the shoulders. Brisk walking, with a swinging of the arms, gives the required movements of the shoulders. Now we understand how it is that active walking contributes so much to the fulness and strength of the chest, and the organs within the chest.

Please put your finger down there, and look out of this front window with me. It is a bright day, and the ladies are out in force.

Now, let us notice how they walk. Why, they don't swing their arms at all! Their arms must be laced down upon their sides! No, they are *holding* their arms *still*; and see, they have tucked their hands into those large fur rollers which they carry on their stomachs. Their arms look, for all the world, like the wings of a Christmas turkey, all tied down, and ready to be put in the oven.

It must be hard work to walk in that way!

It is very hard indeed, and you see they have to walk very slowly, and wiggle their hips.

What a funny motion that wiggle is! I should think fastidious people might call it vulgar and immodest.

O, well, that depends upon the fashion! That wiggle-waggle is all the go now.

I should think it would lame them across the back.

It does; there is not a lady in twenty, who is not lame across the small of the back. Let a man wear a shawl and hold it together in front with his hands, and he will not walk far before *his* back will ache. It is a hard strain upon the spine, to walk without swinging the arms.

American ladies have muscular legs and hips; but look at their arms (candle-dips No. 8), their angular shoulders, and their flat, thin chests.

A large part of this ugliness and weakness comes of carrying their hands in muffs, or folded in front, or under shawls, — in brief, from not swinging their arms in walking. Ah, when those beautiful fur mittens and gloves, which are now becoming fashionable, shall be generally introduced, and our girls are able to walk off in that brisk, bright way, which we all so admire, not only will their cheeks take on a warmer hue, but their arms, shoulders, and chests will become plumper and finer; and they will be better fitted to perform the duties and enjoy the pleasures of life.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

EDUCATORS declare that we Americans are dying for want of physical culture. Physical culture is demanded for our colleges, and almost every college in America has, in response, built a gymnasium. Harvard, Yale, Williams, Amherst, Dartmouth, and others have erected splendid gymnasia. The public is assured that these colleges are fully aroused to the importance of physical culture.

In every address upon the education of girls, we are fervidly exhorted to give attention to physical culture. We are solemnly assured that a ladies' seminary which does not provide for physical culture is a cheat and a trap. In response a hundred seminaries have announced, "Special attention given to Physical Culture."

My very soul responds Amen, to the thought and to all this zeal! I would have the subject of physical culture discussed and rediscussed; I would have colleges, schools, and families so filled with it, that both sexes and all ages shall be expanded, invigorated, and lifted into a higher life.

But what is physical culture? Mention the words, and what do nine persons in ten think of? It is a gymnasium! Physical culture in a school, and the gymnasium, mean, with most people, the same thing.

The gymnasium is a very important institution. No educational establishment without one should receive the patronage of the public. And while, as a means of health, it must ever remain inferior to the brisk walk and out-door sports, it is nevertheless quite indispensable to every school, seminary, and college.

But in a system of true physical culture, the gymnasium will occupy the place given it in the following table :—

Laws of Physical Culture for Schools, Seminaries, and Colleges.

1. Pure air, day and night.
2. Bright sunlight, in school-room, bedroom, and two or three hours a day outside.
3. Bed at nine o'clock.
4. Plain food eaten at right times and in the right manner.
5. Healthful dress, both as to fit and material.
6. Gymnastics.
7. One or two hours daily of pleasant social life.

Twenty-five years' observation among educational institutions, and study of the laws of health, have led me to the conclusion that this is a good "Card of Direction" for the physical culture of schools, seminaries, and colleges; except that in the case of ladies' seminaries the 3d and 5th should change places.

Professor C——, one of the most advanced educators

in New England, said to me the other day, "I am afraid our colleges are giving too much attention to physical culture. They are simply burning the candle at both ends."

When I explained the true physical culture, he exclaimed, "Yes, indeed, let them adopt that system of physical culture, and they will never give too much attention to it, and our students will accomplish twice as much as they can achieve under the present system."

BROADCLOTH AN ENEMY OF HEALTH.

PROFESSOR HAMILTON, in an able address on hygiene to the graduates of the Buffalo Medical College, denounces broadcloth as an enemy to exercise, and therefore to health. He says:—

"American gentlemen have adopted, as a national costume, a thin, tight-fitting black suit of broadcloth. To foreigners we seem always to be in mourning; we travel in black." The priest, the lawyer, the doctor, the literary man, the mechanic, and even the day-laborer, choose always the same black broadcloth,—a style that never ought to have been adopted out of the drawing-room or the pulpit, because it is a feeble and expensive fabric, and because it is at the North no protection against the cold, nor is it any more suitable

at the South. It is too thin to be warm in winter, and too black to be cool in summer; but especially do we object to it, because the wearer is always soiling it by exposure. Young gentlemen will not play ball, pitch quoits, or wrestle or tumble, or any other similar thing, lest their broadcloth should be offended. They will not go out into the storm, because the broadcloth will lose its lustre if rain falls upon it; they will not run, because they have no confidence in the strength of their broadcloth; they dare not mount a horse or leap a fence, because broadcloth, as everybody knows, is so faithless. So these young men and these older men, these merchants, mechanics, and all, learn to walk, talk, and think soberly and carefully; they seldom venture even to laugh to the full extent of their sides, because of their broadcloth."

ONE MAN'S MEAT ANOTHER'S POISON.

DR. LEWIS: *My dear Sir*, — I was talking to a physician the other day about longevity. He said he once knew a man who went to bed drunk almost every night of his life after he was forty, and he lived to be nearly ninety. He knew another man who tried it, and *he* died before he was *fifty*.

"You don't suppose that it was getting drunk that preserved that man's life?" said I.

"Certainly," he replied ; "we are all differently constituted. The drink that killed one man prolonged the life of another."

Please tell me what you think of such an idea.

Yours truly,

D. DAWSON.

Well, in the first place, it is a common idea. People are fond of repeating, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." That old saw has done infinite mischief. But, you will ask me, "Is it not true?" Yes, it *is* true, or, rather, it contains a *grain* of truth. Of course everybody knows it is not a *universal* truth. Bread is one man's meat, but it is not another man's poison. Beef is one man's meat, but it is not another man's poison. And so of water, fresh air, sleep, exercise, society, and a thousand other things. They are every man's meat ; they are no man's poison. And there are thousands of things which are every man's poison and no man's meat. Numberless poisons, so called, are no man's meat. Irregularities in sleep and food, bad air, residence in damp and dark places, are every man's poison ; they are no man's meat.

Before undertaking to show where the *grain* of truth may be found, let me hint the origin of this venerable adage. It became necessary to defend the use of tobacco, rum, and some other indulgences ; and as these are not attended in many cases with present bad

effects of a pronounced character, the devotees devised a cheap and convenient defence, even a proverb : " What is one man's meat is another man's poison." Proverbs have a good reputation ; they are believed to be the outcome of the deepest experiences of the race. And in some instances this is doubtless true. So it is a good thing to be able to cover one's weaknesses with a proverb. This is without doubt a true account of the origin of the proverb we are considering. But where is the *grain* of truth ? It certainly is not to be found in the notion that alcohol, tobacco, opium, or any other poison, is anybody's meat, though some persons may use such things many years without discovering, to our imperfect apprehension, any serious damage. But it is to be found particularly and principally in the fact that a weakened body, weakened by age, sickness, or violation of the laws of health, cannot bear the quantity of food, drink, exercise, etc., which a vigorous and active body can bear.

This is true, and it is about all the truth there is in the old familiar proverb, " What is one man's meat is another man's poison."

OLD proverbs are not always the condensed essences distilled from the wisdom of mankind ; but often enough are only the clever expression of popular fallacies.

THE TRUE SECRET.

LONG life has ever been considered a great desideratum. In the Old Testament the promise of life is held up as the great consolation; while in the New Testament long life, eternal life, is constantly placed before man's imagination as the greatest of all possible rewards.

The Egyptians thought they had discovered the secret in the constant use of emetics. Among them it became the custom to take about two emetics a month. When an Egyptian met another, the common greeting was not, "How do ye do?" but, "How did your last emetic operate?"

At one time, during the dark ages, alchemists sought in ways, which seem ludicrous enough to us, for some substance which, introduced into the body, might prolong life. "Original matter" was looked upon to be the elementary cause of all existence. If they could only find this, they could work miracles, they could perpetuate life indefinitely. In seeking this original matter the most extraordinary paths were trodden. Millions of vessels, phials, and retorts were buried in dung-hills or other fetid masses, to discover, through decomposition, the "original matter."

Gold was then, as now, the most precious of metals.

It was thought that the introduction of it into the system, if it could be kept there, would greatly prolong life. A multitude of busy idiots were at work day and night, in concealed corners, trying to discover some means of rendering gold potable, so that it would remain in the body, and not return to the metallic form, but become assimilated, and thus enter as an integral part of the system. As gold is immortal, it was fondly believed that the body of which it was a part might, with it, become immortal. The common people of Italy, France, and Germany often denied themselves the necessities of life to purchase a few drops of the tincture of gold, which they swallowed with the most enthusiastic confidence.

This mania, in some one of a hundred forms, continued for several hundred years, and, indeed, has not passed away from all classes at this hour.

About three hundred years since, in some portions of Europe, they began to consider the laws of man's physical health. Within these three hundred years the length of life in Europe has increased seventy-five per cent. The larger part of this improvement has occurred within the last one hundred years. The last fifty years have been especially prolific in contributions to human longevity. In America, even, it has become very common to reach the age of one hundred years; and if the favoring influences now actively at work are not dis-

turbed before A. D. 1974, one hundred and twenty-five, thirty, and forty years will not be rare.

When *sleep, exercise, food, air, sunshine*, when, in brief, the *laws of health*, shall receive all needed attention, we shall not only enjoy health and happiness, but a good, long life.

THE BEST BED.

OF the eight pounds which a man eats and drinks in a day, it is thought that not less than five pounds leave his body through the skin. And of these five pounds, a considerable percentage escapes during the night. This, being in great part gaseous in form, permeates every part of the bed. Thus *all parts of the bed — mattress, blankets, as well as sheets* — soon become foul, and need purification.

The mattress needs this renovation quite as much as the sheets.

To allow the sheets to be used without washing or changing three or six months would be regarded as bad housekeeping ; but I insist, if a thin sheet can absorb enough of the poisonous excretions of the body to make it unfit for use in a few days, a thick mattress, which can absorb and retain a thousand times as much of these poisonous excretions, needs to be purified as often certainly as once in three months. A sheet can be

washed. A mattress cannot be renovated in this way. Indeed, there is no other way of cleansing a mattress but by steaming it or picking it to pieces, and thus in fragments exposing it to the direct rays of the sun. As these processes are scarcely practicable with any of the ordinary mattresses, I am decidedly of the opinion that the good old-fashioned straw bed, which can every three months be exchanged for fresh straw, and the tick washed, is the sweetest and healthiest of beds.

If in the winter season the porousness of the straw bed makes it a little uncomfortable, spread over it a comforter or two woollen blankets, which should be washed as often as every two weeks. With this arrangement, if you wash all the bed-covering as often as once in one or two weeks, you will have a delightful, healthy bed.

Now, if you leave the bed to air, with open windows during the day, and not make it up for the night before evening, you will have added greatly to the sweetness of your rest, and, in consequence, to the tone of your health.

I heartily wish this good change could be everywhere introduced. Only those who have thus attended to this important matter can judge of its influence on the general health and spirits.

TOBACCO AT THE WEST.

IN a recent trip through the West, my attention was constantly drawn to the immense consumption of tobacco by chewing. This mode of using the narcotic poison is more damaging than any other, not *per se*, but because it is susceptible in this way of constant use. A man smokes two hours a day. He chews fifteen hours. The sunken cheeks and unhappy restlessness of the men of the West are largely attributed to chewing.

Leaving out for the moment the besmeared lips, beard, and clothing, — leaving out the inconceivable filth which covers the floor of the car, hall, pew, sidewalk, everything, — leaving out the sickening odor of the breath, — in brief, the unparalleled nastiness of the indulgence, — we cannot shut our eyes to the poisonous, destructive influence of the habit. Tobacco is an immensely powerful poison. If a boy ten years of age, who has never used tobacco, take into his mouth a piece as large as a pea, and simply chew it, without swallowing a drop, before he has finished simply squeezing it between his teeth, he will break out into a cold, clammy perspiration, his pulse will flutter, he will vomit, and, falling down upon the floor, he will seem, for two hours, as though he were going to die. You will have to go

far in a drug-store to find another poison which, in the size of a pea, held in that boy's mouth and simply squeezed between his teeth, will produce such effects as these.

The men of the West, the most vital in the world, having drafted not only the great mass of the choicest young men of the East, but thousands of the most enterprising and determined young men of Europe for its service, with opportunities which it makes one dizzy to try to measure, are filling not only themselves with this horrid poison, but in numberless ways are transmitting the deadly influence to their offspring.

How any man, who knows that every condition of the parent, whether it be an animal or a man, must influence for good or ill the offspring, can consent to become the father of children while his system is so dominated by this powerful narcotic, that an abstinence of twenty-four hours nearly sets him crazy, I can't conceive.

Only God can fully measure the magnitude of this evil, first in its influence upon the present men of the West, but infinitely worse in its influence upon the vast, teeming myriads of the great West of the future.

When the man of the West can escape sufficiently long from the task of adding acres to a serious consideration of himself, he will then begin to lay the true foundations of our future empire.

A VICTIM OF TOBACCO.

GOVERNOR SEWARD was a victim of tobacco. For years he used snuff to great excess, but, being warned by his medical advisers that his voice and stomach must give way in complete ruin, he exchanged the snuff-box for the cigar-case, and during the remainder of his life smoked excessively. Many who knew him intimately, and were well qualified to judge, believe that the change from a remarkable cheerfulness and buoyancy in early and middle life to an unhappy moodiness and restlessness in his later years, was due tenfold more to a large consumption of tobacco than to disappointments in his political career. Tobacco has played an important part in the history of our public men.

APPLICATION OF SOLOMON'S REMEDY.

A FEW minutes ago a big cigar went by with a little boy hung to the end of it. The little chap looked sick enough, but he was sucking away as best he could. I would not reason with such a child, but I would make frequent palmar counter-irritation to the little fellow's person, about ten inches below the buttons on the back of his coat, until he was relieved of his malady.

TO A MODERATE DRINKER.

No ; not even the mildest of the California wines will prove useful. Wine is no more healthful than alcohol diluted in water. Suppose a wine contains seven per cent of alcohol, — and that surely would be light enough, — it is no more healthful than water with seven per cent of alcohol in it. The wine is practically just that, with a little coloring matter added. Often, very often, there is an addition of poisonous, adulterating stuff. There is no doubt, as you suggest, that the wine is better than lager-beer. This is wretched swill, puffing a man out and making his brain stupid. There is a kind of drink known as water, which I advise you to try. It may taste strange at first, but you will soon get used to it, and then you will find it the best drink when you are sick or well, when you are hot or cold, indeed, under all possible circumstances.

MALARIA.

THERE can be no doubt that, with certain climatic conditions, a virgin soil, when first turned up to the sun, emits an invisible, subtle poison, known as malaria. This poison produces in man various forms of painful and dangerous diseases. These maladies are

very difficult to manage, often undermining the constitution, and leaving behind effects which remain through life. The malarial poison is, on the whole, with perhaps a single exception, the most insinuating, obstinate, and destructive of all the poisons known to man.

While it is probably impossible to escape malarial diseases in certain localities, there can be no doubt that a considerable part of what is supposed to be the result of malaria is due to "hog and hominy." In my visits to the West, I have been astonished at the quantities of pork and corn consumed by the people. An Illinois farmer eats twice as much as a New England farmer, and his food is twice as rich, while he performs less than half the labor. The influence upon his digestive apparatus may be easily imagined. It requires but little malaria to fire such a train.

I have known more than one family to remove from New England to malarious districts in the West, and break up a new farm, without suffering from malarial diseases. They carefully observed the laws of health, used beef instead of pork, wheat instead of corn, and stayed in-doors from sundown till an hour or so after sunrise. Many of the diseases of the West, and much of the yellow skin, may be traced to the same causes as produce the diseased and discolored complexion of the South,—a bad diet, bad drinks, neglect of bathing, and other kindred violations of the laws of health.

OUR TEETH.

THEY decay. Hence, unseemly mouths, bad breath, imperfect mastication. Everybody regrets it. What is the cause? I reply, *want of cleanliness. A clean tooth never decays.* The mouth is a warm place,—98 degrees. Particles of meat between the teeth soon decompose. Gums and teeth must suffer.

Perfect cleanliness will preserve the teeth to old age. How shall it be secured? *Use a quill pick, and rinse the mouth after eating. Brush and Castile soap every morning; the brush with simple water on going to bed.* Bestow this trifling care upon your precious teeth, you will keep them and ruin the dentists. Neglect it, and you will be sorry all your lives. Children forget. Watch them. The first teeth determine the character of the second set. Give them equal care.

Sugar, acid, saleratus, and hot things are nothing when compared with food decomposing between the teeth. Mercurialization may loosen the teeth, long use may wear them out, but *keep them clean and they will never decay.* This advice is worth more than thousands of dollars to every boy and girl.

Books have been written on the subject. This brief article contains all that is essential.

ULCERATION OF THE MOUTH.

It is not easy to answer the question, "What produces ulceration of the mouth?" A great variety of causes may be named. There can be no doubt, however, that the immediate cause of much of the ulceration of the mouth is a deranged stomach. The cure is to be found in whatever makes the stomach healthy. I have seen the daily use of a little lemon juice cure mouth ulceration.

A DISTINGUISHED anatomist made the assertion that "a particle of matter taken from a decayed tooth, if inoculated into a person's veins, would produce almost immediate death." Dr. Ewer tried the experiment on a dog, and it died in about twenty minutes. The amount of disease produced by retaining decayed teeth in the mouth is immense. The dentist is one of our best friends.

NEVER have a tooth taken out if it be possible to have it filled. The loss of a single jaw-tooth will not only give the cheek a sunken appearance, but it will prevent the proper mastication of the food; and this is a long step toward dyspepsia, with its train of evils.

A GRAVE EVIL.

DUST in the cars during the hot season is a very grave evil. Various devices to rid the traveller of this nuisance have been proposed. Several have been patented and tried. The practical difficulty lies here. We must have good ventilation ; but if we admit the air freely, the dust comes in with it. The only promising invention was that which proposed to admit the air through water, thus washing out the dust. Dr. Foote, of Buffalo, made, and tried to introduce, such an invention, and I believe succeeded with tolerable satisfaction on some of the Western roads. For some reason, which I have not learned, it has been abandoned. If it was the trouble or expense, it is too bad, for there are thousands who would give an additional two cents a mile for a seat in a well-ventilated car, entirely free from dust. It is a fine opportunity for some ingenious inventor.

Some one sitting at my elbow says that the only way to get rid of the dust nuisance is to cover the ground with something which is not dusty. But the admission of the air through the water seems to me the most feasible of the suggestions thus far submitted.

CHILLING HOSPITALITY.

For instance, I go to visit my good cousin the deacon in an adjoining State. The deacon is a farmer, and takes great pride and pleasure in bestowing generous hospitality. But he is a little obstinate in his methods. The last time I visited him it was cold weather. I found them all in the warm kitchen, as cosey and snug as possible. Soon after, I noticed that the deacon went out as if he meant something, and soon I heard the noise of building a fire in the parlor stove. Of course I like, as every man who lives in a city does, to sit in the kitchen,—a privilege we city folks rarely enjoy. I begged that we might stay where we were. The deacon only said, "You must excuse us, but we did not know you were coming, or we should have had a fire in the parlor."

They seemed so sorry and nervous about it, that I thought it better to say no more, and we soon adjourned to the parlor.

What with the cold air and the abundant dampness of carpet, curtains, and walls, the atmosphere of the room was most uncomfortably chilly, to say nothing of that stiffness which suddenly comes over the manners of many a family in the country when they enter the parlor. When bedtime came, I was escorted to the

spare bed, or *bed of state*, which, I presume, had not been slept in in three months; the sheets were so damp that they stuck to my skin. Colds, and even consumption, come from this kind of hospitality.

THE HONORS OF AUTHORSHIP.

WITHIN a century the attitude of an author has greatly changed. The crawling of authors at the feet of wealth and rank was pitiful. Tissot, in a truly remarkable work, began with a Dedication, of which the following are specimen passages:—

“To the MOST ILLUSTRIOUS, THE MOST NOBLE AND MAGNIFICENT LORDS, THE LORDS, PRESIDENT, AND COUNSELLORS,” etc. The Dedication closed with the following words: “*While you condescend to accept this small oblation as a very unequal expression of that profound respect with which I have the honor to be,* MOST ILLUSTRIOUS, MOST NOBLE AND MAGNIFICENT LORDS, *your most humble and most obedient servant,* TISSOT.”

How this contrasts with the answer of Dickens to a command of the Queen to read at Windsor Castle: “I am reading at present in a public hall, where I shall be happy to see the Queen whenever she may find it convenient to be present.”

FIRE-ESCAPES.

THE subject of fire-escapes has become, in the light of recent events, a painfully interesting one. A very large proportion of the denizens of our cities sleep up stairs, and a great many on the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh stories, with no means of escape in case they are aroused at night with the cry of fire under them. Several inventions have been recently patented to meet this fearful danger. The one by GEORGE H. SHAW, 830 Third Avenue, New York, is the best. A child can manage it; it cannot get out of order; it would run down five people at a time without the possibility of accident, no matter how badly frightened they might be. It is a very small affair, and might find a place in the traveller's trunk or valise, and will, I am certain, find its way everywhere, and save many a life.

ONE USE OF TREES.

THE saddest of all losses by fire is the destruction of great, beautiful trees, the result of fifty years' growth. The houses you can rebuild in a year, and, if you please, make them handsomer than before, but during your lifetime you will never see those grand old

trees again. On the other hand, trees dressed in green often arrest a fire. The loss of my own large buildings at Lexington would have destroyed half the village but for the surrounding elm-trees, which confined the fire to the one district. It is almost impossible, even in the case of a fierce fire, to get past a row of large green trees.

HUMAN NATURE.

Is not this good, from an old European writer?

“To study human nature to purpose, a traveller must enlarge his circuit beyond the bounds of Europe. He must go and catch her undressed,—nay, quite naked, as in North America and at the Cape of Good Hope. He may then examine how she appears cramped, contracted, and buttoned up close in the strait tunic of law and custom, as in China and Japan; or spread out and enlarged above her common size in the loose and flowing robe of enthusiasm, as among the Arabs and Saracens; or, lastly, as she flutters in the old rags of worn-out policy and civil government, and almost ready to run back naked to the deserts, as on the Mediterranean coast of Africa.”

I have n't seen this equalled lately. For fine, free, strong, picturesque composition I doubt if it is often beaten.

STORY OF THE LEXINGTON SCHOOL.

SINCE the destruction of the buildings at Lexington, Massachusetts, and the abandonment of the enterprise, many educators and others have urged me to write the story of the Lexington school.

At this time I propose only a very brief description of its most salient features. The deeper philosophies of that educational experiment must be reserved for the future.

As it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to give a rational account of the Lexington school without some statement of certain personal experiences which led to the establishment of the school, I may be pardoned for a few words of autobiography.

Before I had practised my profession long, I became dissatisfied with pill-peddling. Mrs. Smith swallowed so much grease and bad air, so neglected exercise and bathing, sat up so late at night and dressed so badly, that she felt sick. Mr. Smith called and requested me to visit his wife. It was typhoid fever. In a week the table was filled with bottles and the air with smells. In a month the patient crawled to the front window, and, as I trotted by with my old gray horse, said, faintly, "There goes the man who saved my life." This waiting for people to get sick, this running about from

house to house all day, and sometimes all night, trying to relieve the victims of appetite and ignorance, became at length discouraging and disgusting.

We doctors know that a hundredth part of the time and labor we bestow upon the sick would *prevent* the sickness. We become dissatisfied, and long for some service more genuine and important than trotting about at the tail of ignorance. We long to instruct, guide, and elevate. But it is difficult to mix hygiene with pills, so most doctors say little of hygiene and push their pills. I was not dependent upon my profession, so it was comparatively easy for me to follow my convictions. Abandoning pills more than twenty years ago, I began to teach the laws of health. My first step was the publication of the "Journal of Health." This was followed by eight years of public lecturing. During the last five of these years all my spare hours were devoted to inventing a

NEW SYSTEM OF GYMNASTICS.

Twelve years since, believing that I had developed a valuable system, I sought advice of several prominent educators about the best method of introducing it. They agreed that the bearer of any important educational communication would find Boston the best platform. So I came to Boston, and established the "Normal Institute for Physical Education." More

than three hundred graduates from this institution have gone out as teachers. Three are teaching in Oregon, several in California, and three or four in Kentucky and Tennessee. The rest of them are scattered throughout the Eastern, Middle, and Western States. The new system has been adopted in Great Britain, both in the gymnasia and in many colleges and seminaries. Within a year I have received two circulars from towns in Scotland, in which it is stated that the undersigned is the only representative in town of the "Dio Lewis System of Musical Gymnastics." This is the name by which the new system is known in Great Britain. A few years ago the new American method was introduced into the public schools of several German cities and towns, and in some cases with public ceremonies. A gentleman called to tell me that last winter he happened to be present at a public exhibition of a young ladies' seminary in St. Petersburg, and among the exercises in the programme was a performance of the "Dio Lewis Calisthenics." Moses Coit Tyler, after graduating from the "Normal Institute for Physical Education," went out to London some years ago, and gave three years to advocating and teaching the "Musical Gymnastics." Many converts and warm adherents were found among leading educators and other public men. Dr. Garth Wilkinson, I remember, gave in his adhesion, and took many private lessons of Professor

Tyler, which were given early in the morning out in the doctor's beautiful garden.

In 1862 I published, through Ticknor and Fields, a considerable volume, in which the new system was carefully and fully set forth. The work was profusely illustrated, and passed through many editions. In 1868 it was rewritten and reillustrated. The work has been published with full illustrations in London, by William Tweedie, and largely circulated throughout Great Britain and Australia. A small volume might be filled with facts like the above. The new school of physical culture has made its way into all civilized countries, and become everywhere an educational force.

In explanation of the "New School of Physical Training," I take the liberty to publish the subjoined paragraphs from Professor Moses Coit Tyler's address before the "College of Preceptors" in London, upon *The New Gymnastics as an Instrument in Education*, on March 7, 1864:—

"Second, concerning the mode of its employment. Under this head there are several particulars to which I wish to direct your attention, and the first has reference to a gymnastic principle interpreted by a law in mechanics. Momentum is made up of two factors, weight and velocity. Allowing momentum to remain the permanent quantity, the greater the weight, the less the velocity; and conversely, the greater the ve-

locity, the less must be the weight. Passing over to the realm of gymnastics, that term which corresponds to momentum is the amount of exertion each one is capable of putting forth with safety; and it is plain that if you have heavy weights, you must have slow movements, and, on the contrary, if you would have rapid movements, you must have light weights. It costs as much effort to pass a light body through the air swiftly as it does to pass a heavy one slowly. Now, the more common idea in modern gymnastics has been to give prominence to weight. How many pounds can you put up? what vast herculean burden can you carry? have been the test questions, and have indicated the direction of the average gymnastic ambition. But the new system inverts this order, and seeks to give prominence to the idea of velocity in gymnastics rather than of weight. It claims that a better muscular result is obtained by this method. It claims that while huge lifting-power is quite desirable for one who designs following the profession of a porter or a hod-carrier or a coal-heaver, it is not so important for ladies and gentlemen in the more usual avocations of life as flexibility, grace, ease, fineness rather than massiveness, poise, perfect accuracy, and rapidity of muscular action, and a general diffusion of muscular vigor. Dr. Lewis is fond of illustrating the *differentia* in the systems — on the one hand of weight, on the other hand

of velocity — by pointing to the van-horse, with his vast though stiff musclés, with his slow, ponderous, elephantine movements, just fit to draw burdens for the world, and then to the carriage-horse, with his graceful, airy, elastic step, his rapid movement, his vivacity, his fineness of nerve and muscle.”

In addition to the annual class in the “Normal Institute for Physical Education,” a large hall was opened in this city for the training of persons of both sexes and all ages, which was constantly filled by enthusiastic crowds. A large number of young ladies appeared among the patrons.

At the end of three years I began to think seriously of establishing an institution in which I could have the entire charge of the training of a company of girls,—not only of their muscular training, but of their sleep, dress, food, etc., etc. I longed to illustrate the possibilities in the physical development of girls during their school-days. The girls in town came one or two evenings a week to my hall, but I could have nothing to say about the other conditions of health, so that the physical training of three hours a week was overwhelmed by a bad regimen at home. And now I have reached the purchase of the large buildings at Lexington.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SCHOOL.

After long consultations with wise friends, I purchased, in May, 1864, the great hotel buildings standing on the famous battle-ground at Lexington, ten miles from Boston. Containing between one and two hundred large, airy rooms, the buildings were substantial and beautiful. The lecture-hall, formerly the ball-room, was remarkably fine.

Lexington is situated upon high ground, singularly healthy, in the midst of a beautiful agricultural district; while the people, who are in considerable part descendants of the Revolutionary heroes, constitute one of the most quiet and intelligent communities in New England. With these immediate surroundings, within easy reach of Boston by railway, and in buildings which could not have been better contrived had they been erected for the purpose, I prepared for the opening of my new school.

BRILLIANT CORPS OF TEACHERS.

In the selection of the corps of teachers I was singularly fortunate. The friends and patrons of the Lexington school can never be sufficiently grateful for the co-operation of Theodore D. Weld.

Recently, at a dinner-table, a number of gentlemen were discussing great men. Each of us in turn was

called upon to answer the question, "Who among all the men you have ever met impressed you as greatest?"

One man, a native Bostonian, cried out, "Webster! Why, Webster, of course."

Another one, who had lived a good deal abroad, thought "Archbishop Manning carried most brains."

Still another thought that, of all the men he had ever met, "Kossuth was the greatest."

And so we went on until it came my turn, and I said, that during my time I had seen a hundred persons, more or less, who were considered great, and that of all the men I had ever met I considered Theodore D. Weld the greatest, that his mind was most philosophical and perfectly balanced, that his moral development was most harmonious and complete.

In early life, Mr. Weld gave himself to the anti-slavery platform. I heard Wendell Phillips say, in Music Hall, in speaking of Mr. Weld, "His were the most eloquent lips that have ever addressed the American people on the subject of human liberty."

More than thirty years ago Mr. Weld lost his voice, and was compelled to retire from public life, to the infinite regret of the friends of liberty. Then, accompanied by his remarkable wife, Angelina Grinke, of South Carolina, he retired to a small village in the State of New Jersey, where he established a small private school, which was supported by Gerrit Smith and other lead-

ing abolitionists. Mr. and Mrs. Weld remained in this educational work in New Jersey more than twenty years, almost unknown, except to the few families whose young people they trained to noble uses.

I had the great pleasure to visit the school, and will only say that its organization and management evinced an originality so remarkable, a comprehension so complete, and a moral fervor so intense, that I have never since been able to visit a school, or think of one, without that remarkable company of young men and women gathered about their idolized teacher rising up before me. I visited Mr. Weld's school in New Jersey more than once, and never without a yearning to see an educational institution in which this grand man, with all his magnetism and noble thought freed from business responsibilities, might be brought face to face with a great company of young people.

The happiest day during the months of preparation was that on which Mr. Weld consented to join me in the management of the school.

Even in the first year's corps there were several teachers whom it would be pleasant, and perhaps profitable, to portray; but as I propose only a brief history of the institution at this time, I cannot find space for such biographical sketches. Gratitude, however, compels me to mention Zerdahelyi, the distinguished pianist, one of our regular music-teachers, who remained

with us until the final close of the school. Zerdahelyi, to whom Liszt dedicated his famous Hungarian Waltz, had had a remarkable career, both as a musician and as an Hungarian patriot. Banished with Kossuth, of whose staff he was a member, he accompanied his great and steadfast friend to London, where for some years he devoted himself to music. The musical critics of London pronounced him the greatest performer upon the piano who had visited that city in many years. Coming to America, he saw our cities, selected Boston, and, receiving a few advanced pupils, he achieved immediate distinction. The Hon. George H. Snelling, one of the wisest and most philosophical friends of education in New England, brought Zerdahelyi to me, with reference to his possible identification with the Lexington school. After many interviews, Zerdahelyi entered with all his great heart into our scheme, and, as already stated, remained in the institution till the close of its history. When we came to have a hundred music-pupils and a number of music-teachers, Zerdahelyi was ever the adviser and guide in every interest of that important department. But I must close with the simple statement that the corps of teachers in the school at Lexington was one of the most remarkable ever gathered in any institution of learning.

THE QUESTION OF A SEPARATE SCHOOL.

Of course there was long and anxious thought on the question of a separate school. I had condemned the separate system. Boys and girls together seemed to me the natural system. This conviction is growing stronger and stronger with me.

The Creator is not mistaken in introducing both sexes into the same family. The boys and girls stay at home till they are twenty years old or more, and the arrangement seems to work well. I have noticed that the brothers and sisters seem to be happy with each other, and I have heard both men and women refer to this life at the old homestead with peculiar pleasure. I have watched boys and girls mixed in families, and it has seemed everywhere to work admirably. A hundred times I have talked with parents about it, and find that uniformly they cherish the idea that this mixing boys and girls in the same family has a very happy influence on both sexes, — that the girls are stronger and the boys more gentle.

My friend, a young clergyman, went to California in 1854 to work in the mines for his health. He remained in a single mining locality in the mountains about four years. At first there were no women. He did not know that men could be so dirty, coarse, and brutal. Drunkenness, short pipes, red shirts, dirty boots, pro-

fanity, pistols, bowie-knives, fights, and street howlings constituted life in F—— diggings. A few women came, and men put on coats and better manners. Finally the wives and children of the miners began to come, and soon there were families enough to make a society. The change in the dress and manners of the miners was something wonderful. Soon there was a church, two Sunday schools, and then public schools. "No one," said my friend, "who came to us at the end of four years could have believed our stories about our social life in the early days."

I was stopping at a country tavern during a severe thunder-shower. There were about twenty of us, all men. Much of the language used was enough to make insensibility blush. They began to smoke and sprawl their legs about, and behave as men generally do when alone. In the midst of the noisy goings-on, a lady and gentleman came quickly in out of the storm. It was positively funny to see how the heels came down, the hats straightened up, the pipes dodged into pockets, and the improper language stopped. Those of us who were looking on burst into a shout at the sudden transformation.

In college I was surprised that young men whom I had known at their homes as quiet gentlemen, affectionate sons, and devoted brothers should become so coarse and rowdyish. I have been assured that the same peculiarity has been observed in many colleges.

I have conversed with several managers of ladies' seminaries, who think that girls separated from society — that is, from association with men — become less broad, strong, and refined.

One intelligent gentleman at the head of a ladies' seminary assured me that his attention had been called to a peculiar demoralization among his pupils. He mentioned many evidences, and among them the habit of talking slang.

In establishing the school at Lexington, this question of the separate school occupied my thoughts for many weeks. In deference to public prejudice, I finally concluded to announce it as a girls' school, and to provide the male element in a considerable number of male teachers. And then I thought that after the school was established we might introduce young men as pupils. I now think this was an error. If, instead of thirty girls during the first year, we had had fifteen boys and fifteen girls, we should have laid a much better foundation; and great as we all think the Lexington experiment proved, I have no doubt now that it would have been much greater if we had not fallen into the blunder of the separate system.

To those young men who think that the coeducation of the sexes would lower the standard, to those who think the girls would hold them back, I have only to say that I should like to see you, my smart fellows,

pursuing a course of studies with a company of bright girls such as they have in the various departments in the Michigan University. If you were to study law or medicine or the classics with those young girls, it would probably cure you of your hallucination.

THE OPENING OF THE SCHOOL.

We assembled one pleasant morning in September, 1864, with about thirty girls. The school came of a new idea. The public generally regarded me as a monomaniac upon the subject of physical training, while Mr. Weld was known to be a radical. It was scarcely possible for any but thinking, independent people to patronize us.

These thirty daughters constituted a rare company.

OUR COSTUME.

The costume which for years had been worn in my gymnastic classes was adopted as the dress of the Lexington school.

The words "dress reform" mean, to most people, a short skirt. Say to them dress reform, and they reply with the question, "How short?"

The features of the dress worn by our pupils may be put as follows, arranged in the order of their importance. The first is tenfold more important than the last:—

1st. Perfect liberty about the waist.

2d. Perfect liberty about the shoulders, permitting the arm to be thrust smartly upward without the slightest check, and without moving the waist of the dress.

3d. Warm flannels, extending to the ankles and wrists.

4th. Broad-soled, low-heeled shoes, with thick, warm hose.

5th. A skirt falling a little below the knee.

In regard to the material, each pupil was left to her own taste. One or two began with silk, but soon gray flannel became the common dress, a Garibaldi waist, and often no ornament, save a plain white collar and wristbands. A considerable proportion of the pupils—and among them girls who at home had worn rich silks and jewelry—appeared every day of the school year in a gray flannel dress, which cost perhaps five dollars.

When I look at one of those stunning curiosities composed of glaring silk, frills, laces, ribbons, bows, and jewelry, I wonder if all this is the real outcome of a girl's nature. Some people seem to think so; but then how does it happen that among all our pupils in Lexington we had not a single girl with a girl's nature?

I wonder if there is any such difference in the natu-

ral tastes of the sexes as is shown in their dress? Here are two babies, one of either sex. Will the boy naturally take to black and the girl to the rainbow? May not this remarkable dress of women be traced to the same source as the seven hundred and thirty-nine drinks of a famous Parisian saloon? Are not both the outgrowths of a morbid civilization fostered by idleness?

Our girls at Lexington were dominated by a high purpose, and soon forgot the follies of dress. The fact greatly interested me. It is hard to think that this extravagant ornamentation is natural and inevitable; and so it was most grateful to find that as soon as the girls of Lexington became interested in something else, they ceased to ornament. That the difference in dress between the sexes among us is not the outgrowth of a natural difference in taste, but the result of certain social conditions, is illustrated in the fact that among most savage tribes, where the men are idlers or do the fancy work and the women do the plain, hard work, the feathers and bright paint appear only upon the person of the male. When women become interested in literature, especially in that class which appeals to the heart, or when they enter upon some Christian work like the military-hospital services in the great war, they shed their finery as if by magic.

OUR GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

As I have said, at the time of the opening of our school I had been busy for more than ten years in devising a new system of gymnastics. Indeed, it was the promulgation of the new gymnastics which called the attention of the public to myself as an educator. This system was, as so many physiologists have pronounced, the result of much careful study.

The old or German system of gymnastics was so contrived as practically to exclude women from any considerable participation in its benefits. This statement requires no illustration or proof. It was the only system extant. Some trifling calisthenics were known and somewhat practised, but nothing at all comprehensive physiologically, and nothing calculated to interest the mind. Nothing of value was known outside of the German gymnasium.

It was a curious state of things. Girls and women had tenfold more need of a physical training than men and boys; and yet, while all sorts of games — boating, ball-playing, boxing, small-sword, cane, hunting, fishing, and a dozen others — were in vogue for men, nothing had been contrived for women, except, perhaps, corsets and long skirts. Sometimes they attempted base-ball, but were quickly assured that the thing was monstrously improper and entirely outside of woman's

sphere. The case was perfectly plain. The prejudices of society forbade women any participation in vigorous, physical labor; the number of women able to live without remunerative employment was rapidly increasing, the width of the chest and jaws constantly decreasing. Some means, some comprehensive system of muscular training which should be adapted to girls and women, which could be participated in by both sexes conjointly, and which should possess elements of interest and fascination, were urgently demanded. Comprehending the situation, I began, more than twenty years ago, a course of studies and experiments. The system of gymnastics now known as the "new system" was the result of these studies and experiments. Perhaps I should say, for the information of such readers as may not have an opportunity to witness exercises in the new school, that the main features of this system are the following:—

1st. The movements are all executed with very light apparatus, wooden dumb-bells, wooden rings, light wooden rods, small clubs, and bean-bags.

2d. The thoroughness of the training depends, not upon the slow movements of heavy weights, but upon the width, sweep, and intensity of the movements. For example, instead of "putting up" an iron dumb-bell of great weight with a very limited and slow motion, with the light wooden dumb-bell of the new

school an immense variety of difficult feats and posturings were achieved, thus securing an infinite variety and combination of muscular movements.

3d. Every movement is adapted to music, which enhances the interest in arm-movements quite as much as in the leg-movements of dancing.

These gymnastic exercises figured conspicuously in the Lexington school. Each pupil began with a half-hour or two or three half-hours daily, the amount being determined by the strength of the pupil. I believe that the gymnastic exercises in that school were more complete than have ever been witnessed in any other educational institution. Conscious that I was making the first effort in the education of girls to combine thorough physical with thorough intellectual training, I gave much attention to the gymnastic exercises. Among the hundreds of girls who were in the school during its history, and all of whom joined in the physical training, not one was injured, although the exercises were exceedingly comprehensive and thorough. It was the common fact that in the thirty-six weeks which constituted our school-year, a pupil gained three inches about the chest under the arms, while two inches' gain about the arm near the shoulder was common. Girls who came to us under the stipulation that they should not go up more than one flight because of physical inability, walked, before the school-year ended, twelve to sixteen miles on

a Saturday, which was our day for long tramps. Periodical and sick headaches, with which a majority of the girls began the school-year, disappeared entirely before the end of it. Stooping shoulders and projecting chins soon gave way, while the carriage of our pupils was the subject of general remark and admiration.

OUR SLEEPING HABITS.

Believing, as I do, that our young people, with their large, active brains and small lungs, need more sleep, we began at once to retire at half past eight o'clock. At nine o'clock the watchman made his first round; and if he saw a light in any of the pupils' rooms, he at once reported the fact at head-quarters. This retiring at half past eight o'clock was kept up throughout the history of the school, but no other feature so troubled the pupils. Just in proportion as the head is too large and needs more sleep, there is a nervous longing to sit up to a late hour. Many petitions were presented, signed by scores of the pupils, and by many of the teachers on their behalf, asking me to extend the retiring hour to nine o'clock. In one case I think such a petition was signed by every teacher in the school. To this retiring at half past eight o'clock I attribute much of the remarkable improvement in the muscular development and health among the pupils.

I have spoken of the watchman. This was a feature in our management. An intelligent person was employed in this office, while the German detective-clock told us at a glance in the morning if he had failed to visit any one of the fourteen points in the school buildings every half-hour during the night. This was an indispensable precaution against fire and other enemies.

OUR TABLE.

Our table was an embodiment of certain convictions which I had cherished for many years. That we all ate too often I had long thought. Twice a day was my idea. Many friends said, "Twice a day may do very well for adults, but is it often enough for growing, hungry school-girls?" Yes, I was sure of it. And so we ate our first meal at half past seven o'clock, and our second and last meal at two o'clock. When parents came to our school in order to leave a daughter, and learned about the two-meal plan, they were sure that Maggie would starve, and might they not send some boxes of food, which the poor dear child could resort to if she got too hungry? The girls were very sure they should starve to death! But all these ominous prophecies failed. The girls did not starve, but, on the contrary, gained in flesh, health, and strength.

The two-meal system was one of the really valuable features of the management. With two meals a day,

and the last one not later than two o'clock, forty-nine girls in every fifty will improve in digestion, their skins and lips will become softer, their breath sweeter, they will sleep better, and gain in flesh and strength.

The third meal, taken as late as six o'clock, is an enemy to sleep, and to that complete recuperation which the night's rest is intended to secure. If there has been a good honest day's work accomplished, there is fatigue ; and when a man is fatigued, he is tired all over, his stomach not less than his back and head ; and while it may be quite proper to drink a pint of weak tea and milk, or thin, hot oatmeal porridge, it is as great a mistake to fill the stomach with food, and set it to a task of three to six hours, as it would be to put the head or back or limbs at a four-hour task. The whole man is tired. The stomach, on account of its marked weakness among us, is likely to be quite as tired as any other part of the man, and needing rest quite as much. The whole man needs to sleep and recuperate. You may, if there be a sense of faintness, swallow a little gentle stimulant, such as already suggested, or any other similar liquid requiring little or no digestion.

Among our girls there was hard work ; fatigue came with the night, and they went to bed at half past eight o'clock, with the stomach and every other part of the system prepared to rest.

The best food for girls during the usual school

season, which is mostly cool, is, in my judgment, beef and mutton, bread and potatoes, cracked wheat and oatmeal. In great part the preference of each pupil for more or less of each of these articles should be found.

Our pupils were often instructed in the manner of eating, — an art much neglected in this country. They were informed that the only direct contribution they could make to their digestion must be made in the mouth, and that contribution must be made in a thorough use of their teeth. After the food passes into the stomach, one may feel never so anxious about it, one may cherish the strongest desire to digest well, one may wish and pray over it, he can make no distinct contribution to the digestion of his dinner. But while the food is in his mouth he can easily determine whether it shall digest well or ill; he can easily determine that it shall not sour in his stomach, or “sit like an iron wedge.” In other words, the saliva is a potent agent in digestion. If the food is thoroughly ground, changed into a perfect paste with the teeth and saliva alone, a perfect digestion is almost certain.

DISCIPLINE OF THE SCHOOL.

Having briefly considered the physiological and hygienic conditions of our school, I come naturally to its discipline. I have known something of the life of

about twenty ladies' seminaries. If I were asked for my opinion about their faults, I should say that their gravest error is not in their lack of physical training, but in their discipline or government. Girls are not absolutely angelic, as so many young men think, but they are human, and susceptible of demoralization. A certain system of discipline not uncommon in ladies' seminaries does more to demoralize them than any other influence or agency to which they are exposed. I will illustrate the vicious system to which I refer by an actual case.

In —— Seminary there are usually about one hundred and twenty girls. These girls are from fifteen to twenty-two years of age, and of a good class. They are almost all from families attached to one religious denomination, and I think that more than half of the pupils themselves are members of that church. There is a wall around the grounds of the establishment, and the girls are never allowed to go outside of it, except when attended by one of the teachers, and none but certain prudent teachers of mature years are allowed to accompany them. The pupils are never permitted to correspond with any one outside their own family circles, and all their correspondence, no matter with whom, must pass through the hands of the principal, subject to such examination as she may think proper.

No young lady shall call upon another in her room.

Pupils must not speak to each other without permission, not even when passing in the halls of the dormitories.

Pupils occupying the same bed must not speak to each other after getting into bed ; and so on, and so on.

When those one hundred and twenty girls entered that school, they came from their mothers' arms in great part transparent, honest, and pure. More than one of them has assured me that she was shocked by what she saw upon entering the school. One intelligent young woman said: "The greatest intellectual activity of the school was seen in dodging the rules. We were not allowed to speak to each other in the passage-halls nor to visit other pupils in their rooms. To make sure of obedience, a teacher or a teacher pupil was kept constantly at the end of each hall to watch. To circumvent this rule, we wrote messages on thin bits of paper, and, squeezing them into little balls, we threw them across the halls into the bedrooms of our neighbors, or, passing their doors, we dodged them in. Then we cultivated the sign language, and, opening the opposite doors in a passage-hall, we communicated in that way. We might have nothing to say, but we contrived to think up something.

"We were called upon every morning after prayers to report if we had transgressed any of the rules. The rule was that we must not speak to each other in the

passage-halls. I am confident that a large majority of those who actually did speak denied it, and those who did not speak concealed the communication in other ways. Another rule was that we must not converse with our bedfellows after we were in bed. When I wanted to speak with my companion, I addressed an imaginary person, and requested that imaginary person to whisper in the ear of my bedfellow so and so. She in turn would request the invisible third party to tell me so and so. We sometimes kept up this conversation for an hour; and when we were asked to report any violations of rules, we said nothing of this communication through Bridget, for we had not conversed; we had corresponded through a third party, and that was not forbidden by the rules. Another rule forbade correspondence except through the principal. There was hardly a young man in town who cared to do it that did not correspond with one or more of our girls. Indeed, a girl who had not a stone-fence correspondent was considered rather slow, and one who had an active correspondence with two or more young men *via* Stone Fence post-office was considered particularly bright. The letter was slipped under a stone in the fence, and perhaps the next day an answer was found in the same place. It was a perfectly understood thing among scores of young men. If among our girls there was one who had no correspondent outside the lines, another girl

would arrange for her through her own correspondent. During the nine months thousands of letters were thus passed through the stone-wall at the rear of our grounds."

I have given but a faint glimpse of the life in the school under consideration. In brief, it was a life of trickery, deceit, and falsehood from day to day throughout the year.

Tens of thousands of the women of the better classes in our country have been sadly demoralized in this way. For myself, I had rather my daughter should never learn to read the name of the God who made her than to pass through such a school of cheating and lying.

I repeat what I said in the beginning, — that the greatest error in the management of many ladies' seminaries is in the discipline. The pupils are systematically taught to conceal and deceive; and though they leave the seminary with additions to their French and music, they are no longer the simple, trusting, honest girls that came from their mothers three years before. It is this moral mischief which has broken the confidence of so many of our best people. Girls' private schools are waning. Scores which were flourishing a few years ago have disappeared. Their advantages in many respects no one doubts, but their moral training, their pious discipline, has undermined public confidence. Many mothers have been themselves the victims of this

bad system, and will not expose their daughters, and many others have heard and are frightened off. It requires, even here in educational New England, constant effort in advertising and personal appeal to keep up the patronage; and even with all this engineering, ladies' seminaries are constantly disappearing. And yet, after a very considerable acquaintance with them, I affirm that their intellectual standard and training are high; that, indeed, outside of their utterly vicious system of discipline, these schools are worthy of public confidence and patronage. But without a radical change in the spirit of their government, they must entirely disappear. The life of the convent cannot succeed in this country. Such schools may flourish in Spain and France, but not in these free States. The drift of woman's life in Spain is one thing, the drift of woman's life in America is another. In each country the school for young women must reflect public sentiment. A ladies' seminary in Spain which should permit personal liberty to its pupils would lose the confidence of the public and die out. A ladies' seminary in America whose policy deprives its pupils of personal liberty must lose the confidence of the public and disappear. In other words, a girls' school is a part of the life of the people, and must in spirit and manners reflect the intellectual, social, and moral life of the people.

Excuse me for this extended criticism of some of our

ladies' schools. It seemed to be necessary as a background for what I have to say of the government of the school at Lexington.

I had noticed that when young ladies were in society in a drawing-room with persons of their own age, and with older people whom they respected, their conduct was good, that they observed the laws of propriety, and promptly performed every duty. And yet there were no written rules. Why did they behave themselves so well?

I observed that in church, in the street, everywhere outside of the school, girls were admirable in their conduct. Why do these creatures that realize our ideal of a beautiful life everywhere else need to be put under a strict police, every step watched, and every letter supervised, as though they were political prisoners, as soon as they enter a girls' school? The consciousness of being the object of suspicion is itself demoralizing. It humiliates one and destroys one's self-respect.

I resolved that in the Lexington school this bad policy should find no place; that there, at least, girls should be treated with respect, and their individuality recognized.

The pupils corresponded with their friends at pleasure. No laws were laid down to govern their conduct, no record was kept of their behavior. They were treated exactly as young ladies are treated outside of

school, with respect and kindness, and they responded in school to this treatment just as they respond to it outside of school. They were the best behaved persons in our community.

Of course to secure these results there must exist a certain public sentiment.

At this point I must say something again of the character of our teachers. These were not selected on account of their familiarity with the text-books,—though this was of course necessary,—but because of their years, general intelligence, good manners, and moral dignity. With a score of teachers of high character and refined manners,—and no others should ever find a place in a school,—a public sentiment soon grows up which makes it as difficult for a girl to do an improper thing, or neglect a duty, as to be guilty of an impropriety in manners in a drawing-room under the eye of intelligent and refined people. The girls at Lexington who had been in other schools were never tired of contrasting the spirit of our school with others.

“Here,” they would say, “we are trusted, and could not think of doing a mean thing.” One excellent girl, who had spent two years in the school referred to in this chapter, said: “There I had to be good, but I could not avoid joining in some of the tricks, or the girls would have laughed at me; but here I have not heard

a dodge or evasion suggested. After being here two years, I have not heard a pupil hint at a disobedience. What, indeed, is there to disobey? If one of the girls should suggest a naughty thing, I am sure the rest of us would hoot her "out of the school."

I am confident that the largest contribution to the development of our girls was in the moral region. Our girls learned to respect themselves and to act on honor. If they were inspired, it was toward a true, noble womanhood. With such teachers and companions as Mr. and Mrs. Weld, and many others of our corps, even a common nature was soon filled with high and holy ambitions.

I have met teachers with the text-books at their finger-tips who were no more fit to teach school than is a man who cannot read or write.

SCHOOL GOVERNMENT.

Some years ago I attended a teachers' convention, in which the subject of corporeal punishment was up for discussion. There was a remarkable difference of opinion among the speakers, and I fancied, as each speaker rose, I could tell from his face before he spoke what his opinion would be. One man got up, and I whispered to my companion, —

"He will go in for the rod strong."

He referred immediately to Solomon's injunction,

and expressed the conviction that one of the duties of children was to obey. And if they would not obey willingly, they must be made to obey unwillingly. Without obedience there was no organization, no school, no education. He was as much in favor of kindness as any man, — always preferred moral suasion to whip suasion ; but when moral suasion failed, then of course, etc., etc. Immediately upon his taking his seat another person rose, and I touched my companion, and whispered, —

“Now you’ll hear another story. This one won’t go in for lick-suasion.”

His opinion on the subject of beating children in school was written all over him. He began with, —

“Mr. President, I agree with the last speaker. We must have obedience. Without it a school is a pandemonium, and education impossible.”

Then he went on to give something of his own personal experience. He said: “I have taught school twenty-two years. During the first year I whipped four boys, and am ashamed whenever I think of it. Never since then have I been guilty of such a brutality. I have taught in several schools reputed to be unruly, and which had had serious struggles or actual fights with my predecessors, but I have in no case been obliged to resort to corporeal punishment. In one instance it seemed to me I had come to the end of my moral

influence, and must appeal to the whip. Indeed, I secretly provided myself with a raw-hide, and had made up my mind that upon the recurrence of a certain impropriety on the part of a certain pupil, I would fall back on Solomon and the rod. After thus fully arming myself, I suffered a revulsion of feeling, and determined to try one other expedient, which I had often thought of, but never resorted to. I requested about a dozen of my largest pupils to remain after school, for a little consultation. When all the others had left, I opened my heart to seven girls and four boys. Expressing a thorough abhorrence of the whip, I told them that I saw nothing but resignation or a resort to the old barbarism. I reserved nothing, but spoke with them as if they had all been teachers, and concluded by asking them if they had any suggestions to offer. After some moments of reflection, one of the larger girls said, 'Will you let Mary, Susan, and myself speak to Dan, — "labor with him," as the church folks say?'

"I need not tell you that the three girls were made a committee to labor with my refractory pupil. I am sure I need not inform you that the girls were completely successful. From that time to the end of my connection with that school my relations were peculiarly pleasant. Nothing appeals so successfully to the better nature of the larger pupils of a school as to be

called to consult with the master in a matter of discipline. I have never forgotten that lesson, and have ever since looked back upon it as the most fortunate incident of my career as a pedagogue. That teacher who cannot squelch any insurrection by a confidential appeal to his older pupils must be on very bad terms with his school, and ought not to be permitted to kick and cuff and beat his way through his term."

The first speaker sprang to his feet at this point, and in a loud voice wished to know if the *gentleman* would permit him to ask a question. Upon being assured that he might ask questions, or have the floor to speak, at his pleasure, he replied by saying, —

"I wish to ask one question: Does the *gentleman* mean to say that he regards whipping under all circumstances as brutal and barbarous? If he does, I will inform him that he is now in a company of brutes and barbarians, and I would advise him to seek better company."

The moral-suasion gentleman replied that in the discussion of so grave a problem he should not engage in mere personal sparring. If it appeared that a school could be managed without resorting to personal violence, he should not hesitate to pronounce the infliction of physical torture as brutal and barbarous.

I came away from the discussion with the conviction that the proper subject for debate in that convention

was not, "Is corporeal punishment necessary in the government of a school?" but, "What degree of intellectual and moral development is necessary in a school-teacher?" That some persons can teach school—even a large unruly school—without a resort to corporeal punishment is admitted by all. I have known several striking illustrations of this power. Indeed, I think it is common with reference to the management of an average school.

When I was a boy our school was reported unruly. Mr. Jennison came first. The boys put a big cat in his desk, which jumped out in the middle of the forenoon when he opened his desk to get his reading-book. There was a great laugh, and the teacher gave us a long and angry lecture, and told us that if the thing occurred again, he would certainly find out who did it, and that that boy would never forget his punishment the longest day he ever lived.

Tom Goodrich, who put in the cat, said he would never put in another cat, because the teacher was displeased with it, and for his part he would never displease a teacher, not if he knew it. He thought it was wrong for scholars to disobey their teachers. He put no more cats into the teacher's desk, but he succeeded in finding some other means of annoyance, and the master was soon compelled to leave.

Samuel Lathrop was our next teacher, and he stayed

almost a month. For a teacher among us, he got to be almost an old settler, but after four long weeks he got into trouble, and left. The mischief began in that fatal desk. Tom Goodrich, the bad, was unfortunately an ingenious boy, and contrived what he called a back-action friction-machine, and put it into that desk. It was so contrived that when the lid of the desk was opened, it set a bunch of matches going, and that instantly ignited a little train of powder which ran in among six bunches of fire-crackers. It worked perfectly the first time the master opened the desk.

After the screaming was over, the frightened girls coaxed back, and the smoke had cleared away, the master called out, "Thomas Goodrich."

"Yes."

"Come here."

Tom went to the teacher as quick as he could go.

"Thomas, do you know who put those fire-crackers in my desk?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"It was me."

Tom was a great fighter and a rowdy, but he had a capital habit of telling the truth. Sometimes he would n't answer questions about certain neighborhood scrapes; but if he spoke at all, his worst enemy would assure you that it was certain to be the truth. The

master, looking Tom strong in the face, cried out, in fierce tones, —

“Thomas Goodrich, what did you do it for?”

Tom looked at the master in the quiet manner of a bull-dog, and answered, —

“For fun.”

“Thomas, take off your coat. I’ll show you another kind of fun.”

Off went the coat, and Tom stood still, with his arms folded, while the master pulled out a large whip from behind a seat.

“Thomas, stand here and put up your arms.”

Tom did as he was told, and down came the whip.

Tom had great confidence in a clinch. In that he had never been beaten. The girls and young children screamed and fled, but the large boys formed a ring around the combatants, and no matter which was on top, the boys cried, —

“Let ’em alone; keep your hands off; give ’em fair play.”

For some minutes the result seemed doubtful. The master was a success in body-work, but in face-work Tom was undeniably the better man. In biting and gouging he had won a high reputation. The antagonists, after some minutes of struggling, stopped for breath, and the master contrived to extricate himself and get on his feet. He gasped out, —

"Now take your seats ! I 'll teach you to put fire-crackers in my desk."

But the woful condition of his face and coat made his assumption of authority and superiority too ludicrous ; and when Tom, without a scratch on his face, stood up and said, in his quiet, bull-dog way, "If you want t' other eye shet up, and the rest of your clothes torn off, just say the word, and I 'll try to accommodate ye," it was too much for the master, and he sneaked away to his boarding-place, and that night disappeared. He never came back for his month's pay.

Charles Clapp was our next, — a slight, pale young man. He began with a little speech, in which he said that he came to teach, and not to fight ; that just as soon as he could not get on without beating his pupils, he should leave.

The district had a reputation as being the hardest in all the country ; and as soon as the new teacher had announced that in no case should he whip his scholars, the wise ones gave him three to five days to stay in our school. The irrepressible Tom came to the front again. His success with the last teacher had made a lion of him, and now, as it was agreed all round that Clapp could not stay long, Tom was determined to multiply his honors. Young Clapp had studied medicine, and was now teaching to get the needed funds for his last

course of lectures and diploma. Tom called him the young quack, and the pupils generally caught it up, and the master was spoken of among the scholars as the young quack. Then Tom put four ducks into that fruitful desk; and when the master opened it, the creatures began the cry of *Quack, quack, quack!* to the great delight of the pupils. There was a long and uproarious laugh. The master took out the ducks one after another, smoothed their backs and set them at liberty at the door, and then, joining in the laugh, turned to his work as if nothing had happened. But Tom was not discouraged, and watched for another opportunity. It was not long wanting. He wrote the word "quack" on a bit of paper; and, making a hook with a pin, he contrived, when pretending to ask the master's assistance about a sum, to hitch it to his coat-tail. As he moved about, the scholars saw it, and the amount of snickering was prodigious. At the end of the first week things looked pretty bad, but the teacher kept on in the even tenor of his way, doing his own part of the school-work promptly, cheerfully, and well. Soon the larger girls and boys, whom he arranged to give three lessons in history each week, meeting in the evening here and there among the patrons of his school, became greatly interested in the new master, and before long it became evident to Mr. Clapp that a new current had begun in the school. In a month it

was a model school; and when the spring came, the trustees responded to a petition signed by almost every patron of the school, when they offered to double the master's salary if he would return the next autumn; but he had made up his mind that he would launch his medical bark.

From the beginning to the end of the school at Lexington, the policy in the government was to preoccupy the minds of the pupils. A pupil who is interested in her studies will always behave well.

ORAL INSTRUCTION.

The conviction is growing among educators that class-books occupy a too prominent place in our schools. The idea that the class-book should be used as a book of reference, and not kept in the pupil's hands constantly, is becoming familiar to teachers. This was our thought at Lexington, and had much influence in determining the character of the instruction.

For many years I had been lecturing upon physiology and hygiene, and had been constantly assured by young people who had been studying the subject in school, with the aid of a class-book and a teacher to hear them recite their lessons, that a half-hour's lecture from me gave them clearer notions of a subject than they had obtained in weeks of class-book study and recitation. I had myself passed through a similar expe-

rience in my medical studies. Certain professors gave me as much as I could fairly grasp and make my own in one hour as I could get from the books in a week. A part of this is without doubt the fault of the style of the class-books. They differ widely in the style of composition from conversation and extempore lectures. If they were made as clear, chatty, and familiar, as full of illustration and anecdote, as our conversations, it would greatly enhance their practical value; but even then they would lack the power of adaptation. Almost every class, to say nothing of each individual, requires peculiar treatment. Only the living teacher is capable of this adaptation to the case in hand.

The drift toward specialisms in all professions and trades is one of the fruits of a ripening civilization, and in no profession is it so vital as in that of the teacher. That is a rare person who can teach well in more than one department. If he is a teacher of mathematics, he must be a very large man if he will bear cutting in two to give one half to the languages. Even in surgery we find one man devoting his whole life to the eye, another to the ear, another to the nose, and another to the throat. No great advancement was made in any of these until the specialists divided the work; and yet in great part these specialisms involve little more than mechanical manipulation. A really successful teacher in moral science must expend more intellectual force

than all these medical specialists put together. A successful teacher of history must be a person of more brains than a surgeon who should successfully manage the eye, ear, and nose. He may conduct his pupil through the stereotyped events of chronology, but there is about as much history in such a service as there is of a man in his bony skeleton.

I have rarely seen anything more pitiful than one of these little hundred-pound dyspeptic-sick graduates of a female seminary in the position of teacher. She has been engaged to teach algebra, history, natural philosophy, and moral science, with primary instruction in French and music. Each of the seventy-five pupils who recite to her daily has a class-book with questions and answers. She — poor little machine! filling about one third of a teacher's arm-chair — holds the class-book in her hand, and watches to see if in their answers they miss a word. Perhaps the two hundred and twenty dollars a year, with board and washing, is about right for such services; but both teaching and compensation challenge our pity.

Under such conditions as I have related, the Lexington school soon became a vital force in the community. Its numbers rapidly increased; the novel and original method by which it was conducted commending itself more and more to people of intelligence and

refinement. Its destruction by fire was felt to be a public calamity by all, as the most beneficial results were hoped from its permanent establishment in our midst.

A CURIOUS LETTER.

FRANS HERMAN WIDSTRAND, the Swede, ex-royal secretary, becoming disgusted with the tyranny of a kingdom, came to America in 1855, sought and found employment in the Treasury Department at Washington, but afterward removed to the northern shore of Lake Constance, Wright County, Minnesota, where he has since resided. His principal occupation is writing for newspapers and magazines, which he does in five different languages. The following letter from this gentleman to the Cincinnati "Commercial" will be read with interest:—

"TO THE EDITOR CINCINNATI 'COMMERCIAL':— I have seen quoted from your pages an article concerning Dr. Dio Lewis and cheap food. Cheap properly means obtained with little labor. Sometimes one will for little money get things that are very dear to the producer, requiring much labor. The producer of wheat, beef, butter, etc., does not get one tenth as much for his labor as a clerk in the Departments in Washington; and still clerks complain of high prices of such things, although

their labor is not one tenth as hard as a farmer's. I have tried both, and know whereof I am writing.

"About a year ago there was an article in 'Hunt's Monthly' concerning Indian corn. It stated that it contains more than four times as much oily matter as wheat-flour, and that its composition makes it capable of alone sustaining man; that one pound of it, parched or made into bread, is more than equal to two pounds of fat meat. After having read that, I concluded to try it. Mixing corn-meal with water, I put it in a spider and baked it on the coals in the parlor stove. A cake seven inches in diameter and one inch thick was more than sufficient for a meal. Three times a week for weeks I ate nothing else, did not long for anything, retained my weight, and was never sick. Corn boiled, not too soft, will probably do as well.

"Here it takes about ten days' work, besides fencing, for an acre of corn, which will yield fifty bushels, or about one hour's work to produce half a bushel of corn, which is more than sufficient for ten days for one person. At the present price in money (thirty cents per bushel), it will cost about one and a half cents per day, — about five dollars per year. A rational person will be more satisfied on that than on the fare at the best hotels in Europe or America.

"So much for the staff of life. From one eighth of an acre of ground one can raise all the garden-stuff one

wants, including five bushels of strawberries, apples, squash, potatoes, beans, tomatoes, carrots, cauliflower, asparagus; and three eighths more will be enough to raise the corn, — half an acre for all the food a person needs for a year. This requires no hard labor. One can work it with light shoes and thin clothing, be dressed like a true gentleman, and have no hard washing. When the weather is warm, it is very comfortable and healthy to go barefoot. Clothing, shoes, bedclothes, etc., need not cost more than ten dollars per year. It is folly to keep any animals. The Chinese and Japanese know that. Steam, caloric, wind, water, etc., can do their work. A very comfortable house, large enough for one person, eight by twelve feet, can be built here for less than twenty dollars. Most everybody can do it for himself. Land costs less than twenty-five cents an acre under the Homestead law. So we need no agrarian laws. Able-bodied persons do not need to steal or cheat or lie or go to banking or dickering to make a decent living. If they will associate, be of one soul and one mind, and have all things in common, as the first Christians, they can soon have all the comforts that money can buy, and many which they cannot obtain for money, without the infernal antagonistic competition generally prevailing, where the good and gentle and weak succumb to the bad and strong, where not more than one out of a hundred can set himself to work properly and know

how to make a living, where the best are treated badly and prevented from doing good to themselves and others, where isolation on the large prairies or in the dense woods is almost as bad as the crowding in large cities. Political economists ought to study the economy of the Shakers, Icarians, Zoarites, Perfectionists, etc., etc., and may then be able to get an answer to the question of the abolition of misery, suffering, and wrongs, which ought to be done before the Fourth of July, 1876."

The above very curious letter I publish for its intrinsic interest, and as the occasion for some remarks upon that class of philosophers of which Thoreau is an eminent modern representative, and of which this distinguished Swede is another.

Obtaining the best education which the schools can give, using freely the books, magazines, papers, postal facilities, pens, paper, clothes, crockery, money, and fifty other things which the combined industries of the world have created, this sort of philosopher abandons every obligation to children, to society, to the State, refuses to return anything to that civilization which has done so much for him, abandons the poor and helpless, and crawls away into a cabin in the Concord woods or out upon a prairie, and spends his life whining and scolding over the evils of civilization. I know what has been said in defence of this eccentricity, but to a healthy, brave soul it must ever seem puerile and cowardly.

Mr. Widstrand talks of living on five dollars a year ; but if he thinks such an economy pays for living alone, away from society, I can suggest something better. Let him go to the pine forests of Chili, in South America, where he can live splendidly on the cones of the pine, without the cost of a penny or an hour's work in a year. All he has to do is to pick them up and eat them ; and the climate in some parts is such that he can live the year round without clothes or a house. Mr. Widstrand's five dollars for food, ten dollars for clothes, and twenty dollars for a house, is a wild, reckless extravagance.

To live plainly is a source of health, and therefore a duty ; but to live cheaply for the sake of squeezing one's self into the smallest possible corner in the world, is despicably mean.

To come out of a university laden with the world's best riches, and then sneak away into a box on the northern shore of Lake Constance, where he hears no sound save that made by the wings of wild ducks, may tickle Mr. Widstrand's conceit, but I regard him as a selfish, narrow-minded, ungrateful, silly egotist.

And it may be here remarked that all the growling and groaning over this bad world may show a clear moral vision, but it certainly does not show a brave soul. Those who have made up their minds to contribute something to the world's welfare spend very

little time in whining over the world. They have something else to do. When you hear a man exclaim, "O the selfishness of men!" "Virtue has departed!" "Every man has his price!" while he is doing nothing to help his fellows, you may not doubt his good purposes, but you may set him down as weak and cowardly. Whining and scolding are not the language of sympathy, hope, and courage.


THE END.


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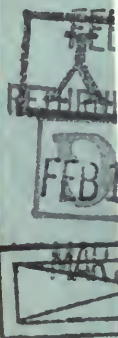
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